

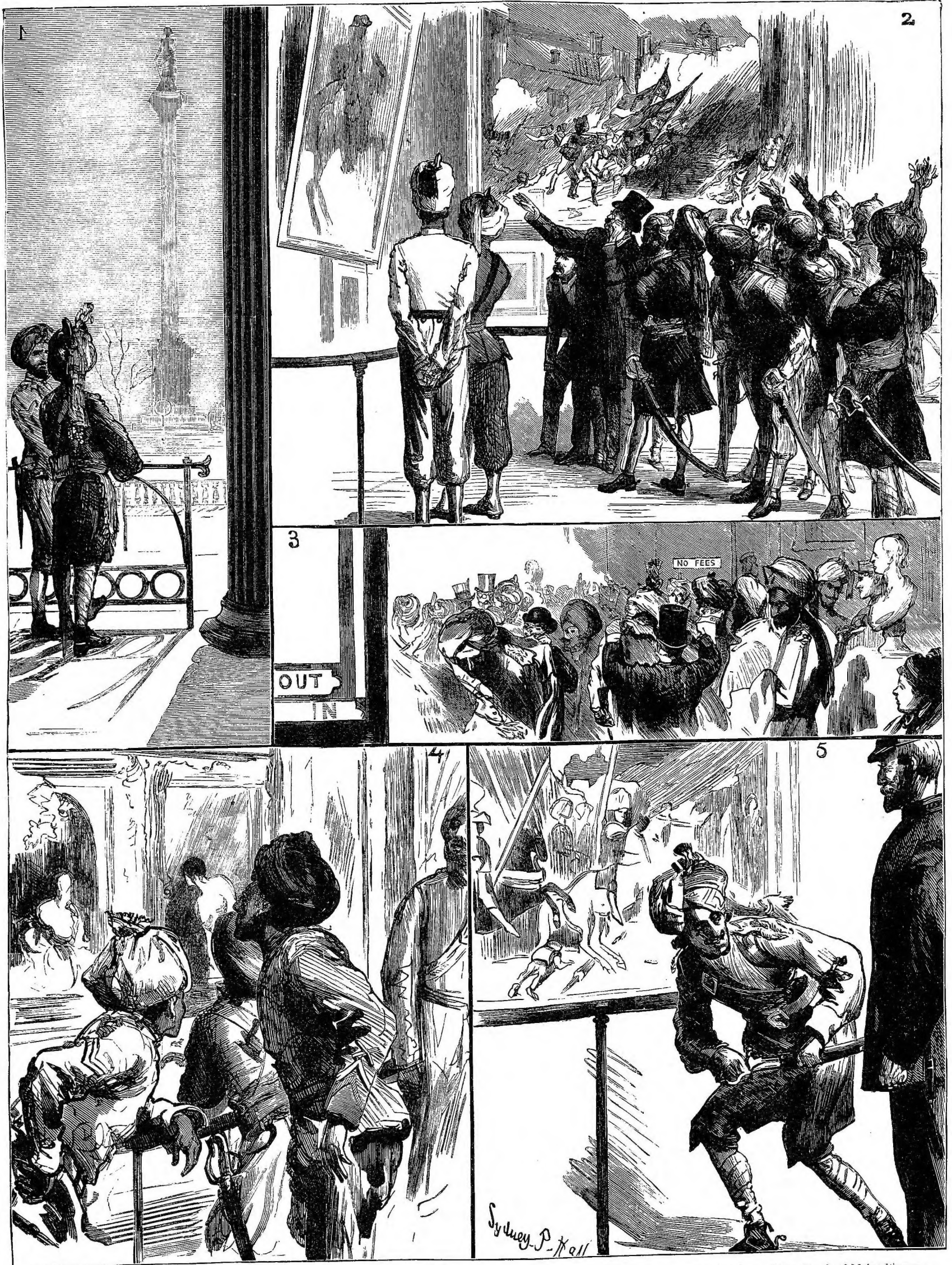
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [PRICE SIXPENCE
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1. On the Finest Site in Europe.—2. The Commander-in-Chief, General Sir F. P. Haines, as Cicerone: Before the Pictures of General Ligonier and the Death of Major Pierson.—
3. Giving Them a "Leg Up."—4. Before an Etty: "Jeldee Jao!"—5. "He Grasps the Subject."

OUR INDIAN VISITORS IN LONDON—AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Topsies of the Week

CONSERVATIVES AND THE RULES OF PROCEDURE.

Even now, it seems, the discussion of the Closure has not come to an end; Sir Stafford Northcote is to propose that it shall be tried first of all as a temporary measure. Considering the outcry which has been raised about "the abolition of free debate," it was to be expected, we suppose, that one more attempt would be made to save our liberties. Sir Stafford Northcote must see, however, that the fears expressed by himself and his supporters are not shared to any considerable extent by Englishmen generally. What the public are impressed by is the fact that for some years there has been no such thing as free debate in Parliament. Men worth listening to have been forced to keep silence by a multitude of obstructives and busybodies; and, whatever vehement partisans may think, persons who take interest in politics without ranging themselves decidedly either with Liberals or Conservatives were anxious that this tyranny should be broken. And they are confident that, if (as the Conservatives predict) the Closure should be found to lead to worse results than the evil it is designed to remedy, the English people will know how to deal with the difficulty when the proper time arrives. As for the remaining Rules of Procedure, Lord Randolph Churchill still threatens to meet them with persistent obstruction; but fortunately the Conservative party is guided by wiser counsellors than Lord Randolph Churchill. Even if it were possible, as he proposes, to force the Government to dissolve Parliament, the prospect is hardly one that Sir Stafford Northcote would welcome. Sensible Conservatives understand that Mr. Gladstone has never been more popular in England and Scotland than he is now, and that any difficulties he might meet with in Ireland would not be difficulties affecting the Liberal party alone. Besides, if the Closure is so very bad, it seems to be the obvious interest of Conservatives to make the other Rules effective, so as to diminish the necessity for an appeal to "the evident sense of the House." The Government have shown, by the manner in which they have dealt with the right of moving the adjournment of the House, that they are inclined to assent to reasonable amendments; and with this it is to be hoped that the majority of the Opposition will be content.

IRISH PROSPECTS.—The sanguine anticipations regarding Ireland which were expressed by Mr. Gladstone at the Lord Mayor's banquet must not be considered as altogether falsified by the attempted murder of Judge Lawson. That happily-frustrated deed of blood simply adds to the evidence already brought forward of the existence of a widely-spread conspiracy (whose headquarters are probably not in Ireland) which, in the prosecution of its terrorist aims, will flinch from no villainy, however monstrous. Hence it is that so many Irish officials literally carry their lives in their hands, and are obliged to go about carefully guarded. It is, however, disquieting to know that no small part of the population have a sort of half-hearted passive sympathy with this murderous confederacy. It is probably no easy task to get a man to commit one of these murders (the culprit in the Kildare Street affair bears a damaged reputation); but, at the same time, had Judge Lawson been killed, which he assuredly would have been but for McDonnell's watchfulness and pluck, the murderer would almost certainly have escaped. People might not go so far as to harbour him, but they would take care to keep their eyes shut if he appeared in their neighbourhood. Even such a horrifying butchery as that of the Joyce family at Maamtrasna would almost certainly have been unavenged if the trial had taken place near the scene of the outrage, yet even the half-savage peasantry of the West, callous to the slaughter of a landlord, might reasonably feel indignant at the massacre of a whole household of fellow-peasants. In Parliament the more extreme of the Irish Members are just now remarkably quiet, but possibly the quietude is that of children when they are deeply engaged in mischief. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is a proverb of which Mr. Parnell understands the full significance. The real point is whether any measure of Home Rule, such as Mr. Gladstone will venture to concede, will satisfy the Irish Extremists, for it is the Extremists who control public opinion in that island. If Mr. Gladstone can devise a scheme by which Ireland can be made as locally independent as New South Wales, and yet remain as firmly attached to the Empire as New South Wales, he will merit the thanks of a good many Englishmen and Scotchmen.

ART AT OXFORD.—Oxford has been provided, by the munificence of the late Mr. Slade, with a Professor of Fine Art, but it does not exactly know what to do with him. Mr. Ruskin, when he was Professor, certainly excited and kept up the interest in Art by his eloquent lectures, no less than by the beautiful collection of Turner drawings which he gave to the University. He also organised drawing classes on his own peculiar system. He had a design made of a marble chariot wheel, from a work in the British Museum, and, before being admitted to the classes, the neophyte had to copy the wheel. On beholding it many an enthusiast behaved like the Cambridge freshman when he was shown Euclid, and *cohorrui et evasit*—was filled with horror and

left the scene. Mr. Richmond succeeded to Mr. Ruskin; he lectured on Art, and we presume, he gave practical instruction. But he has resigned, and there is another empty chair (there are four or five of them) at Oxford. Who is to fill it, and what are his duties to be? Now, few Professors at Oxford do much teaching. If the Professor of Art is to be more useful he must, we think, lecture on some subject which comes into recognised work for the Schools. If the Schools admit the history of Greek Art, the Professor has a subject ready made—an admirable subject, the source of all later Art. It follows that he should be a scholar, and a resident member of the University.

EGYPT.—In his statement regarding Egypt on Tuesday Mr. Gladstone confined himself strictly to the financial arrangements rendered necessary by the temporary occupation of the country by British troops. Even on this subject he had no very definite information to offer. He told the House of Commons that a Convention is about to be concluded between the English and the Egyptian Governments; but what is to be the precise nature of the Convention, or whether it is likely to be submitted to Parliament during the present Session, he either could not or would not say. Sir Stafford Northcote professed to be dissatisfied with this meagre explanation; but probably his discontent is not very profound. Everybody sees that the work which the Government have to do in Egypt is exceedingly complicated, and the leader of the Opposition is too reasonable and patriotic to add to their difficulties unnecessarily. On the whole, if we except the absurd and mischievous blunders connected with the proposed trial of Arabi, the situation in Egypt is as favourable to our interests as we could have ventured to anticipate. Order is being gradually restored, and the Egyptians are beginning to understand that their army really was defeated at Tel-el-Kebir, and that our reason for sparing the life of Arabi is not that we are afraid of him. We may hope, too, that they will by-and-by give us credit for a sincere wish to promote their welfare. That they will have to acknowledge English supremacy, whether formally expressed or not, is, indeed, becoming more and more clear. It is certain that France will not henceforth have a voice in the administration of Egypt; and, of course, we cannot leave the country to decide absolutely its own political destinies, since that would be to hand it over to the tender mercies of a few selfish Pashas, and to prepare the way for a more serious war than the one we have just concluded. In the last resort England must have the power which is essential for the maintenance of her rights; and the mission of Lord Dufferin affords sufficient proof that this power will be assumed. On the other hand, England acknowledges that Egypt has hitherto had genuine grievances; and we may expect that a strenuous effort will be made to conciliate the population by entrusting the duties of administration as largely as possible to native officials.

THE SOUDAN AND THE SLAVE TRADE.—Having practically taken upon ourselves—at all events for a time—the management of Egypt (for "His Highness the Khédive" is the merest puppet in our hands), we may be obliged to help in suppressing a rebellion which has now been going on for some time in the far south of the Khédive's dominions. A meeting to discuss this subject was convened by the Anti-Slavery Society last Wednesday, and of course the Government was advised to take advantage of its present commanding position in Egypt to extirpate "the domestic institution" in the Land of the Pharaohs. The question remains whether such advice can be successfully carried into practice. It is evident that the Soudan troubles are more or less directly due to General Gordon's efforts to suppress the slave trade. The sum of his accomplishments appears to be as follows. His operations compelled the slave-traders to take a more circuitous route; their human cargoes had to be despatched across the desert instead of by river; and, consequently, the cost of slaves in Egypt was enhanced. But the traffic still goes merrily on. It was the same in West Africa. We made strenuous efforts. Hundreds of brave fellows succumbed to the malignant coast fever; the negroes, instead of being carried leisurely in comparatively roomy vessels, were packed like herrings in a barrel on board of swift, narrow-stemmed clippers, in order to avoid capture. But the traffic still went on, and would be going on now, only that the Brazilians, either touched by conscientious scruples, or believing that they had enough negroes already, decided to close their ports against such cargoes. Now, our contention is that it is a mistake to attempt to put down the slave-trade by main force; we almost always fail, and we intensify enormously the misery of the victims. In all these Mahomedan countries there is a demand for negroes. Why should not that demand be supplied as the demand of the Americans for Irish, German, and Scandinavian labour is supplied; or, to take a more kindred instance, as coolie labour is supplied to our tropical settlements? If half the energy wasted in trying to strangle the slave-trade had been expended in this direction, we might by this time have a regular voluntary migration of Central African negroes to Egypt, Persia, Turkey, and other countries where their services are in request, and employers would soon discover that free labour is both pleasanter and more profitable to deal with than that of slaves.

LORD QUEENSBERRY AT THE PLAY.—The stage and the Church have rarely been good friends, and we now observe the bad effects of making the stage the *ancilla Ecclesie*. The Church is always involved in theological squabbles, and the *Rock* and the *Guardian* are agitated by storms which never blow across the calm waters of the *Era*. But Mr. Tennyson has to some extent introduced theology on the stage, and thereby caused a religious row in a theatre. He brings on an Agnostic and an amateur Socialist, who (in consequence partly of his opinions) behaves as a peculiarly mean profligate. "Live like the swallow," says Mr. Swinburne; but he never, of course, meant, like Mr. Tennyson's Edgar, that a lover should quit his lady before he has built her a nest. Indeed, the swallow himself does not act in this unfeeling manner. Lord Queensberry, who proclaims himself a freethinker, like Edgar, has been unable to witness, without a protest, Mr. Tennyson's exhibition of freethinking on the stage. The noble Marquis arose, and said that the sentiments of his sect were travestied. We do not wonder at his indignation. If Mr. Tennyson had introduced a Baptist villain, and made him say that Baptist ideas lead straight to burglary, there would have been an explosion of wrath, though not perhaps in the stalls. The *Nineteenth Century*, not the stage, is the place for religious discussion. However, Lord Queensberry's conduct is a noble advertisement.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.—When Mr. Gladstone succeeded Lord Beaconsfield the majority of the German people manifested deep hostility towards this country. Lord Beaconsfield had made it one of the chief objects of his policy to establish a friendly understanding between England and Germany, and the Germans naturally assumed that his good intentions were about to be frustrated. Lately there have been many indications of a decided change of sentiment among our Teutonic kinsfolk. It is true that some of their newspapers were disposed to criticise rather severely our doings in Egypt; but from the beginning of the Egyptian difficulties the German Government have given us their moral support, and in this matter the people generally have willingly followed Prince Bismarck's lead. It is fortunate for England that Germany has taken this line, for if the great Chancellor had gone against us we may be sure that our position to-day would have been very different from what it actually is. Of course it is not to be supposed that Prince Bismarck has allowed us free scope because of a disinterested regard for the English nation. He has had in view the welfare of Germany alone; and Englishmen have the satisfaction of knowing that they can give the Germans at least as much as the Germans can give them. What Germany has chiefly to dread is the formation of a powerful coalition against the new Empire. Now, if England pleased, such a coalition might be formed without difficulty; but as long as she holds aloof from anti-German alliances, and not only holds aloof from them, but discourages them by every means in her power, Germany will not have much reason to fear the machinations of her Continental rivals. This is the real secret of Prince Bismarck's "benevolent neutrality;" and it is a cause which will not cease to operate even when all the important questions relating to Egypt have been finally settled. A formal alliance between England and Germany is not likely to be concluded; but the interests of the two countries are so obviously the same that events will probably compel them to draw towards each other more and more closely. Frenchmen protest against this tendency, but if it helps to maintain peace it will benefit France in the end as much as any other part of the world.

AMERICAN OVERWORK.—The older generation of British tourists in the United States—of whom Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens were the chief exemplars—were often wont to make merry over their Western cousins' foibles and failings. Americans are very sensitive to criticism, and no doubt some of these unflattering remarks, though unpalatable at the time, produced a marked improvement in the national habits. The modern British tourist in the States, especially if a person of distinction, rarely has much opportunity of fault-finding. Contrariwise, he is apt to see everything through rose-tinted glasses. He is introduced to the *élite* of the people, he meets with unvarying courtesy and hospitality; indeed, it is doubtful if he ever sees the real America at all, the America such as unfolds itself to the gaze of a poor immigrant. His experiences are rather like those of the Empress Catherine of Russia, when sham villages, tenanted by a smiling (but equally sham) peasantry were erected by watchful courtiers along her line of progress. It is a credit, therefore, to Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is not the least distinguished among the many distinguished Englishmen who have visited the United States, that he has abstained from the usual conventional compliments, and that he has told the citizens of the Great Republic plainly that they work too hard, and require more enjoyment. Some may say that, as a matter of fact, the native Americans do not work very hard, they leave all the real labour to Europeans and negroes. This is quite true as regards bodily work, the wholesomest and most natural work of all, and by the abandonment of which the Americans have done much to weaken their constitutions. But at head-work of various kinds the Americans labour persistently and unceasingly; and the man who lolls in a rocking chair, apparently doing nothing except whittling or chewing, frequently has his brain

on full stretch anent some promising speculation. Again, as regards enjoyment, Mr. Spencer would certainly not be satisfied with such enjoyment as is afforded by theatres and concerts, which are nearly as plentiful in the large cities of America as in Europe. He evidently refers to simpler and more personal recreations. Athletic sports have undoubtedly made some progress of late years, but the climate is opposed to their development. The exhausting heat of the summer and the bitter cold of the winter are equally hostile to cricket, lawn-tennis, and football. But while preaching to the Americans do not let us forget ourselves. Mr. Spencer's rebuke is not unneeded here. While there is a growing distaste for the hard work which makes the brow sweat, there is far too much work of a worrying sedentary character; and, with all our multitudinous excitements and entertainments, there is a decrease in the simple occupations which amused the leisure of our ancestors.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN PRUSSIA.—In the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Prussian Parliament the German Emperor adopted a very conciliatory tone; but probably both he and his Ministers look forward with much anxiety to the events of the Session. In the recent general elections the Conservatives were rather more successful than they expected to be; but they did not secure a majority, and they can be effectual allies of the Government only if some other party can be induced to act with them. Hitherto all attempts to form a coalition in favour of the Chancellor have been without result. The National Liberals decline to abandon the Progressists, and the Clericals are still of opinion that they have most to gain by retaining their independence. It is to the Clericals, no doubt, that the Ministry will look for aid; but Herr Windthorst, the Catholic leader, has asserted again and again that he and his party will not compromise themselves by engagements while the Falk Laws remain unreppealed. The Government have power to administer these laws in any way they please; and as a matter of fact they treat Catholic dignitaries with the greatest consideration. But the Roman Church wishes to be let alone, not as a favour, but as a right; and there is no evidence that Prince Bismarck has any immediate intention of making so large a concession. There is little chance, therefore, that the measures of the Government will pass, or that Parliament will be able to arrive at a positive decision regarding the proposals of any particular party. The situation is thoroughly unsatisfactory, and neither Conservatives nor Liberals can hope to see it quickly improved. The country could provide a remedy by sending to Berlin a strong majority pledged to uphold a definite policy; but Prussians seem to have lost the power of uniting in considerable numbers either for or against existing authorities.

EAST END versus WEST END.—The protest from an inhabitant of Silvertown, published in last Monday's *Times*, deserves more attention than it is likely to get. There is no great city where there is such a rigid geographical distinction between rich and poor as in London. Not that there is any lack of poor at the West; poor people will always congregate where rich people have settled. But at the East End (if we except the villas and terraces of some of the outlying suburbs) the people are all poor. And what a sea of monotonous poverty, as regards all ornamental adjuncts, this region presents! If we draw a line from the Tower northwards there is scarcely a building worthy of note eastward of that line, except a few churches, and Lady Coutts' unlucky Columbia Market. There are, doubtless, big factories and spacious docks which are worth inspection, but these are commercial enterprises. Little is provided for the enjoyment of the people except innumerable public-houses, and, at the north-eastern extremity of the district, Victoria Park. The wrath of the Silvertown correspondent is aroused by a rumour that the Metropolitan Board of Works, while spending thousands in altering ornamental arches at the West End, are about to shelve the project for uniting the shores of the below-bridge Thames by ferry or bridge. We trust that this rumour is untrue, but, whether true or not, the East End deserves more attention than it has hitherto received. Why should not a large portion of the overflowing treasures of the British Museum and South Kensington be removed to the East? Why should not the Royal Academy keep open its show for another month, say during August, in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green? If the East Enders choose to ask, and ask loudly, for some such petty boons as these, they are surely numerous enough to get what they want.

MISPRINTS.—In the multifarious work of the Press it must needs be that misprints come, and a very quaint one occurred this week in a newspaper. The writer was speaking of the death of a patron of the Turf, who, he was made to say, "had gone over to the majority last Saturday, though he won the Northumberland Plate with the common Glastonbury and Mycenæ." This reads as if the writer thought that to win the Northumberland Plate with the common Glastonbury was a passport to an earthly immortality. Were it so, the entries for the Northumberland Plate would be numerous indeed. The next sentence begun, "He will be best remembered as the owner of Thunder." An ingenious student will now perceive that the whole passage should read thus:—"He went over to the majority last Saturday. Though he won the Northumberland Plate, &c., he was best

known as the owner of Thunder." Seldom has a full stop made more difference, since a period once saved the Athenian fleet from being destroyed by the Carthaginian elephants. The most famous misprint is that which improved Malherbe's line on the death of Rosette. He had written, "Et Rosette a vecu ce que vivent les roses," but the printer made it "Et rose elle a vecu, ce que vivent les roses, l'espace d'un matin." One of the funniest misprints occurs in a geological treatise; the author wrote, "the plain is covered with erratic blocks," the printers put "erotic blacks." Possibly some blunders are due to the facetiousness of compositors, but accident provides the happiest results.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT OF EIGHT PAGES, entitled "WITH THE INDIAN CONTINGENT IN EGYPT" from Sketches by our Special Artists.—For binding, the pagination must be carefully followed.



LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45. Benedick, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 2 o'clock, and Saturdays, Dec. 2, Dec. 9, and Dec. 16. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open, 10 to 5.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS OF GREAT BRITAIN. Instituted in 1738, incorporated in 1780, for the Support and Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans, 12, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W.

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Conductor—Mr. BARNEY.

The Annual Performance of Handel's Oratorio, *THE MESSIAH*, will take place on FRIDAY Evening, November 24, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. Miss Mary Davies, Miss Jessie Jones, Madame Isabel Fassett, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Frederic King, Mr. Hilton. Principal Violin, Mr. J. T. Carrodus. Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper. Organist, Dr. E. J. Hopkins. The whole of the area stalls are reserved for the Subscribers to the Society. Balcony stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Hay's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

THE NINTH GRAND ANNUAL FANCY DRESS POLO AND UNITED COUNTRIES HUNT BALL under the auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club and most distinguished patronage will be held in the ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON, on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, at 8 o'clock. The whole of the area stalls are reserved for the Subscribers to the Society. Balcony stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Hay's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE & POULTRY SHOW, 1882.
THE THIRTY-FOURTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, DOMESTIC POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, AND IMPLEMENTS will be held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on MONDAY, November 27, admission 5s.; TUESDAY, November 28th, WEDNESDAY, November 29th, and THURSDAY, November 30th, 1s.
For excursion trains and other special arrangements, see the advertisements and bills of the various Companies.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—(Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN). The "TURQUOISE RING," by G. W. Godfrey and Lionel Benson. Followed by an entirely New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "EN ROUTE." MORNING PERFORMANCES Thursday and Saturday at Three. Evenings, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees. N.B.—Thursday, December 7, the Afternoon Performance will commence at 2.30. Doors open at 2. See daily papers.

POMONA. By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.—This New Picture is now on view at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERY, No. 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre).

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH CLASS PICTURES BY ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL ARTISTS IS NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (Opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission ONE SHILLING, including Catalogue.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is now OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW. "Besieged," Painted by F. Hall, Etched by Walney. "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Painted by C. W. Nicholls, Engraved by G. H. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and a his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

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(By Order),
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE COMING CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE GRAPHIC.

We imagine that even our greatest living Painter could scarcely have anticipated the pleasure he would give to millions, when he painted for our Christmas Number "CHERRY RIFE."
A Volume could be filled, showing the enthusiasm her appearance created. One man singing incident—we must find space for here.
An admirer of the child's face, who had evidently been gazing at one of our Colours! Prints as figured at the Railway Stations, straightway telegraphed to the "GRAPHIC OFFICE" the following suggestive message:—
"Is the Mother of 'CHERRY RIFE' a widow? Reply paid."
Mr. MILLAIS has now painted for us a younger Sister of "CHERRY RIFE." This Picture has been pronounced by many of his brother Artists to be one of his finest Works, and she will be introduced to the Public at Christmas by "THE GRAPHIC" as

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP."

The following Artists have also Painted Pictures, which will be reproduced in Colours.
MAMMA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT: By W. F. YEAMES, R.A.
HUNGRY BIRDS. By CARL BAUERLE.
NEW YEAR'S DAY IN OLD NEW YORK. By G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.
CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR; A SCENE AT THE EVELINA HOSPITAL. By C. J. STANLAND.
UGLY AUNTIE AND LOVELY AUNTIE. By Miss MARY L. GOW.
AFTER THE HALL: COMPARING PROGRAMMES. By ARTHUR HOPKINS.
THE CHRISTMAS DINNER IN DANGER. By J. C. DOLLMAN.
MR. OAKBALL AT FLORENCE. Four Pages of Water-Colour Sketches by R. CALDECOTT.
CHRISTMAS MORNING AT MAMMA'S BEDROOM DOOR. By A. MARIE.
PREPARING FOR THE CHILDREN'S PARTY: "NOW THEN, ONE, TWO, AND THREE." By A. E. EWSIE.
CHRISTMAS MORNING: DECO-RATING THE SIGN BOARD. By YEEND KING.

LIST OF TALES:

DR. TODD'S CHRISTMAS BOX. By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. Illustrated by W. R. KALSTON.
MILEY MELLACHIN'S BORROWED PLUMES. By C. J. HAMILTON.
MR. WOOSLEY'S TROUBLES. By F. W. ROBINSON. Etc.

The Edition now printing is FIVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND, after which no more will be issued, and it will be of great value to the Printer, Publisher, and Retail Trader if the PUBLIC WILL KINDLY GIVE THEIR ORDERS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO THEIR NEWSAGENT.



THE BELT LIBEL CASE

THIS remarkable action, which was unfinished when the Courts were closed for the Long Vacation, has been resumed, and bids fair, owing to the array of counsel engaged, and the number of witnesses, to go on for some time longer.

The allegation of the defendant Lawes (and on account of which the plaintiff has brought this action for libel) is that Mr. Belt was really incompetent to execute the works which were commonly attributed to him, and that what is technically known as a "sculptors' ghost" came and performed the modelling &c., during the absence of Mr. Belt's customers.

In order to refute the serious charge thus made against him in the most practical manner, Mr. Belt has caused a number of his busts and statuettes to be brought into Court, so that the Temple of Justice presents a very unusual appearance. Among these works of Art is a large statue of Hyppatia, the heroine of one of Canon Kingsley's novels.

One of the witnesses summoned for the prosecution was the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland. The substance of her evidence was to the effect that in September, 1881, Mr. Belt came to her Grace's residence in Osterley Park for the purpose of taking her bust, that she saw him working on it day after day unaided by any one else, and that she was well pleased with it when it was finished.

When allusion is made by counsel or witnesses to any particular bust or statue, Mr. Baron Huddleston, the presiding Judge, naturally wishes to have it pointed out; and in our third sketch Mr. Belt, aided by his assistant Mr. Lewis Schotz, is unveiling a bust of the Prince Imperial.

However the trial may end, the public have undeniably learnt a great deal of the technical language and of the operations of the "sculpting" profession.

NAVAL AND MILITARY BANQUETS

ON the evening of Thursday, the 2nd inst., the officers and men of the N Battery, A Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, were entertained by the Mayor (A. S. Tomson, Esq.) and the citizens of Coventry at a grand banquet in the Corn Exchange. Covers were laid for about 400, including 145 of the men and officers.

Another banquet was given on the following day, Friday, by the inhabitants of Chatham, Rochester, and Gillingham, to 500 men of the Royal Engineers and Royal Marines to commemorate their return from Egypt. The Military Gymnasium at Chatham was used as a dining-hall on this occasion, the room being very prettily decorated. The chair was taken by Mr. C. J. Beveridge, and among the guests was Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. F. Sands, of Old Brompton.

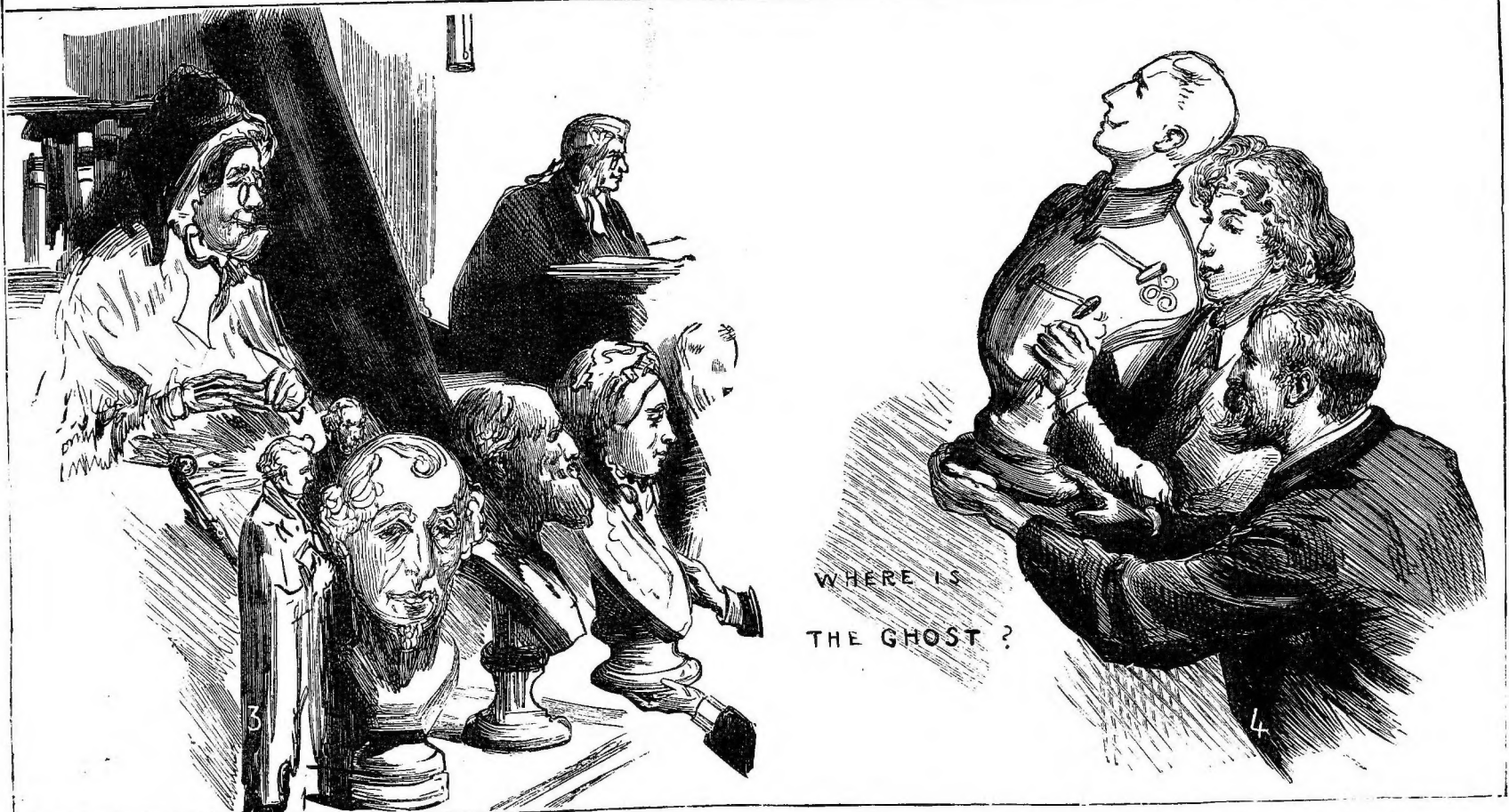
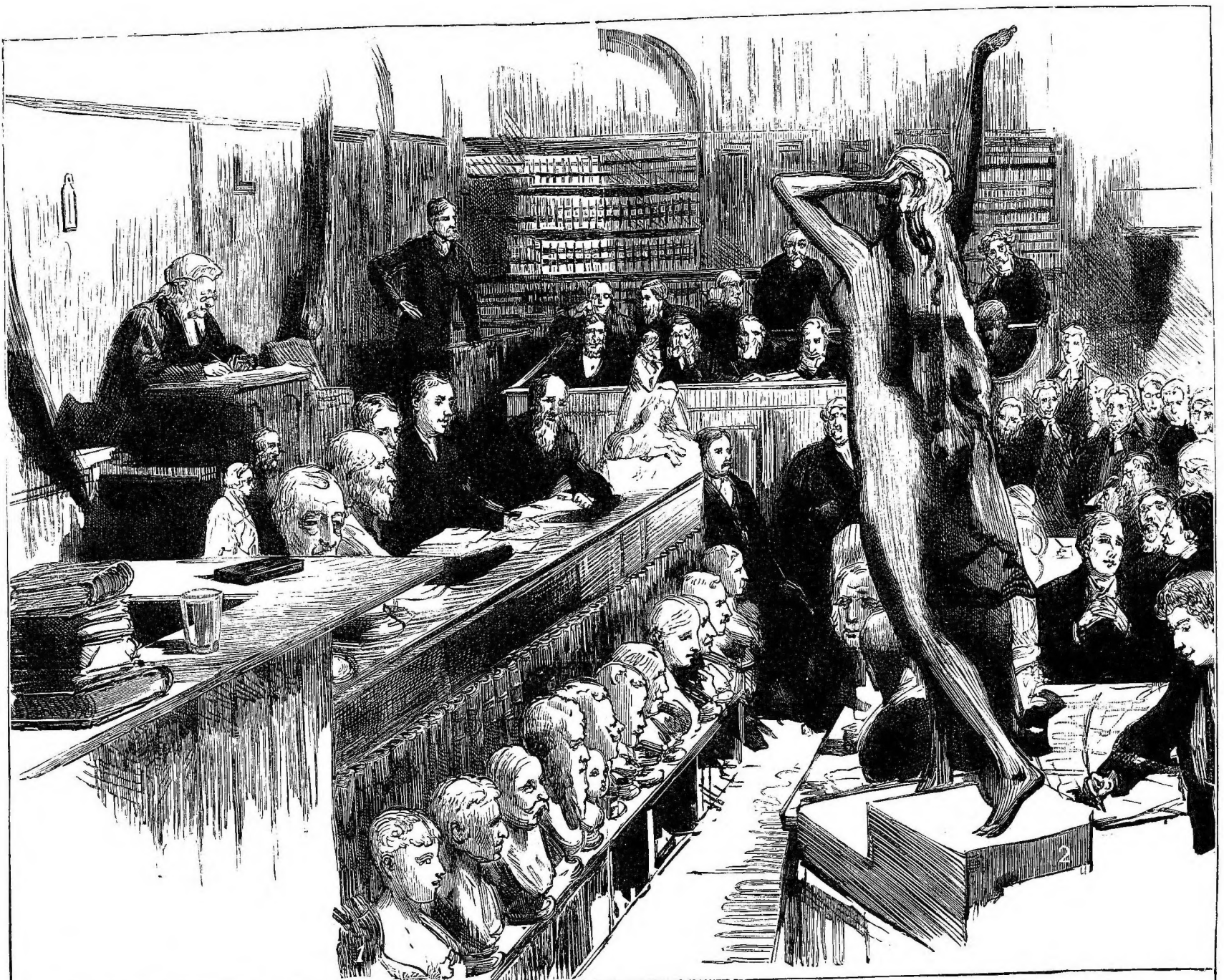
The Devonport banquet took place on the 6th inst. in the Public Hall, Fore Street, and was given by the inhabitants of Devonport to 800 seamen, representatives of the naval forces which took part, ashore or afloat, in the recent Egyptian campaign. The Public Hall was elaborately decorated, and the chair was taken by the Mayor of Devonport, Mr. G. T. Rolston. Speeches were made by Sir Massey Lopes, Captain Bosanquet, and others, and the whole proceedings were of a very enthusiastic character.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Martin Underwood, of Devonport.

MR. ALEXANDER MEYRICK BROADLEY

MR. ALEXANDER MEYRICK BROADLEY, Arabi Pasha's senior counsel, is the son of the Rev. Canon Broadley, Rector of Bradpole, Dorsetshire, where he was born in 1847. He was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1869, and began practice in Tunis in 1872. He soon became the leader of the local European Bar, and in 1881 conducted to a successful issue the famous *Enfila* case. He was appointed in the spring of that year the Tunisian correspondent of *The Times*, and has since become the historian of the Conquest of the Regency, in his "Last Punic War," published by Messrs. Blackwood four months ago, and very favourably reviewed by the English Press. Mr. Broadley was the legal adviser of the unfortunate Bey of Tunis prior to his becoming a French vassal; and is also known as an eminent Freemason, having been Deputy Grand Master of Tunis and Malta.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Davison and Ciantar Preziosi, 134, Strada Stretta, Valetta, Malta.

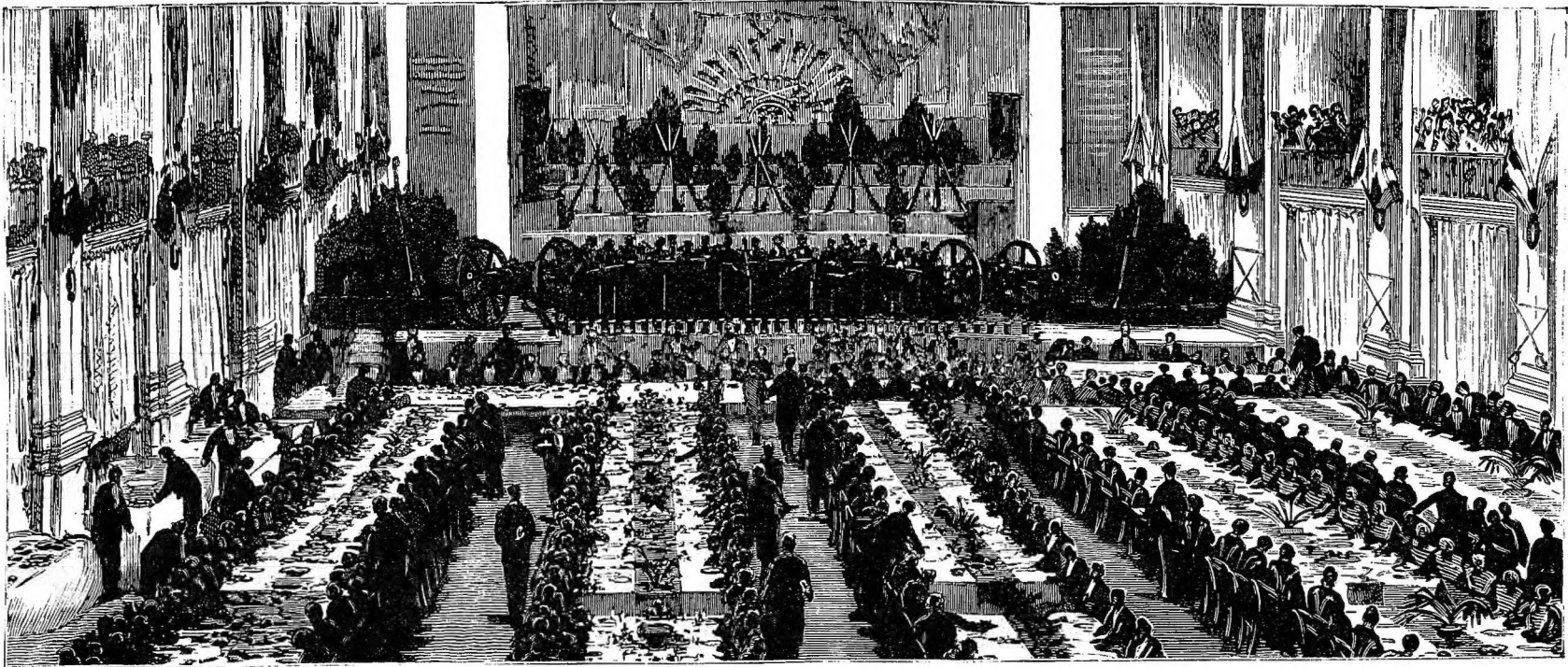
THE HON. MARK FRANCIS NAPIER, B.A.

THE HON. MARK FRANCIS NAPIER, B.A., Arabi's junior counsel, is the third son of Lord Napier and Ettrick, and was born at Naples in 1852. He was educated at Wellington College and Trinity College, Cambridge, and graduated in honours (Law and History) in 1874. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1876, and is a member of the South-Eastern Circuit.—Our portrait is from a photograph by P. Sébah, 439, Rue de Péra, Constantinople.

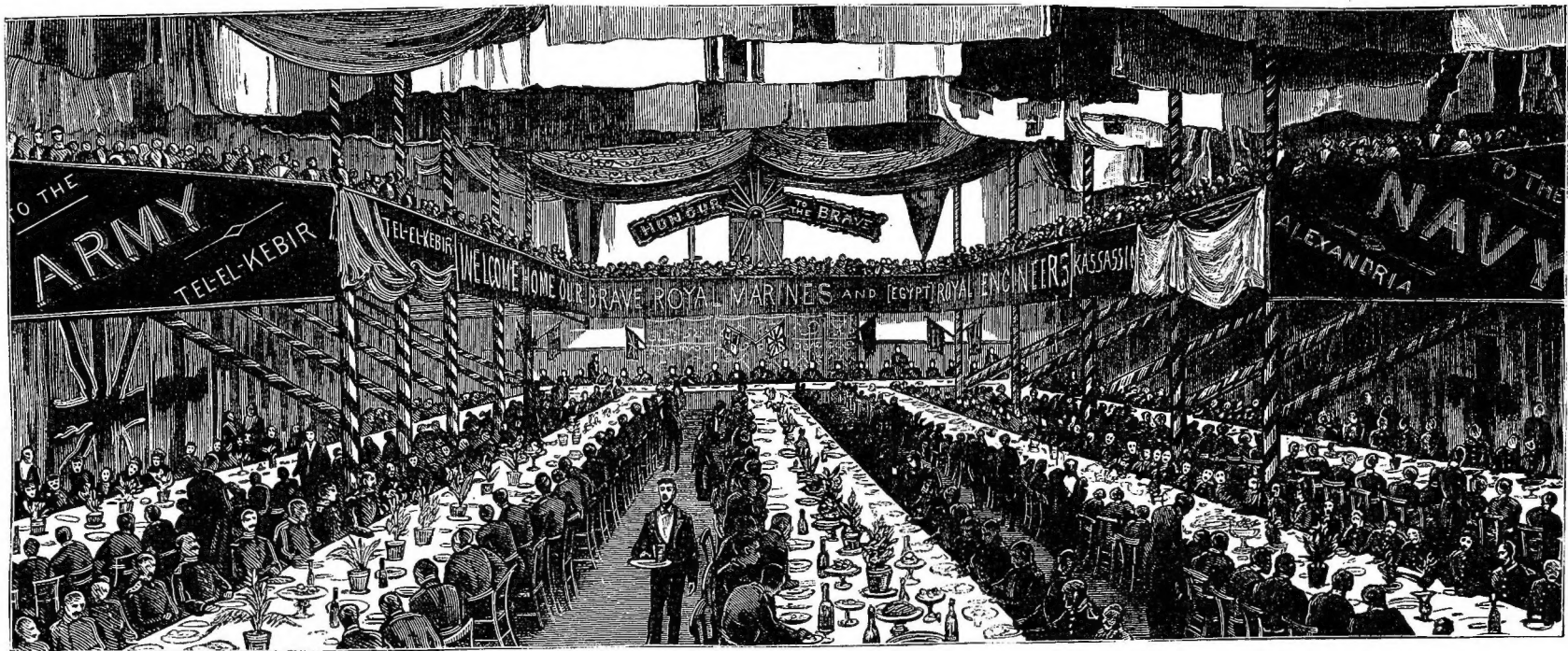


1. Silent Witnesses but Speaking Likenesses.—2. Hypatia Refusing to Kiss the Book.—3. Her Very Image.—4. Mr. Belt Assisted by Mr. Schotz and a Ghost!

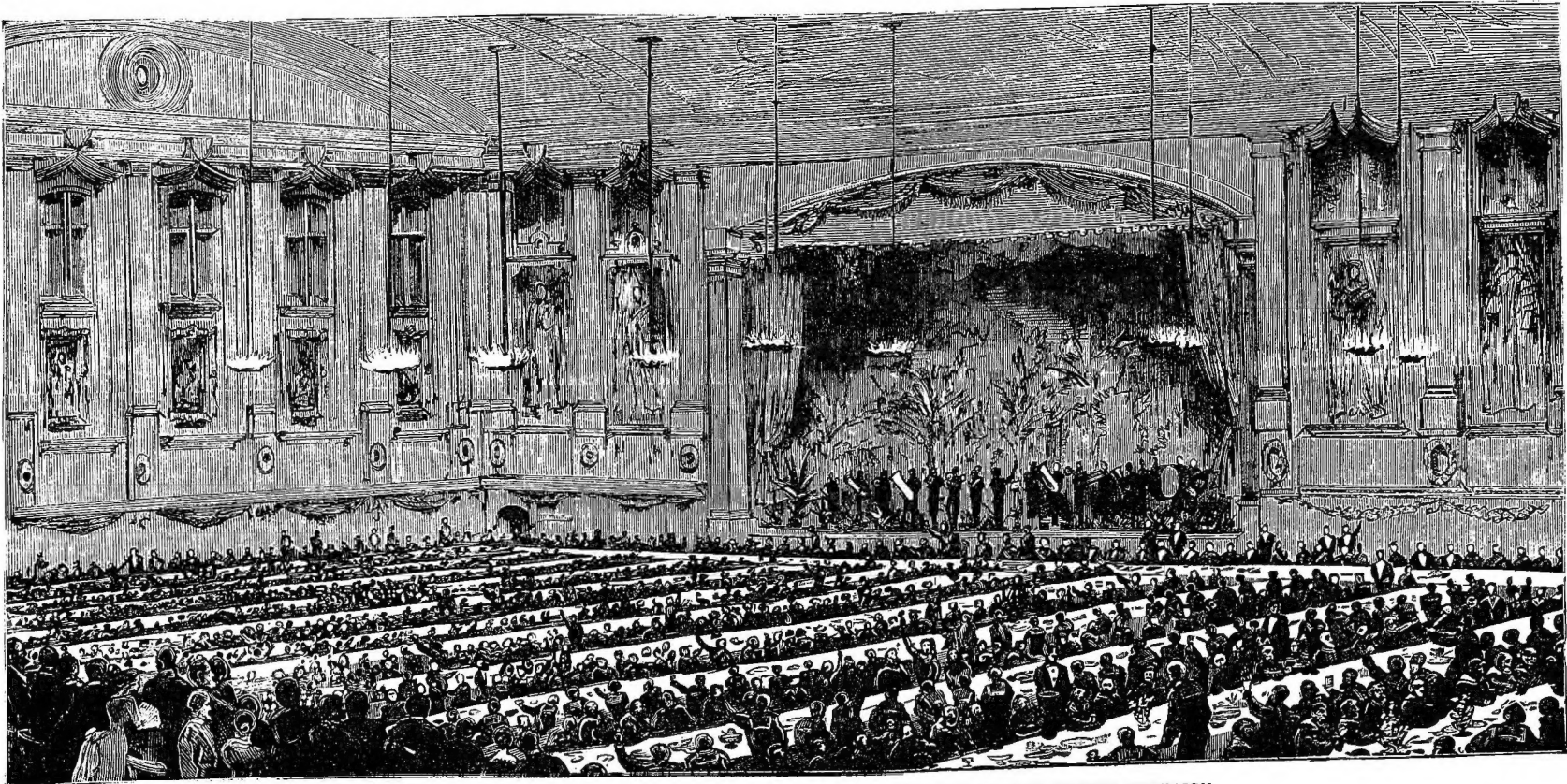
BELT v. LAWES—THE SCULPTORS' LIBEL CASE: NOTES IN COURT



BANQUET GIVEN BY THE MAYOR AND CITIZENS OF COVENTRY TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE N BATTERY, A BRIGADE, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY



BANQUET TO THE ROYAL MARINES AT CHATHAM



BANQUET AT DEVONPORT TO THE SEAMEN OF THE FLEET ENGAGED IN THE RECENT CAMPAIGN

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS FROM EGYPT

MAJOR-GENERAL THEODORE WALLER ROSS BOISRAGON, C.B.

MAJOR-GENERAL THEODORE WALLER ROSS BOISRAGON, C.B., late of the Bengal Staff Corps, died at Bedford on Thursday, in his fifty-third year. He was born on the 19th of May, 1830, and received his first commission in the Indian Army on the 2nd of September, 1846. On his arrival in India, in July of the following year, he was posted to the 36th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry (Volunteers), and joined that regiment at Lahore; but in August, 1848, he was transferred to the 60th Regiment of Native Infantry. Having passed a district examination in the Persian and Hindustani languages, he was appointed in April, 1849, Adjutant of the Kemavoon Ghoorka Battalion, of which his elder brother, Lieut. Henry F. M. BoISRagon, was then second in command.

The subject of this notice was promoted to a Lieutenantancy in 1850; and just before the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny he was, in April, 1857, appointed second in command of the Nusseree (Rifle) Battalion—a regiment of Ghoorkhas. During the troublous period which followed he was engaged in almost all the military operations in the districts of Meerut, Saharunpore, and Mozuffer-nugger, and was in command of the troops engaged at Sedhowlie, Nookur, and Gungah, when, with a very small force, he encountered large masses of the enemy, whom he invariably defeated. His most signal service, however, was at the engagement at Hurdwar, on the 10th of January, 1858, in which he commanded a portion of the Nusseree Ghoorkha Battalion, his elder brother being in chief command of the troops engaged, on which occasion a thousand of the enemy, with four guns, were beaten back across the Ganges with the loss of arms and munitions of war. His services were honourably mentioned in despatches, and he was awarded the medal granted to the troops engaged in suppressing the Indian Mutiny. On the formation of the Bengal Staff Corps, in 1861, he joined it as Captain, and Lord Strathnairn, then Commander-in-Chief in India, soon after appointed him to the command of the 30th Bengal Native Infantry (formerly the 22nd Punjab Infantry), in consideration of his useful and gallant services in the field. He became Major in 1866, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1872, and was promoted to Brevet-Colonel in 1877. On his retirement from the Indian service, in 1881, he was granted the honorary rank of Major-General, and in consideration of his distinguished military services he was nominated a Companion of the Bath in last year's "Birthday Gazette."—Our portrait is from a photograph by T. Fall, 9, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

THE NEW ABERFOYLE RAILWAY

NOT long since the iron horse found its way to Oban, the Golden Gate of the Hebrides, and now another mesh in the railway network of the Western Highlands has been completed by the formation of

the new line to Aberfoyle, which will thus be easily reached from Glasgow in an hour and a half.

Leaving the Queen Street Station, Glasgow, the traveller is carried along the Blane Valley Railway as far as Killearn, where the new line begins. The scenery is very charming at Buchlyvie Station. In front are the green and wooded slopes of the Grampians, while standing out against the sky-line are the peaks of Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, and Ben Lomond. The line here crosses an extensive bog, named Flanders Moss. To get a firm foundation this bog had to be excavated to a great depth. Soon after, a second bog is traversed, known as the Gartrenish Moss, and then the Forth is crossed, and presently the visitor reaches his destination, the Clachan of Aberfoyle, surrounded by a glorious panorama of mountain, glen, and river, the lovely Loch Ard being about two miles distant.

The engineers of the line were Messrs. Formans and McCall, Glasgow, and the entire work on both sections was carried out by Mr. Hugh Kennedy, Partick, the operations being superintended by Mr. John Tuckwell.—The foregoing particulars are condensed from the *Glasgow Herald*.

THE COLQUHOUN EXPEDITION—II.

THOSE of our readers who are interested in such experiences have already eagerly perused the account of the travels which Mr. Colquhoun, together with his comrade, the recently-deceased Mr. Charles Wahab, performed in China, and which he read on Monday evening before the Royal Geographical Society.

It will suffice, therefore, to say here that Mr. Colquhoun was a civil engineer employed in Burmah, that he was devoted to geographical studies, and that he determined to enter Yunnan from the Canton side, and reach Rangoon by passing through the Shan States. Chinese exclusiveness prevented him from moving to Rangoon through the Independent Shan States, and compelled him to march on Bhamo. Fortunately, however, the part of his programme which he was obliged to abandon lies in a region already partially known, whereas the extensive region which he travelled over from the fork of the Canton River to the south-west corner of Yunnan was absolutely new ground to any European pioneer.

This second series of sketches are thus described by the artist, the late Mr. Charles Wahab:—

"No. 1 shows how a great many of the knolls even at a considerable distance from the river are eaten into by it. The lower rock appears much softer than that above; it is the colour of sand, while the other is a bright orange, and in the example sketched there was a distinct straight line where the one overhung the other. The *débris* of stones and sand forms a mound, which is gradually washed out by a small stream through the river bank. This rock was seen on the 23th February, 1882, near Nan-Ning.

"No. 2, 'Dog's Nose Rock,' 2nd March, 1882. It sticks straight out from a flat surface like a dog's (or horse's) head through a window. It is about the size of a horse's head.

"No. 3, 'Passing under the Cliff,' on March 5, 1882.

"No. 4, 'The Swan-Neck Rock,' March 1st, 1882, in the Nine Turns' Gorge. The neck is seven feet high, and completely covered when the water is high.

"No. 5, 'The Demon Dog Rock' was exactly like one of the Chinese carved grotesque dogs, at a height of seventy feet above the water.

"No. 6, 'Crocodile Point.' A huge crocodile's head projects over an overhanging rock at a height of 100 feet. In the sketch the crocodile is too large compared to the height of the rock.

"No. 7, 'View up the Rocky Gorge Leading to Ha-ngan,'

March 3, 1882. This is an attempt to show what was quite one of the finest views on the river, but the most skilful sketcher would fail here, as its chief charm was its exquisite colouring. A long lane of precipitous rocks on each side formed, as it were, a frame to a most lovely vista. In the foreground of it was a projecting cliff covered with trees, beyond this lay a low bank, similarly clothed, and to the left of it another, with green patches and sand. Above these rose a ridge of low hills, coloured exactly like those at home when the heather is in full bloom, and beyond them a sharp serrated ridge in the far distance of a deep purple hue. The water of the river was a dirty green—jade stone, as the Chinese call it—and the sky a dull grey. The rocks on either side were a sandstone, far more precipitous than shown; they were fringed with trees, and, above the trees, rose with a scanty covering of parched grass, thickly sprinkled with round masses of black, these being spots where the rock was uncovered. The water mirrored the distant view, and larks and thrushes filled the air with music. In any other country it would have appeared a hundred times in Burlington House."

THE INDIAN CONTINGENT

See pp. 553 *et seqq.*

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT T. MACPHERSON,
G.C.B., V.C.

See page 553.—Our portrait is from a photograph by P. Vuccino and Co.

SUPPER WITH THE MULE BATTERY

THE doings of the Indian Contingent during the recent campaign have been fully described in another column, and this engraving needs but few words of explanation. Some of the officers of the Mule Battery are having supper by the light of a lantern under an



THE INDIAN CONTINGENT IN EGYPT—MAKING CHUPATTIES

improvised shelter formed by a piece of galvanised iron, supported by a couple of poles.

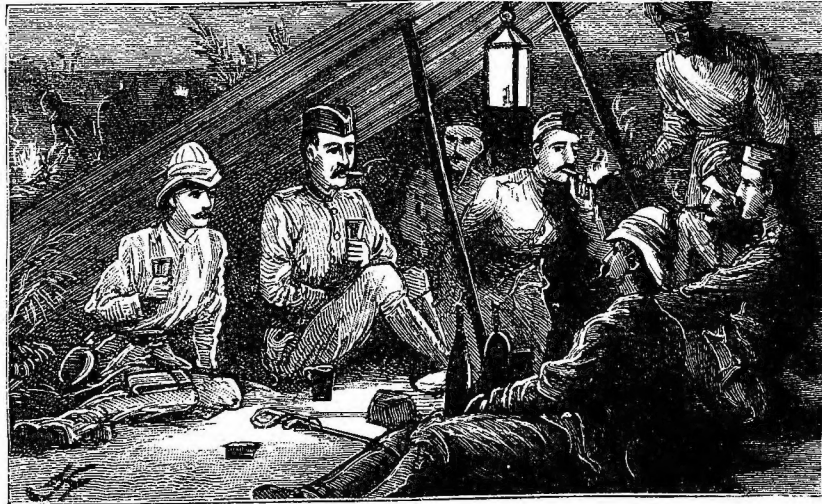
MAKING CHUPATTIES

THE manufacture of chupatties by the Indian soldiers is a surprising sight to the Europeans. They first prepare a lump of dough, and then proceed to toss it from hand to hand with the utmost swiftness, until it gradually spreads out into a large and very thin circular cake. This is then baked upon a hot iron plate, much resembling the Scotch girdle.

THE WEST WICKLOW LOYAL ASSOCIATION

THE West Wicklow Loyal Association was formed for the purpose of compensating every boycotted small trader or farmer for the loss he incurs, and thus actively, but by peaceable means, combating the agitation of the Land League. According to the report presented at the annual meeting of the Association held last month at Humewood Castle, the seat of Mr. W. W. Fitzwilliam Hume Dick, D.L., the founder of the Association, and who occupied the chair, much good work appears to have been achieved during the past twelvemonth. At last year's meeting those present subscribed a guarantee fund, to which their contributions should amount if necessary to five per cent. of their incomes. Only half per cent., however, had been called for, which had more than sufficed. Amongst the cases assisted was a farmer boycotted for helping to bring home a boycotted harvest, a carpenter boycotted for working for boycotted people in the neighbourhood of Hackeston, so that no alternative was left him but starvation or the workhouse. The worst case of all was a young man of feeble intellect, who earned his living and that of his family by selling turf. He ventured, however, to sell to boycotted buyers, and was accordingly persecuted and set upon to such an extent that he is now in an asylum, and his parents and family are receiving the assistance of the Association. Boycotting on the part of hack owners has also been combatted, while a boycotted coach between Baltinglas and Dunlavin has been maintained on the road. A vote of thanks to Mr. Dick and to the loyal farmers of the district who had stood by the landlords in the fight despite many strong temptations, concluded the meeting.

Humewood Castle, of which we give some sketches, is one of the finest seats in Ireland. It was built by Mr. W. W. Fitzwilliam Hume-Dick, some twelve years ago, on the site of an older edifice, and is a really magnificent building, externally of granite, much of the interior being of granite and Bath stone. The house, with stables in the same style, covers a large extent of ground, and stands in a large park, well-wooded, and with artificial lakes. The castle and park are in the midst of a wild country of moor and mountain, and are almost at the foot of Lugna Corillach, one of the highest mountains in Ireland. Perhaps the finest room in the Castle is the Banqueting Hall, which is very large, of very great height, and panelled in oak, walnut, and cedar.



THE INDIAN CONTINGENT IN EGYPT—SUPPER WITH THE MULE BATTERY

Mr. Hume-Dick was until last election the Conservative member for Wicklow. A man of great wealth, he entertains a large party at Humewood in the autumn with even more than traditional Irish hospitality.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. JUSTICE LAWSON

AT a moment when a sense of security was beginning to revive in the Irish capital the daring outrage of last Saturday has gone far to bring back the former state of suspicion and alarm. Mr. Justice Lawson, whose escape has been matter for general rejoicing both here and in Ireland, has for some time been under the protection of the police. Two detectives and a couple of army pensioners were his usual escort, and these were in attendance when on Saturday night he left his house in Fitzwilliam Street to dine, according to a previous arrangement, with the Benchers of King's Inn. While passing through Merrion Square a man, dressed like a mechanic, brushed against one of the Judge's followers, and on the latter catching him by the arm muttered hastily, "It is all right." This roused the suspicion of the escort, Charles McDonnell, an ex-corporal of the 12th Hussars, and he continued to keep the man in view as he walked abreast of the Judge on the other side of the street. Suddenly, as they neared the Kildare Street Club—the scene of our illustration—the man crossed the road a little in advance, and facing round confronted the Judge, keeping his hand upon his breast inside his open coat. The hand was grasping a revolver, when McDonnell sprang upon him, threw him to the ground, and, with the aid of his comrades, wrenched the weapon from his hold. It was a six-chambered revolver, fully loaded, of the newest make, and of unusual size. The Judge, without exhibiting any alarm, passed out of the crowd into the club-house, and shortly after pursued his journey to the King's Inn. At the College Street Police Station the prisoner at first gave the name of Corigan, but soon finding that concealment would be impossible confessed that he was Peter Delany, a carpenter by trade, who had already served a term of five years' penal servitude for firing at a police constable in 1869, when the latter attempted to arrest him on a charge of robbery. At the moment of his capture a man unknown, but suspected of being an accomplice, stopped a tram-car, and got away. The prisoner was sent for safer custody to Richmond Prison, and was examined for the first time on Monday. There was a demonstration of the Bar of Ireland to congratulate Mr. Justice Lawson on his escape, and the day after the assault Lord and Lady Spencer called for the same purpose at the Judge's residence in Fitzwilliam Street.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 545.

AFTER THE CAMPAIGN—RECEPTION BY HER MAJESTY OF SIR GARNET WOLSELEY

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY arrived in London on Saturday, the 28th October, and next day was summoned to Balmoral by Her Majesty to receive the thanks and congratulations of his Sovereign in person. Leaving by the mail on the evening of October 29th, he was welcomed at Aberdeen by Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Provost, and a host of spectators, all anxious to obtain a glimpse of the victorious General. He then drove through the city with the Lord Provost, and subsequently left for Ballater. There a guard of honour, composed of the Seaforth Highlanders, was drawn up at the station, where he was met by General Sir Henry Ponsonby, who at once drove with him to Balmoral Castle amid the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the assembled crowd. As soon as Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at the Castle, Her Majesty received him in audience, at which the Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught were present; and in the evening he had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family. Next day Sir Garnet Wolseley returned to London, being again warmly cheered at Aberdeen, where some 4,000 persons had assembled on the platform.

"DEAD HORSE" FESTIVAL ON BOARD A SAILING SHIP.

"SAILORS on joining a vessel bound for Australia are advanced one month's wages," writes the artist who recently witnessed this ceremony. "The end of that time is celebrated in the following manner:—With their pay they are supposed to have bought a horse, which dies at the month's end. A dummy horse is constructed in the secret recess of the fore-castle, the foundation generally being an old flour cask. This is stuffed with straw, &c., and is neatly covered with canvas, the nostrils being painted red and the feet black, a flowing mane and tail of spun yarn finely carded being added. A hole is cut out of its back, in the usual place of the saddle. The proceedings began at 7.30 P.M., when a procession came from forward. First came a man in soldier's tunic, Scotch cap, white trousers, and carrying a mop stick, with the head wrapped up, and painted something like a face. This he flourished as a baton, as he went by the title of drum-major. Then came a man with long white whiskers and overcoat, carrying a can for copper contributions. There were next several policemen, with large buttons on their long coats. These cleared the way, laying their staves about them very freely, but with no ill-effect, as they were made of canvas stuffed with straw, or long inflated bladders. They only occasioned a great noise. Then followed a number of sailors, two by two. These all proceeded singing round the deck several times, and after collecting all the stray pence returned to the fore-castle again.

"Sketch No. 1 shows 'The Procession.' Shortly afterwards there issued forth a larger procession, and in addition to the above characters there was a nigger playing the bones, an old man in a long coat and cocked hat playing a concertina, another beating a pan to

represent a drum, another with a tin whistle. Then came the auctioneer, a sailor in frock coat, tall hat, and a roll of paper in his hand, attended by another man as a clerk. Immediately after the auctioneer came the horse, which was ridden or rather carried by a sailor (dressed in white tights and jockey hat), whose body fitted through the hole cut in the animal, which was suspended from his shoulders. Leading the horse was a groom with cap, red jersey, white breeches, and top boots. In his hand he held a whip, which he flourished about the horse, which kicked out behind, and reared up in a very comical manner. Next came a triangle player, a lantern carrier, two or three policemen, and many other characters, several in soldier's uniform. In this order the deck was paraded. Then the auctioneer, as in the second sketch, mounted a barrel on the quarter-deck, and after a long harangue as to the good qualities of the horse 'Julius Caesar,' mentioning the races past, present, and future he had won, amongst the latter being the 'Melbourne Cup for 1883,' proceeded to say this wonderful horse was for sale. All gathered round, and the bidding was started at 17, amidst a running fire of praises and recommendation from the auctioneer, and any bids not heard by him were reported by his clerk, who wore a long moustache, 6 in. at least, made of spun yarn. Every now and then the groom was told to 'show the spirit of the animal.' The groom lashed out with his whip, and the horse pranced, and kicked, and backed accordingly. Bids advanced till the sum of 107. was reached, at which figure it was knocked down. The money is generally handed to the sailors by one of the lady passengers. A collection is made before the festival from all the people on board, and the sums of from 7s. to 14s. or 15s. is realised, the bidding ceasing on arriving at the amount collected. During the auction several free fights occurred amongst sailors and passengers, and the police were called in to quell the disturbances. They, only too ready, rushed into the crowd, laying their staves about indiscriminately on friends and foes, all given and taken in the greatest good humour.

"In Sketch 3 we see the end of the Dead Horse. After the auction the leading characters moved off to the lee side near the main sail. A sort of solemn chant was given—something about the old horse dying, each verse ending with the refrain, 'Poor Old Horse.' While this was being sung the jockey was fixing himself into a seat at the end of a rope, which passed over a pulley at the end of the mainyard over the ship's side. The horse was attached to the seat under the man, who appeared to be sitting astride it. A sailor then appeared on the end of the yard, 50ft. above deck, and another sat on the bulwarks below. Each fired a blue light at the same time which lit up the whole deck and sails. While these were burning the man and horse were hoisted up to the yard end, and at a given signal the jockey cut the cord that held the horse, which fell into the sea with a splash, and soon floated astern in the darkness. The jockey climbed on to the yard-arm, and was soon down the rigging on deck. Another procession was then formed, and paraded round the deck singing 'Rule Britannia.' Three cheers were given for 'The Ladies,' 'The Captain,' 'The Officers,' 'Passengers,' 'Crew,' and 'Everybody.' The 'Dead Horse' festival was then over."

NOTE.—In our issue for September 30, No. 670, the drawings from which the illustrations were engraved of "The Court of the Cadi" and "Part of Cairo from the Citadel" were executed by Mr. Frank Dillon, of 13, Upper Phillimore Gardens, W., and not, as there stated, by Mr. W. C. Dillon, of Sheffield.



FINE WEATHER, and the general belief that the time-honoured procession from Guildhall to Westminster would be witnessed this year for the last time, drew even greater crowds than usual on Thursday week to the popular spectacle of "Lord Mayor's Show." Business commenced with a breakfast at the Guildhall, and at noon precisely the procession commenced its journey through the narrow streets of the old City, profusely decorated for the occasion, to the broader thoroughfares of Fleet Street and the Strand. In Cripplegate, the new Lord Mayor's Ward, were four triumphal arches, of which one represented "the Old Cripple Gate," the ancient boundary of the City on this side. The procession itself boasted two novel features, a revival of the eight men in armour so long omitted from the yearly programme, and a really effective group of Thames anglers, equipped with high boots and fishing rods, and supporting a banner on which was inscribed "The Corporation and the Rights of the Thames Anglers," followed closely by a picturesque band of Epping Rangers. A special place was again reserved, as last year, for the banner of the United States, which was carried aloft by Doggett's badgemens, and escorted by a guard of honour of the staff-sergeants of the City of London Regiment. At Westminster, where the new Lord Mayor was introduced according to ancient custom to Her Majesty's Judges, Mr. Justice Grove, in the absence through ill-health of Lord Coleridge, was spokesman for the Bench, and took occasion gracefully to express the regret with which, despite the manifest advantages of the change, he and his colleagues would bid farewell to the old familiar Courts at Westminster.

AT THE BANQUET IN THE GUILDHALL, where no fear of coming reforms appears to have impaired the gaiety of the assembly, Ministerial speeches were, of course, the chief attraction. Mr. Childers, in returning thanks for the Army, recalled some interesting memories of the thirteenth of September, before Tel-el-Kebir, which had witnessed British victories by land and sea; and Lord Granville explained, in a few seasonable words, that Lord Dufferin had been sent to Egypt not "to strengthen any undue or illegitimate influence of this country," but "to facilitate and hasten the withdrawal of our armed occupation." But the Premier's speech was that for which every one was expectant, and Mr. Gladstone took a very rosy view of matters everywhere. "On every point," since the last Lord Mayor's day, "the horizon had been greatly and happily cleared." In Ireland agrarian outrages had fallen from 531, the total for last March, to 111 in the month just ended, and among the people there was a new tone of sentiment, a disposition to seek amelioration for their lot, "in obedience to the law, and in respect for existing institutions." As for "coming measures," by which his hosts of the Corporation might be affected, their special interests, he was satisfied, "would be so reconciled with the interests and desires of the country" that they would have no reason to regret the result.

THE ATTACK ON MR. JUSTICE LAWSON—fully described under "Our Illustrations"—was an unfortunate commentary on Mr. Gladstone's praise of the increasing respect for law in Ireland, even admitting that Messieurs les Assassins represent only a small proportion of the population. Other instances, too, of a disloyal spirit have not been wanting. A renewed attempt to carry a motion for conferring the freedom of the city on Sir Garnet Wolseley was rejected at a special meeting of the Dublin Corporation by 27 votes against 21—Messrs. Gill and T. D. Sullivan, M.P., distinguishing themselves by abandoning even their House of Commons allies in the division on the *clôture* in order to register an anti-British vote in Dublin. The British General—touching whom the *Freeman's Journal* published some slanders which it has since acknowledged to be altogether baseless—will have to console himself with a testimonial from the loyal men of Dublin, for which a considerable sum was subscribed on Saturday at a meeting presided

over by Chief Justice Morris.—The trial of the Maamtrasna murderers commenced on Tuesday, when evidence was given by the men who had followed them at a distance, and by two of the accused, who were admitted as Queen's evidence. A verdict of "Guilty" was returned on Wednesday in the case of Patrick Joyce, the first prisoner brought up for trial.—Attempts have again been made to stop the hunt in the Curraghmore county and in Galway, resulting in some free fights between the fox-hunters and the mob. As a rule, however, public feeling is not opposed to hunting, the tradesmen and the labourers being especially adverse to acts which would seriously affect their interests.—The proclamation offering rewards for information leading to the arrest of the Phoenix Park murderers, or any one harbouring them, has been renewed. The police, it is believed, are in possession of some fresh information of considerable importance.—In the 111 agrarian outrages for October are 1 murder, 3 cases of firing at the person, 46 threatening letters, 17 incendiary fires, and 8 cases of cattle-maiming.

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT, about 7,000 of all arms, has now been fixed for the 18th (to-day). The Queen will leave Buckingham Palace for the Horse Guards Parade at noon, and the Review will terminate about 2 P.M. with a march past, which will be prolonged for the gratification of the general public, who cannot possibly be admitted into the limited space before the Horse Guards, up Birdcage Walk to Buckingham Palace Road, Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park Corner, thence by way of Piccadilly and Pall Mall to Trafalgar Square and Birdcage Walk, where the troops will disperse. The new Egyptian war medal is now ready. The head of the Queen is of frosted silver on a plain ground; the ribbon is of alternate white and deep blue. Meanwhile, more than any other heroes of the war—more even than the Foot Guards, whose return took place this week—our Indian Contingent has been throughout the week the cynosure of sightseers. From the House of Commons, where the Members cheered them, an honour never bestowed on "strangers in the gallery" before, to Drury Lane Theatre, where they were taken behind the scenes, from the Zoological Gardens to interviews with Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington, our visitors have been to almost every place worth visiting, and seen almost everything worth seeing. Eight went on Tuesday as far as Liverpool, where they witnessed the floating out of dock of the new Indian troopship *Clive* at Messrs. Laird's.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the National Union of Conservative Associations was held at Bristol on Tuesday, under the presidency of Earl Percy. Much satisfaction was expressed at the result of the recent municipal elections, and Conservatives were once more urged to "organise." Addressing a meeting of delegates in the evening, Lord Carnarvon declared that though the Commons were now gagged, the Lords would have a new opportunity of doing good. On the previous day the Liberal and Conservative Societies in connection with the Colston Charities had held, as usual, their annual banquets—the present being the 113th anniversary. For the Dolphin Society Sir M. H. Beach was the chief speaker; for the Anchor, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman; but the most important utterance was Lord E. Fitzmaurice's bold suggestion at the Liberal gathering that our occupation of Egypt might very reasonably be made permanent.

TWENTY-FOUR VICTIMS of the CLAYCROSS EXPLOSION were buried on Saturday, in the presence of many mourners, and the remainder were interred on Sunday. The funeral procession of the widower Hewitt and his two sons was headed by the local corps of the Salvation Army, and quite 2,000 people brought up the rear. Throughout the day, and on Saturday, muffled peals were rung in North Wingfield and Claycross Churches. The explosion has been traced to a remote part of the workings, one side of which had long been regarded as dangerous. A fund has been opened at the Mansion House for the relief of the sufferers, among whom are thirty-three widows, one hundred children of tender age, and a number of aged parents and dependent relatives; and a public meeting for the same object will be held at Chesterfield on Saturday. The Claycross Company have promised 500*l.* towards the fund.

RESOLUTIONS IN FAVOUR of the MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL have been carried unanimously at a special meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on Monday last; at a meeting of working men, on the evening of the same day, in the Free Trade Hall, at which a Mr. Chapple, of Rotherham, spoke strongly of the great interest taken by Yorkshire in the project; and at a third meeting, on Tuesday, in the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Mayor. Glasgow was quoted as a brilliant example of the success attending an artificial port.

SOME DISSATISFACTION STILL EXISTS in certain of the coal districts where the advance of 10 per cent. has not been uniformly conceded, and at Monckton Main Collieries, near Barnsley, the labourers, whose wages were not raised at the same time with the hewers, have struck, causing the pits to remain idle. A meeting to discuss restriction of output has been summoned for the 5th of next month by Mr. Pickard, of Barnsley, the Secretary of the recent Conference at Manchester.

THE TWELVE WEEKS' STRIKE of the CLYDE SHIP JOINERS has come to an end by the men resuming work on the old terms. The total loss is estimated at 100,000*l.*, three-fourths of which represents employers' penalties for failure in carrying out contracts.

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE in the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD will occupy one of the best positions in the city, close to the Bodleian Library. The site has already been cleared and the foundations excavated, but until more money than the present sum of 22,000*l.* is forthcoming only half the ground will be built upon. The building will contain several lecture-rooms, a fireplace library, with five oriel windows looking down Broad Street, a small typical Indian Museum, and every appliance for promoting systematic and combined action in the prosecution of Indian studies.

CAPT. CHETWYND, R.N., and COMMANDER VINCENT NEFEAN have given in their report of the evidence taken at the recent inquiry into the delay in launching the Lowestoft Lifeboat on the night of October 28th. Severe censure is attached to Mr. Hindman, the honorary superintendent, and Mr. R. Hook, the coxswain of the boat. At a wreck on Tuesday morning the incriminated lifeboat and its coxswain did good service.

THE LETTER-BOXES NOW ATTACHED to the MAIL TRAINS were used last Sunday for the first time to convey letters from London to the country. By going to the stations, and affixing an extra halfpenny stamp, letters may be posted in London as late as 9 P.M. on Sundays for the early morning delivery in the provinces.

SIR S. NORTHCOTE has been ordered by Sir W. Jenner to go abroad as soon as his Parliamentary duties will allow, and will therefore be unable to take any part in the approaching Conservative meetings at Belfast.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S HEALTH continues slowly but surely to improve.

THE OBITUARY for the WEEK includes the names of Mr. Stephens, A.R.A.; Sir Andrew Buchanan, Ambassador Extraordinary in 1862, 1866, and 1871 to the Courts of Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna; the renowned "Lucknow" Kavanagh, V.C.; and George Rose, better known as "Arthur Sketchley," the creator of the inimitable "Mrs. Brown." Mr. Rose was formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, but went over to the Romish Communion many years ago. He died quite suddenly of heart disease, at his house in Gloucester Place, Portman Square.



THE PIANO ON WHICH THE "WACHT AM RHEIN" was first improvised by its composer, Carl Wilhelm, has just been sold at Berlin for 75*l.*

THE DANISH EXPLORING ARCTIC VESSEL *Djinnha* has been lost, it is feared, near the Waigatz Islands, and the Marine Ministry has asked the Russian Government to co-operate in a search for the crew.

A CHARTERHOUSE CONCERT, supported entirely by old and present Carthusians, will be given this (Saturday) evening at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, in aid of the funds of the Popular Ballad Concert Committee. Reserved seats may be secured at the Charterhouse, E.C., or Godalming, or at 33, Wimpole Street.

THE LATE CZAR'S FAVOURITE DOG, which accompanied Alexander II. in all his campaigns, and which may be seen lying at his feet in an engraving of the *Czar* which we published at the time of the Russo-Turkish War, has died at the Princess Dolgorouki's Hotel at Pau. "Mylord" was most carefully tended, as his master was greatly attached to him, but the animal has at last died of old age. A white marble tablet will be raised over his grave.

THE COLLECTION of CHRYSANTHEMUMS now flowering in the Botanical Gardens may be usefully compared by flower-lovers with those in the Temple Gardens. The Botanic Society have grown their flowers more in accordance with the natural habit of the plant than is usual in England, showing natural bushy, many-stemmed shrubs bearing a profusion of flowers, instead of the unnatural cultivated examples, with single stems and large, isolated flowers. The Society, by the way, have recently acquired some interesting living specimens of the mangrove tree from the Andaman Islands.

COUNT MOLTKE IS AN INVETERATE SNUFF-TAKER, and has hitherto refused to use any but a common wooden snuff-box, like those of the poorest German peasants. At his recent jubilee, however, the chief officers of the German army presented him with a splendid golden snuff-box, elaborately ornamented in Renaissance style. The count's coat-of-arms and motto, "First weigh, then venture," adorn the lid, with a portrait of the Emperor and his two predecessors, and the German eagle, while emblematic groups and oak and laurel leaves cover the remainder of the gift, whose donors have requested that their great general will use it daily.

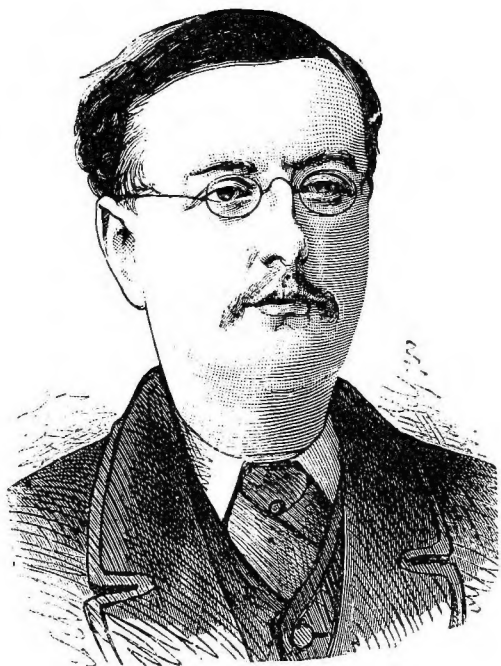
THE FIRST SPANISH LADY DOCTOR has just taken her degree in Madrid—rather a startling innovation on the secluded, do-nothing habits of the señoritas. She has met with considerable opposition, but her success has encouraged another compatriot to adopt the same profession, and the latter, after being refused admission to the Valencia School of Medicine, is now studying in Madrid. Women have won another victory across the Atlantic, for in Oregon the proposition to introduce feminine suffrage has been accepted by both the State Legislature and the General Assembly, and is now to be put to the popular vote. If this is favourable, as seems likely, women in Oregon will be admitted to full and equal suffrage for all departments of State Government.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—This Society has recently added the names of several distinguished artists to the number of its members. Almost all the members of the Dudley Committee retired from that Committee a short time since, and were elected Members of the Institute, and at a General Meeting held on Monday, the 6th inst., the following additional Members were elected:—Robert W. Macbeth, R. C. Woodville, and W. L. Wyllie. Among the well-known artists belonging to the Dudley Gallery Committee who have lately been elected members of the Institute are C. R. Aston, F. G. Cotman, Walter Crane, Frank Dillon, Charles Earle, Hamilton Macallum, Thomas R. Macquoid, Alfred Parsons, Henry Pilleau, John J. Richardson, Arthur Severn, Arthur Stocks, Frank Walton, J. W. Waterhouse, and John White.

THE EGYPTIANS KILLED in the LATE CAMPAIGN were converted by Arabi into supernatural allies, thanks to the credulity of the Arab peasantry. He told the fellahs that all Egyptians who fell fighting for the Faith would return as spirits in the subsequent battles, mounted on white horses, and armed with wooden swords, and would completely exterminate the English. An Arab servant belonging to the correspondent of the *Paris Temps* asked his master whether he had seen the dead from Kassassin during the later encounters, and on being answered in the negative declared that the correspondent could not see them because he was not an Englishman. Another example of the peasants' superstition, according to the same authority, is the explanation of the British victories given by the Arabs in the country districts, most of whom declare themselves "Children of Arabi." They state that soon after Tel-el-Kebir a hen laid an egg on which was inscribed, "Arabi has lost the battle because he mutilated the corpses of the enemy. Allah has punished him, but He will restore the victory to him if he will keep His commandments in future."

LONDON MORTALITY slightly decreased last week, and 1,493 deaths were registered, against 1,502 during the previous week, a decline of 9, being 204 below the average, and at the rate of 20*o* per 1,000. There were 57 deaths from measles (an increase of 3), 4 from small-pox, 70 from scarlet fever (a rise of 5), 19 from diphtheria (a fall of 7), 13 from whooping-cough (a decline of 10), 1 from typhus fever (a fall of 1), 32 from enteric fever (a rise of 1), 4 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 17 from diarrhoea (a decrease of 9). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 330 (a decline of 17, and 126 below the average), of which 191 were attributed to bronchitis and 92 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 53 deaths, of which 40 were the result of accident or negligence. Eleven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,709 births registered, against 2,896 during the previous week, being 51 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 46.5 deg., and 2.3 deg. above the average. Rain fell on the four days of the week to the aggregate amount of 0.60 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 20.2 hours, the sun being above the horizon during 64.3 hours.

THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS on BEN NEVIS have now ceased for the winter, having been taken, without a single day's break, from June 1 to November 1. Though the observations have also been taken punctually at the six intermediate stations, the most interesting have been those at the top of the Ben, which have generally been made under unfavourable conditions—bitter winds, drizzling rain, and mist. Nevertheless, Mr. Wragge ascended four days, and an assistant three days, in the week, and they usually reached the summit by nine, the readings occupying two hours, and being constantly delayed by drops of rain or condensed vapour running down the pencil and blotting the readings, while sometimes the air was so moist that the dry-bulb thermometer could not be kept dry for any length of time. Some days, however, have been magnificent, particularly in October. The last ascent on November 1 was very trying, as Mr. Wragge and a companion had to plough through deep snow, which buried many landmarks. Once they lost their way in a fog, and at the summit the violent S.E. gale almost precluded work. Mr. Wragge hopes to make a weekly ascent during the winter, notwithstanding the bad state of the road, particularly the pony track. Meanwhile a provisional three-hourly system of observation has been commenced at Fort William.



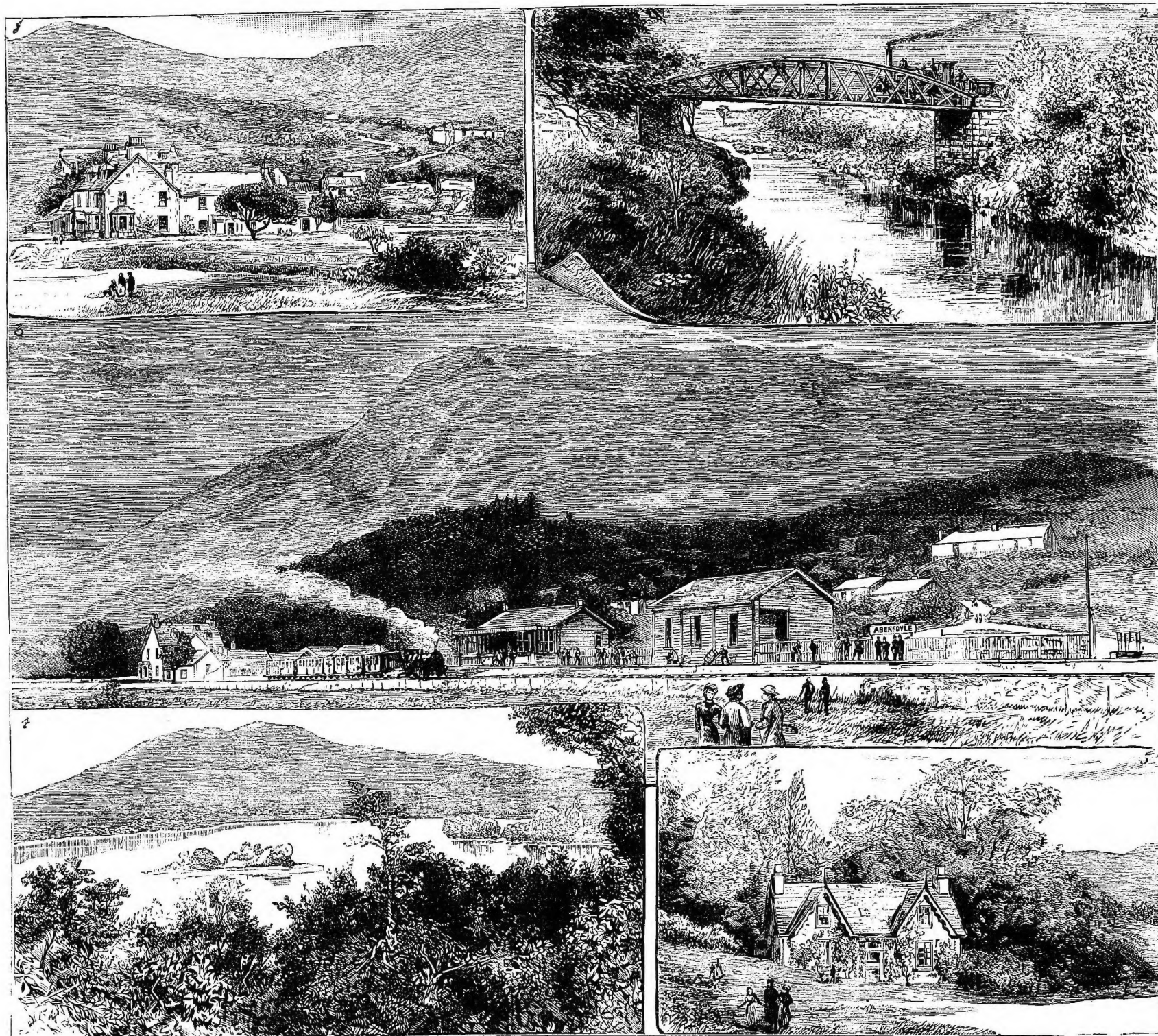
MR. A. M. BROADLEY
Arabi's Senior Counsel



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL THEODORE W. R. BOISRAGON, C.B.
(BENGAL STAFF CORPS)
Died at Bedford, September 14

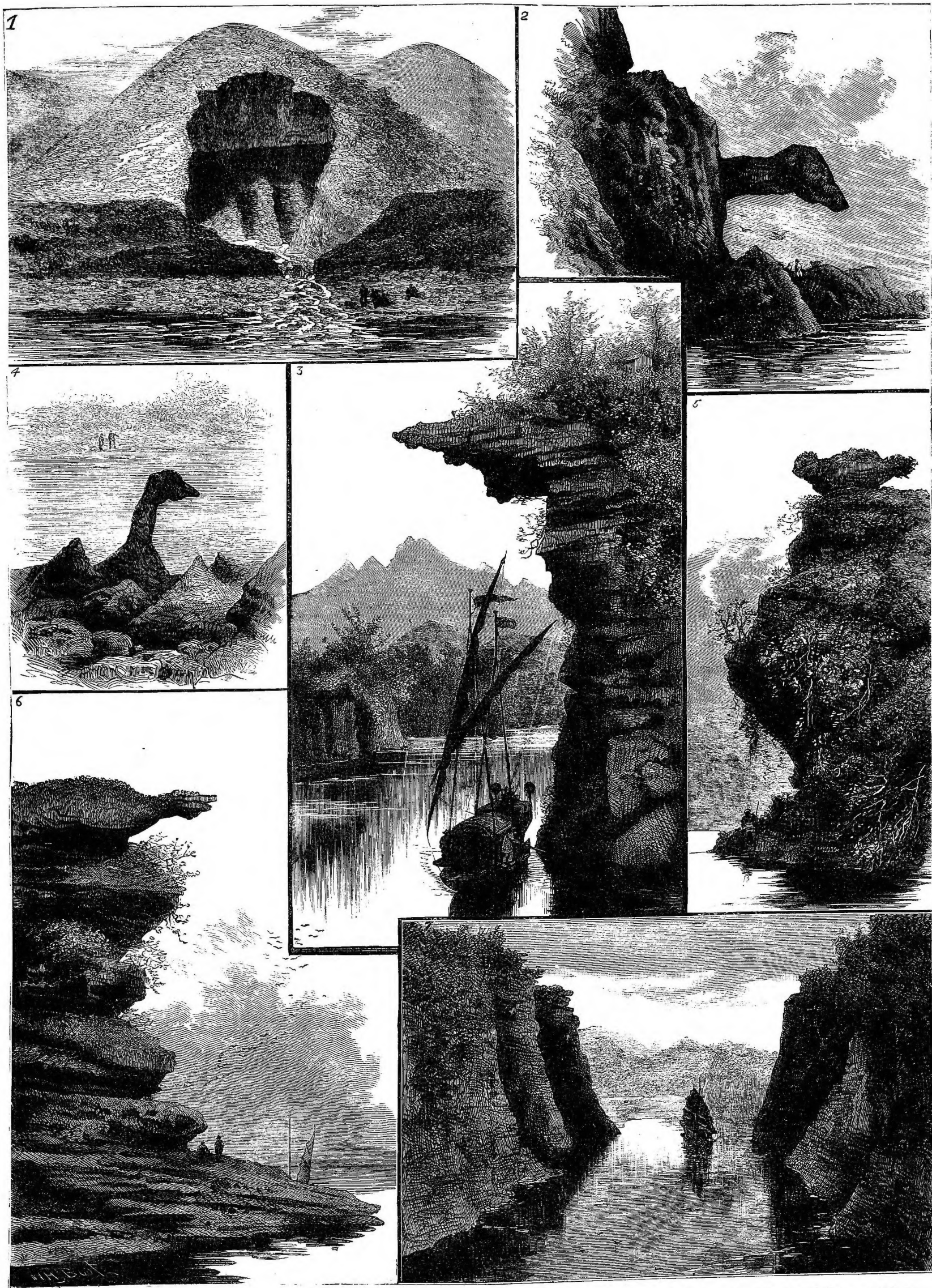


HON. MARK FRANCIS NAPIER
Arabi's Junior Counsel



1. Aberfoyle, Showing the Bailie Nicol Jarvie Inn and the Clachan.—2. New Bridge Over the River Forth.—3. The New Railway Station, Aberfoyle.—4. Loch Achray and Ben Venue.—5. Gartartan Cottage, near Aberfoyle.

THE NEW ABERFOYLE RAILWAY, SCOTLAND



1. A Rock Near Nan Ning being Undermined by a Stream.—2. Dog's Nose Rock.—3. Passing Under a Cliff.—4. Swan-Neck Rock in the Nine Swans' Gorge.—5. Demon Dog Rock.—6. Crocodile Point.—7. View up the Rocky Gorge Leading to Ha-ngan.

THE COLQUHOUN EXPEDITION THROUGH SOUTHERN CHINA—SCENES ON THE CANTON RIVER, II.
FROM SKETCHES BY THE LATE MR. CHARLES WAHAP



THERE is little change in the situation in EGYPT, save that a decided step appears to have been made towards the abolition of the Anglo-French Control. At first it was announced that the Khédive had taken matters into his own hands, and decreed its abolition, but this report was premature, and he seems merely to have sent a Note to England and France, pointing out the disadvantages of the dual system, and proposing that it should be suppressed. Of course considerable indignation has been expressed in France at the suggestion, and England is reproached for working out her plans through the Khédive instead of openly avowing her intentions to the whole of Europe, and to France in particular. No little apprehension, moreover, is expressed at the statement that England will do all she can to come to an agreement with France, but, failing this, she will appeal to the European concert—that is, exclaims the *Débats*, to Germany. In fact, the strong satisfaction expressed across the Rhine at the attitude of England, and the general tendency on the part of Germany to render her moral support to England in case of need, is naturally gall and wormwood to France, who feels that she can do nought in the matter but put forth empty protestations. Meanwhile the British and French Cabinets are busily discussing the question, though, if all accounts are to be believed, they have not yet succeeded in coming to an agreement. There is all the more necessity for their doing so as speedily as possible, as the finances of Egypt need immediate care. There is a deficit already of 120,000*l.*, while considerable sums will be needed for the cost of the indemnities and the Army of Occupation. These expenses it is proposed to meet by the temporary suspension of the surplus funds now employed to buy in Egyptian Stock.

Lord Dufferin has begun work at Cairo, and has created a good impression by declaring that he had not come to supersede Sir E. Malet, but to work with him. Their chief task at present seems to be to bring on Arabi's trial as quickly as possible, and to smooth over the vexed questions at issue between the Egyptian Government and Messrs. Broadley and Napier, which threaten not only to defer the trial, but to prolong it, when it does take place, to an extent equalling, if not surpassing, the far-famed Tichborne case. Arabi has now been two months in prison, and the delay in bringing him to trial is working much harm throughout the country, and seriously affecting business proceedings in the towns, for there is an unsettled feeling prevailing, and it is felt that another outbreak may occur at any moment. Arabi has written a letter to *The Times* asking why, "if the whole of the nation of every class was of one mind in one work, and that work the liberation of their country and its defence, why then are the arrested officers, Notables, Ulemas, and Cadis to be stigmatised as rebels?" "The war," he continues, "was in accordance with the laws of God and man, consonant to a solemn decree of a Council, under the presidency of the Khédive and Dervish Pasha, the Envoy of the Sultan. And after the soldiers and inhabitants had left Alexandria, the Khédive returned, and went over to those who were fighting against the country—a thing prohibited by every law. The entire Egyptian nation was unanimous as to the necessity of suspending Tewfik Pasha for having transgressed the prescription of the Divine and highest law and demanded the continuation of the defence of the country by a decree which was made known to His Majesty the Sultan. After that, are we rebels?" This letter is worthy of note as foreshadowing the line of his defence, which manifestly inculcates both the Khédive and the Sultan in the breaking out of the war. A somewhat damaging witness, however, has been examined this week, Suleiman Daoud, who declares that Arabi directed him to fire and pillage Alexandria, and even ordered him to kill the Khédive. Meanwhile *The Times* correspondent tells us that Arabi is mainly engrossed in seeking from counsel an interpretation of recent dreams which he imagines to have profound significance.

His ex-patron, the Sultan, is apparently occupied in much the same fashion, for the Mahomedan year, 1,300, having begun on Sunday—a year which, according to Eastern predictions, is to bring forth a new Prophet in Islam and a new Revelation—the Palace astrologers have been unceasingly at work, for the Sultan is stated to hold the conviction that he is the Mahdi or expected Prophet. There is very little else to report from Constantinople. Lord Granville crushed the suggestion that yet another Turkish Commission should be sent to Cairo, to aid in the final settlement of affairs, and His Majesty has been accordingly consoling himself with holding Deliberative Councils at his own Palace, and with receiving, with "exceptional cordiality," Count von Radowitz, the newly-appointed Ambassador to the Porte. Despite Prince Bismarck's recent desertion of his *protégé*, the Sultan still evidently leans to the idea that Germany will yet help him to carry out his Pan-Islamic theories.

There has been plenty of political excitement in FRANCE this week. The Assembly duly opened last week with a long-winded Ministerial statement, which, after congratulating France that she is in peace and harmony with all "Continental" Powers, went straight to the Egyptian question. The military occupation of that country by England is announced, and is declared to be a fact unprecedented in European history (how about the Napoleonic invasion?), and one which "gives rise to questions which especially affect us." England, however, has made certain propositions which are being considered, and the Chamber is told that the result of the negotiations, "which are being conducted in a spirit of friendly courtesy," will be communicated to the Deputies whatever that result may be. The Socialist agitation is the next topic, and the only need of applause vouchsafed to M. Duclerc was when he avowed his intention of maintaining order with a high hand. The Deputies, however, were asked first to consider the Budget, and then a Bill dealing with habitual criminals, and after that a literal deluge of measures relating to sanitary science (manifestly instigated by the prevailing typhoid epidemic), trades' unions, bankruptcies, judicial oaths, public works, army and navy reform, the reorganisation of Tunis, and the extension of colonisation in Algeria, and numerous other Bills, enough to occupy the attention of the Chamber during the remainder of its term, and of a score of Gallic Cabinets, at the rate at which they are made and unmade nowadays. M. Duclerc plainly warned the Deputies that it depended upon them to render the foreign policy of France advantageous or sterile in action, and declared his belief in the existence of a Parliamentary majority "resolved to endow the Republic with a strong and durable Government." "In this majority," he declared, "we shall seek the guarantees of a stable political existence." Where this much-wanted majority is hidden, however, M. Duclerc did not divulge, and no one yet has been able to ascertain.

As luck would have it, the first question to be discussed was the Public Worship Budget, and this was quite sufficient to set Radicals and Ultramontanes by the ears, while matters were still further complicated by a remarkable recantation of opinion from M. Andrieux, the ex-Paris Prefect of Police, who so rigorously carried out the decrees against the Religious Orders and Schools. He now frankly announced his conversion to more tolerant ideas. He declared that union could not be effected between Republicans on questions which "divide Republicans the most," protested that it is undeniable that the country, taken as a whole, is strongly attached

to religion; answered the taunts of his fellow Deputies by declaring that age brought knowledge and experience, and raised a *furor* amongst the Radicals by declaring that the increase in the Republican ranks, which had been steadily continuing for eleven years, was now showing signs of failing. This incident has created the most profound astonishment in all political circles, and has been a fruitful theme of popular discussion. To return to the religious estimates, an onslaught upon the salaries of the Archbishop of Paris and various other clerical dignitaries was made by a Radical Deputy, M. Jules Roche. He first attempted to reduce the whole vote to 240,000*l.* from the present item of upwards of 2,000,000*l.*, but ultimately induced the Chamber to reduce the Archbishop's yearly stipend from 1,800*l.* to 1,200*l.*, and several other salaries in proportion. When, however, the total reduction was put to the House, it was rejected, and the whole sum asked for in the Estimates was voted. This caused considerable confusion, and on Tuesday the House met again, and decided to make no alteration whatever in the religious grants, though M. Paul Bert carried a resolution, by which the sums accorded to ecclesiastical officials not salaried by the Concordat should be in future termed not "stipends" but "grants," so that the State may have a greater hold upon restive ecclesiastics. The debate was most agitated, and irrepressible M. de Cassagnac once more distinguished himself by his violent interruptions.

PARIS has been startled by an attempt of a son of Prince Polignac to fire his father's house. He has long consorted with the ultra-Radical party and anarchists, and was in very straitened circumstances. He saturated the room with petroleum in true Communistic style, and then fired it. He has been arrested, and is to be tried at the Seine Assizes. Another sensational crime has been a burglary at a jeweller's shop in the Palais Royal, where the thieves succeeded in removing the whole of the stock save three nickel watches. Paris, however, is suffering just now from an epidemic of burglaries. The only other Parisian news is the production of a new comic opera, *Gillette de Narbonne*, by M. Edmond Audran, at the Bouffes Parisiens, and two operettas at the Opera-Comique—*La Nuit de St. Jean*, by M. Lacombe, and *Battez Philidor*, by M. Dutacq. President Grévy has been indisposed, but is now better.

The opening of the Prussian Diet by the Emperor in person and the Royal speech have been the chief events in GERMANY. The Emperor looked wonderfully well and hearty, and his presence lent additional emphasis to the announcement of the measures which Prince Bismarck has determined to press upon the Deputies. He called attention to the fact that the disproportion between the needs and the means of the State, which had induced the Government to ask the Reichstag to grant more indirect taxes still existed, owing to the steady rejection of these measures. Thus the expenditure had to be met by extraordinary means, while for next year a loan would be necessitated. Bills were to be introduced for alleviating the burdens imposed on the Communes for education, and for relieving the poorer classes from the payment of the personal tax, the four lower grades of which would be abolished. The grievances attached to real property would also be alleviated. The success of nationalised railways had induced further important schemes for the construction of new lines. The Emperor then spoke of the renewed diplomatic intercourse with the Vatican, which had strengthened the relations between the Emperor and the Pope. Whether Prince Bismarck will succeed in carrying the various measures announced remains to be seen, as at present neither he nor any one else possesses a decided majority, the parties being distributed as follows: Conservatives 169, Clericals 97, Poles 18, Liberals (including National Liberals) 125, Secessionists 21, and Progressists 37.

The riots in Vienna which last week created so much apprehension in AUSTRIA of a Socialistic rising have not been renewed, and it was manifested on Sunday that the movement received no sympathy from the genuine working man, for a *fiat* organised by the Workmen's Self-Educating Association passed off without any disturbance. The prisoners arrested also clearly manifest that the riots were the work of Socialist and anti-Jewish agitators. The Delegations have been busily at work at Pesth, voting the supplies, and discussing various foreign topics, but nothing of any international interest has been recorded, and the estimates have been passed without any noteworthy reduction.

In SPAIN political circles are greatly agitated by the coming onslaught which Marshal Serrano and his Conservative Monarchical Radical fusion are preparing upon Señor Sagasta and his Ministry in the forthcoming meeting of the Cortes. Nor is the general excitement lessened by the knowledge that the King is willing, and even anxious, to throw off all Bourbon traditions, and govern according to a Constitution and the national will, rather than by Divine Right. The chief difficulty lies in finding the Constitution. The ultra-Radicals want the Republican formula of 1869, while the more moderate spirits would be content with that of 1876, when King Amadeus came to the throne. All parties, however, are showing encouraging signs of conciliation, and it may not be long before the world may see Alphonso XII, a Constitutional King, and Spain endowed with a model Monarchical Constitution with all nineteenth-century improvements.

There has been considerable disappointment at the Queen having given birth to another daughter, as it had been hoped that a male heir might have been secured to the throne. There have, of course, been all the official ceremonies which attend such an event in the Spanish Royal Family. The Empress of Austria will be one of the sponsors, while the Pope will stand godfather, the child being named Maria Teresa Isabel. The Cuban Refugees difficulty is still warmly discussed. England has not yet made any official communication on the subject, but the Spanish Government seems determined not to give up the refugees, though willing to treat them as political offenders, and not as criminals. Much sorrow is expressed amongst the Republicans at the death of Señor Figueras, who was President of the Republic after the abdication of King Amadeus.

OF MISCELLANEOUS NEWS we hear that in BELGIUM the Chambers have been opened without a Speech from the Throne, notwithstanding that a busy Session is anticipated.—In SWEDEN the Crown Princess has given birth to a son.—In ICELAND the continual rainy weather has proved most disastrous for the harvest, but the gifts from England will avert a famine.—INDIA is occupied with efforts to grapple with the difficult question of rescuing the peasants from the clutches of the money lenders, and an Agricultural Advances Bill has been proposed for this purpose. A Central Provinces Local Self-Government Bill is also under discussion.—The UNITED STATES have been busy lionising various British visitors. Mrs. Langtry is as popular as ever, while a dinner has been given to Mr. Herbert Spencer, at which he made a long speech, mainly devoted to the physical evils growing out of the Transatlantic tendency to overwork.—From SOUTH AFRICA comes the report that the Boers have attacked and completely defeated Mapoch, and that the latter is thinking of coming to terms.

THE COMET is believed by ignorant Hindoos and Mussulmans to be the head of a planet which was once decapitated by the gods for treachery. Accordingly, as the head can be seen in one part of the sky, the natives consider that the trunk is visible in the opposite quarter of the heavens as a luminous headless horseman with sword and shield in either hand. Hundreds of the poorer orders in Calcutta, says a native correspondent of the *Times of India*, turn out every night to await the appearance of the horseman, but their patience has not yet been rewarded.



THE QUEEN has returned to the South for the winter. Before leaving the Highlands Her Majesty gave a ball at Balmoral to the servants and tenants in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, at which both the Queen and the Princess Beatrice were present for a short time. On Saturday night the Rev. A. Campbell dined with Her Majesty, and on Sunday morning he performed Divine Service at Balmoral before the Queen and Princess, while in the afternoon Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice called on Mrs. Campbell at the Manse. The Queen and Princess left Balmoral on Tuesday afternoon, drove in the usual carriage with four greys to Ballater, where they were received by a Guard of Honour of the Seaforth Highlanders, and started at once by special train. They dined at Perth on the way, and reached Windsor in time for breakfast on Wednesday. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived on a visit to the Queen, and Windsor gave the Duke a cordial reception in honour of his recent service in Egypt. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice met the Duke and Duchess at the station, where the town officials and a Guard of Honour were waiting, and the town was dressed with flags for the occasion. In the evening a grand military torchlight procession took place before the Castle, when a detachment of the Second Life Guards and the Windsor Volunteers marched round the Quadrangle, and formed the letters "A." and "V.R." On Thursday the Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Beatrice, was to visit the Cavalry Barracks at Windsor, and inspect the detachment of the 2nd Life Guards which recently returned from Egypt. To-day (Saturday) the Queen comes to town to review the troops returned from Egypt on the Horse Guards' Parade. All the members of the Royal Family will be present. Her Majesty opens the New Law Courts in person on December 2.

The Prince and Princess of Wales kept the Prince's birthday at Sandringham last week with the usual festivities. A large circle of guests assembled, including the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the labourers on the estate were given the customary dinner, while a county ball took place at Sandringham House. On Saturday morning the Prince and Princess, with their daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the other guests went to a meet at Hillington, and hunted with the West Norfolk Hounds, while later in the day Sir Garnet and Lady Wolseley and Major-Generals Sir H. Macpherson and Dillon arrived. The Prince and Princess and their visitors attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's on Sunday, and next morning the Sandringham party broke up, the Prince of Wales accompanying his guests to town. There he visited the Crown Princess of Germany and the Duke of Connaught, and was present at the Duke of Cambridge's dinner to the staff officers returning from Egypt, subsequently going back to Sandringham. On Tuesday and Wednesday he shot over the Herringswell estate of Mr. W. Gilstrap, and on Wednesday evening returned to Sandringham. On Thursday the Prince was to visit Norfolk to inaugurate the Agricultural Hall, and to-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess come to town for the Royal Review. They will keep the Princess's birthday at Sandringham, and afterwards will come to town for a fortnight, returning to Norfolk for Christmas. Early next year the Prince will lay the memorial-stone of the Indian Institute at Oxford.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh returned to town on Monday, and in the evening the Duchess accompanied the Crown Princess of Germany and the Duke of Connaught to the Lyceum Theatre. The Duke of Edinburgh has gone on a short inspection tour, and arrived at Harwich in the *Lively* on Tuesday.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with the Crown Princess of Germany, went to Victoria Station on Monday to meet the Foot Guards on their return home. The Crown Princess of Germany is staying with the Duke and Duchess, having come to England on purpose to see her brother after his Egyptian campaign, and to be present at the Royal Review. She arrived on Saturday, and stayed two days with Prince and Princess Christian before joining the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Buckingham Palace; while she goes home early next week, in order to spend her birthday—the 21st inst.—at Berlin.—Princess Louise's health is now quite restored, and she will probably accompany the Marquis of Lorne back to Canada when he leaves Victoria, about December 5.—The Duke of Albany has joined the Longfellow Memorial Committee. He will preside on December 6th at a meeting at Salisbury in aid of the Royal College of Music.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark will shortly visit England. They left Copenhagen on Tuesday, and, after visiting Paris and London, will go to Greece, not returning home before April.—Princess Frederica of Hanover will spend the winter abroad, returning to Hampton Court about May. She is much better for her stay on the Continent.



THOUGH somewhat retarded by the recent cold weather, the Primate's recovery still makes fair progress. He is now, we hear, permitted to converse freely about business connected with the See.

CAVENDISH COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, first opened under the title of County College, with three students, in 1873, has now been admitted to the rank of a Public Hostel of the University—the more honourable title of College, while bringing no additional advantage, would entail certain ornamental but onerous liabilities. Designed to accommodate a younger class of students than the other colleges—its *alumni* take their B.A. at nineteen, as did most undergraduates fifty years ago—it also studies the interests of economy. Eighty-four pounds is the sum which Cavendish deems sufficient to provide for the student's yearly wants, and to enable the Hostel, if fairly popular, to make a little profit too. This year, with eighty-four students, twenty-six bachelors, and three Masters of Arts, it hopes to have a balance to the good of something like 1,000*l.*

ST. JOHN'S, MILES PLATTING, has been offered by the patron, Sir P. Heywood, to the Rev. Harry Cowgill, Mr. Green's late curate and *alter ego*, though the latter has not yet signified his acceptance. Mr. Cowgill was under Mr. Green for nearly six years, and had sole charge of the parish during the twenty months of his rector's incarceration. Mr. Green, it is stated, is about to take a curacy in the Diocese of Carlisle.

LESS PATIENT even than the parishioners of Miles Plating, Mr. Enraght's congregation at Holy Trinity, Bordesley, seem bent on forcible resistance to the Bishop. At a meeting held on Saturday in the parish a Nonconformist minister counselled the young men to eject any intruder *vi et armis*, and after the meeting a letter was addressed by the churchwardens to the Bishop warning him that if any one was sent to supersede Mr. Enraght they would not answer for the consequences.

THE SALVATION ARMY during the past week have mingled somewhat more discretion with their zeal. At Hereford, where "General" Booth had gone to raise funds for the Grecian Theatre, the roughs had prepared a counter-demonstration, and burned effigies of the "General" and his "officers" in a field behind the "barracks." But the Army wisely declined a contest in the streets, and contented themselves with holding a meeting in their barracks, under the protection of the police. Crowds paid a shilling admission fee to hear the General speak, and the proceedings came happily to an end without any collision between the rival forces. At Reading, too, Mr. Bramwell Booth has come to an arrangement with the borough police, the latter undertaking to protect the meetings, and the Salvationists consenting not to parade the town at nights. At Oxford a captain, refusing to pay a fine for obstructing the police, has been committed to prison for three weeks. From Calcutta it is reported that the entrance of the Salvation pioneers into the city has caused no sensation, and awakened very little interest.

THE PRAYER-BOOK REVISION SOCIETY have issued an address inviting co-operation in bringing about the revision which was foreshadowed by the Revisers of 1661-2. The only cure, according to the Society, for the present troubles in the Church is the revision of those passages in the Book of Common Prayer which sacerdotalists lay hold of in support of their peculiar doctrines.

ON FRIDAY LAST the new Dean of Windsor was formally installed at morning service in St. George's Chapel, where he preached for the first time on Sunday. An influential Committee, of which the Prince of Wales has consented to act as chairman, has been formed for the purpose of erecting a memorial in the chapel to the late Dean Wellesley.

MR. CECIL RAIKES will be opposed for Cambridge in the Liberal interest by Professor James Stuart. Mr. Stuart was Third Wrangler in 1866, Fellow of Trinity in 1867, and now holds the chair of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics, but he is chiefly known as the originator of the system of University lectures and examinations in the great manufacturing towns.

DR. PARRY, BISHOP OF DOVER, Canon Fleming, and the Rev. R. Appleton, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, are the three names which the Synod of the Diocese of Sydney, after long deliberation, have selected for submission to the Australian and Tasmanian Bishops that one of them may be chosen as the new Bishop of Sydney, and consequent Metropolitan of Australia and Tasmania. It is doubtful whether the Bishop of Dover would accept the appointment even if he were nominated.

A PETITION has been prepared by the Association for Promoting the Reform of Convention praying for a Royal Commission to inquire into the best means of introducing a lay element into the Assembly. The petition has received the signatures of several Bishops.



THE First Resolution on Procedure was carried last Monday by a majority which exceeded the most sanguine estimate on either side. The time is certainly coming when the Irish members will be our Parliamentary masters. A reduction of the Liberal majority by sixty at the next General Election, or the return of the Conservatives with what used to be considered a fair working majority of thirty-five, would make Mr. Parnell practically arbiter of the House of Commons. His compact following thrown into one scale or the other would turn it. We hear a good deal now of trafficking in Irish votes. What will come to pass in those days is too terrible to contemplate. What can be done with the Irish vote even now is seen by comparison of the majorities on Mr. Gibson's Amendment, and on that of Sir Stafford Northcote. Eighty-four was reduced to forty-four, a circumstance which the Irish vote apart would have had high political significance. As it is, it merely testifies to the fact that the Irish members have in accordance with their own tactics voted against the Conservatives on one amendment, and against the Government on the other. The diminution of the Ministerial majority would have been much more marked but for the rallying of its own forces. Eight of the fifteen Whigs who had voted with Mr. Gibson now voted with Mr. Gladstone. One or two others were brought in, and the influence of the Irish vote, which, if Mr. Parnell could count upon his nominal followers, would be equal to seventy on a division, was materially lessened. Still it was sufficiently striking to point a melancholy moral.

In olden times the effect of this decisive majority would have been to smooth the way for the succeeding Rules, and greatly shorten the Session. This seemed the more probable since Sir Stafford Northcote has more than once declared that with the exception of the First Rule the Government scheme presented little that was objectionable. This declaration has been repeated by many other speakers on the Conservative side. But even before the First Rule was agreed to, whilst the haven was yet in sight, Sir Stafford Northcote was careful to do what he could to remove the effect of his earlier indiscretion of speech. He warned the Government that if the First Resolution was carried the attitude of the Conservatives towards the other Resolutions would be greatly changed. This promise has been literally fulfilled, though Sir Stafford Northcote cannot charge himself with any active participation in the work of carrying it out. It has, in fact, brought more clearly into view the fact that Lord Randolph Churchill is the Leader of the Conservative party. He and his immediate followers have placed upwards of a hundred amendments on the paper, and at the present rate of progress a hundred days will scarcely see them disposed of. All that remains for the titular Leader of the Opposition is to sit and listen to Lord Randolph's speeches, and docilely follow him into the lobby when he insists upon a division. Sometimes, after an outburst of mutiny more than usually marked, Lord Randolph is good enough to throw a patronising word to Sir Stafford Northcote. He refers to him as "the right hon. gentleman whom we all respect," or "the right hon. gentleman whose honesty none will question." It is doubtful whether these perhaps well-meant compliments are not harder to bear than anything else. They have about them an indication of opinion that Sir Stafford Northcote is practically shelved, and may be alluded to in the tone of conventional regard with which the dear departed are sometimes mentioned.

It must be admitted to Lord Randolph's credit that no considerations of political bearing have any effect in taming his manner. Sir Stafford Northcote he habitually insults. On the venerable head of Mr. Newdegate he delights to pour contempt and scorn. Even Sir Richard Cross, who has not quite that gentleness of disposition which endears Sir Stafford Northcote to all who know him, does not escape Lord Randolph's impertinence. Thus, on Tuesday night, there being question of the terms of an amendment proposed by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph, who as usual was on his feet, was at a loss to recall the terms. Sir R. Cross, from the Front Opposition, politely passed him his own notes of the amendment. These Lord Randolph took without a "thank you," and at once proceeded to complain that "the House was condemned to consider amendments which were passed about on dirty bits of paper." It is true Sir R. Cross had been fingering his notes for an hour previous. But in the circumstances this was scarcely a polite remark to make.

Sir Richard Cross was evidently annoyed at it, noting which, Lord Randolph was careful presently to reiterate the complaint about the "dirty bit of paper."

Whilst the young lordling thus tramples upon the respectabilities, his chiefest delight and greatest success are in his personal encounters with Mr. Gladstone. The Premier, amid many great gifts, is absolutely lacking in that supreme talent of imperturbability which so eminently distinguished Lord Beaconsfield. He is a mere child in the hands of any member of the House who does not hesitate to indulge in a personal attack upon him. Lord Randolph Churchill, it will be understood, has no hesitation of this kind. He is always "going for Gladstone," and is rewarded by constant proof of the success of the manœuvre. Mr. Gladstone is instantly roused by any reference to himself, and if it is inaccurate, as it generally is from the mouth of Lord R. Churchill, he straightway contradicts it. Having hit the mark, Lord Randolph keeps pegging away till he gets the Premier in a boundless rage, presents him in an undignified aspect to the House, and concludes he has done his work, which is to obstruct the business. If Mr. Gladstone could only be got away from the House for half a night's sitting, progress would be twice as fast. But he does not even permit himself the ordinary measure of the dinner hour, swallowing his dinner in supernaturally brief time, and turning up at the House again before the few present have had time to notice his absence.

Meanwhile, the House as a whole wearily plods along its appointed way, and anxiously looks forward to the end. The attendance during the past week has been considerably above the average during the discussion of the First Resolution. It would, of course, be difficult that it should fall below the average, which frequently wavered between ten and fifteen. But the prolongation of that debate was carried so far, and the point at issue was so narrow, and had been debated so long, that it was impossible for the best-intentioned member to sit it out. The subsequent Rules are full of points of interest, and if fairly debated would merit the time spent upon them. The latent interest of the subject is seen when a serious amendment such as that put forward by Mr. Henry Fowler is approached. According to the original intention of the Government, the Second Rule left it with the majority of the House to say whether, questions being disposed of, a member might move the adjournment. There was not even to be a division on the question, unless forty members rose in their places to demand one, and then it was to be taken without debate. That was a very stringent Rule designed to meet one of the greatest scandals of parliamentary procedure. Some thought it too stringent, and Mr. Fowler had placed on the paper an amendment which would permit a motion for adjournment to be made if it were demanded by forty Members rising in their places. At first Mr. Gladstone stood by his own plan, then he intimated his readiness to accept Mr. Fowler's amendment, though requiring that sixty Members should demand a motion for adjournment. After the pressure of another evening he abandoned this distinction, and accepted Mr. Fowler's amendment, with the addition of a not very serious proviso, that the Member moving the adjournment should claim for it that it was on a question of urgent public importance. This was a serious debate on the Rule. But round it and over it fluttered incessantly Lord Randolph Churchill, with all kinds of what Sir Stafford Northcote once boldly called "confusing amendments," and with speeches whose impertinence was distributed indiscriminately, though with special preference in favour of the Prime Minister.



THE TURF.—The Liverpool Cup last week produced a splendid race. Sixteen starters came to the post, and Hackness, the heroine of the recent Cambridgeshire, held the pride of place in the market to the last, with Wallenstein, Retreat, and Vista next in demand. The race was run at a good pace, and so close was the finish between the first three that till the numbers went up few but the judge knew the actual result. The verdict, however, was Goggles first, Sillyl second, beaten by a head, and Wallenstein third, only a short head behind. During the morning odds were laid on the latter, and many think he would have won but for being somewhat interfered with. The race was run on Lord Mayor's Day, and as his Lordship is a member of the Spectacle Makers' Company, it was remarked that the fact ought to have been anticipated as a "straight tip" for the victory of Goggles. The many successes of late years in this race of animals in Captain Macell's stable have naturally been commented on, and on this occasion not only the winner but the second also, a veritable outsider, hailed from his establishment. The meeting at Shrewsbury this week was wisely curtailed to two days, was fairly good, and in the Cup furnished another wondrously close finish between the three placed horses which will be long remembered. In this also the somewhat unlucky Wallenstein took a part, running a dead heat for second place with Vista, the pair being beaten only by a head by Falkirk. An objection was made by Archer, the rider of Wallenstein, to Falkirk, on the score of bumping, but it was overruled by the Stewards. Falkirk's second to Experiment in the Great Shropshire Handicap on the previous day was evidently not taken much into account, as he started at 8 to 1 in a field of nine. Last week he ran nowhere in the Liverpool Cup; and as this is his first win his owner must be congratulated on the patience he has shown in running his horse, who is now a four-year-old. City Arab, who has recently shown such excellent form, was made a strong favourite for some days previous to the race, but at the start Wallenstein was slightly preferred to him. He ran nowhere, and his performance, and indeed that of other animals in the race, is a notable upset to recent public running.—The death of Mr. R. C. Clare Vyner is very much regretted by a large number of friends connected with the Turf. He never kept a very large stud, but a better sportsman there could not be. Among the best horses he owned were Camballo and Thunder.—Mr. Crawford and the Duchess of Montrose have dispensed with the services of the their late trainer, R. Sherrard, who has moved with Sir George Chetwynd's horses to the Nunery Stables, Newmarket.

COURSING.—The Newmarket Champion Meet was successfully brought off in fine though cold weather. The All-Aged Stakes resulted in a division between Redemption and Choice, both of whom ran all their courses in grand style. The Chippenham Stakes went to Mr. Pudney by the aid of Paleface, and Graham credited Mr. T. Brown with the Cheveley Stakes. The Champion Stakes for Puppies of both sexes were divided between Silver King, Wishful, and Lady Maggie.—At Harecock Park the Cup for all ages was divided between Mr. Vine's Markham and Mr. Alexander's Alec Halliday, who, many think, would have won the last Waterloo Cup but for the mishap which destroyed his chance.

LACROSSE.—In recent matches South Manchester has beaten Cheadle, Shelford has beaten Manchester, and Woodford Kensington.

AQUATICS.—At Oxford New College made a better fight than was expected with Hertford in the final heat for the Fours, but was defeated by about a length and a half, the steering of the winners being much superior to that of the losers. At both Universities

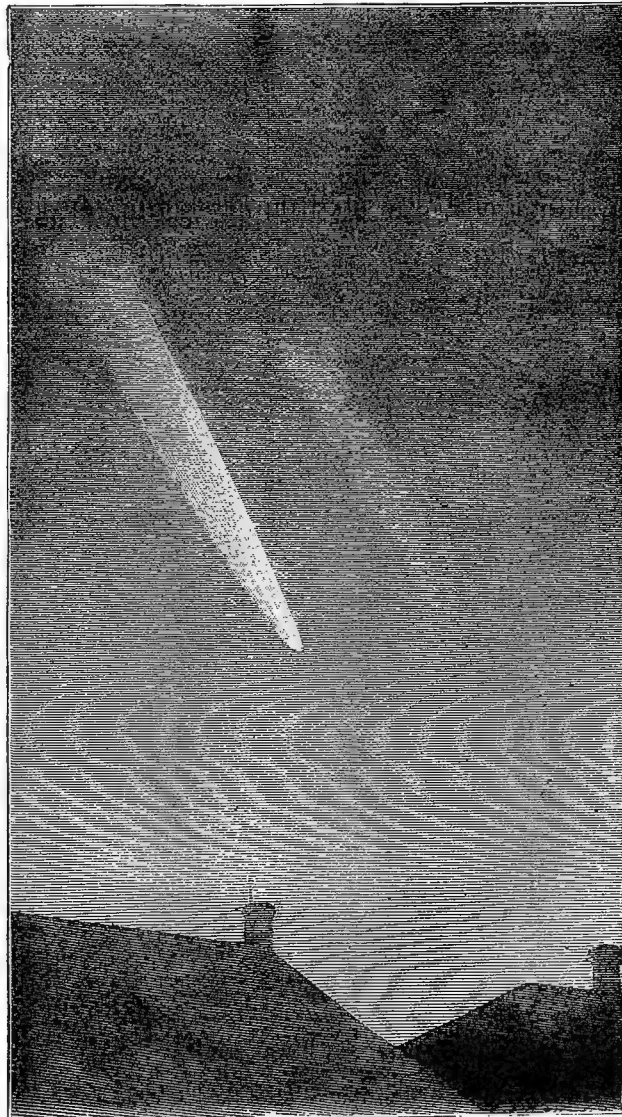
Trial Eights have been got into work in anticipation of the annual contest between the rival Blues.

PEDESTRIANISM.—News has come from New York that our Champion, Mr. W. G. George, has beaten L. E. Myers in the Mile race by twenty yards, his time being 4 min. 21 2-5 sec. The Three-quarter Mile is to be run on Saturday, the 18th inst., and will decide the "odd trick" between the contestants.

FOOTBALL.—Oxford has beaten the Clapham Rovers in an Association and Richmond in a Rugby match; and Cambridge in an Association game has beaten Brentwood, and in a Rugby Walthamstow.—Both Universities combined have been too much for London in a Rugby game, winning by two tries to nothing.—In inter-county matches under Rugby Rules Yorkshire has proved superior to Durham, and Cumberland and Northumberland have played a drawn game.—In an Association match Nottinghamshire has signally defeated the Blackburn Rovers, and in a Rugby the Clapham Rovers have defeated Woolwich Academy.

THE COMET PHOTOGRAPHED IN NATAL

SCARCELY a decade ago a humorous poem demonstrated the difficulties of a well-known photographer, who was requested to photograph by moonlight. That was in the days before the discovery of the extremely sensitive plates which are known to the public as instantaneous, and which now enable a photograph to be taken in any light, provided a fairly long exposure can be secured. Lunar photographs are, therefore, no curiosities, but the engraving beneath



illustrates a hitherto unprecedented feat in photography—namely, an image of the comet secured by Mr. George F. Fernyhough, of Pietermaritzburg, Natal. He writes as follows:—

"The result of my attempt I now send you. It was taken on the morning of the 5th of October, at 4.30 A.M. I found that the moon, shining at the time, prevented a good photograph being taken, as her light crossing the camera dimmed the comet without giving me any help, the angle of her rays to and from the comet being away from me. The rising sun gave me the comet, or rather lit up the comet to twice its actual power, and I selected the view over the house tops, so that an idea could be gained therefrom of the size of the comet. The comet rises in advance of the sun about forty-five or fifty minutes, and has been visible here now about three weeks."



EVERY one has now heard of the disastrous failure of Mr. Tennyson's new rustic drama, *The Promise of May*, at the GLOBE Theatre, and nobody who reads the papers can fail to have some notion of the chief causes of a mishap which every admirer of the author of "In Memoriam" and "The Idylls of the King" must sincerely deplore. True, minor reasons unconnected with the merits or demerits of the play have been suggested as at least contributing to this unfortunate result. It has been said that Mr. Hermann Vezin represents the "Agnostic" lover, Philip Edgar, in too calm, deliberate, and incisive a manner. The man who is supposed to have lured the Lincolnshire farmer's daughter to her ruin, and then exercised a strong fascination over her charming sister, should, it is observed, at least show something of the character of a fascinator—should make love with persuasive arts, and should altogether treat the business with a lighter touch. Matters might then, it is thought, have gone very differently; for how are the spectators to conceive that so much mischief could be wrought by so unimpassioned and sententious a personage as Mr. Vezin presents us with? Unfortunately those who put in this plea forget that the Poet





THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. JUSTICE LAWSON OUTSIDE KILDARE STREET CLUB, DUBLIN
FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS



OUR INDIAN VISITORS IN LONDON—SEEING THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW FROM THE ADMIRALTY

Laureate's hero is really not a human being, but rather a collection of odious propositions in moral metaphysics, theology, and political and social philosophy. A dramatic personage has no means of manifesting his nature beyond the purport and scope of the words he is called upon to utter; and these words happen to be nearly all sentences of the class described—delivered for the most part in the form of soliloquies. There are things in this world which no art or skill can make to go well together; and among these we may assuredly class the language of an agnostic lecturer united to the airs and graces of what is known as a "lady killer." Mr. Vezin, it is true, was incisive, self-possessed, unimpassioned,—but it is difficult to see how any other style of delivery could be adopted under the circumstances without producing a ludicrous contrast between the manner and the words. After all the audience did not grow first weary and impatient, then sarcastic and rude, because a wicked man constantly uttering wicked abstract propositions was set before them. Still less is there any pretence for saying that they hissed because they felt the truth of the satire. The French wit's infallible mode of getting rid of a bore was to pretend to see a worse bore approaching. "My dear fellow," he would whisper in the ear of his persecutor, "I see J— coming. One of the most insufferable bores, I do assure you, that ever—!" Whereupon the persecutor, serenely unconscious, as bores proverbially are, of his own failings, would exclaim: "Ah, mon Dieu! then I am off. Good-bye." The gist of this little story is that nobody is less likely to see the point of a satire than any person to whom it really applies. What the audience really felt was, beyond all question, the absurdity rather than the wickedness of Mr. Edgar's behaviour. To meet the agonising appeal of a trusting woman not to desert her by prating and prosing about the teachings of Nature and the habits of birds was really too much for the gravity of the spectators. And when this monstrous abstraction coolly returns after a few years to gaze, as Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz said of the heartless defendant in *Bardell v. Pickwick*, "upon the ruin he has made," and to "make amends," as he foolishly says, by marrying the other and the lovelier daughter of Farmer Steere, the incongruous and the absurd could really go no further. Some of these things have now been toned down, though not, as it appears, to the satisfaction of the Marquis of Queensberry, who seems to have rather odd notions of the proper time and place for objecting to what he thinks objectionable in a new play. The piece may, therefore, have some chance of achieving a moderate degree of success, sustained, moreover, as it is by the general excellence of the performance, and particularly by the fine and truthful acting and the handsome presence of Mrs. Bernard-Beere in the part of Dora, the elder sister. It is, besides, beautifully put upon the stage, the scenes without and within the walls of the Lincolnshire farm, and the little incidents of haymaking and rejicing over Farmer Steere's birthday, being most picturesquely set forth. Nor must we forget to mention the pretty song written by Mr. Tennyson for the occasion, and sung by the haymakers.

The COURT Theatre has reopened under the management of Mr. John Clayton, who with his company has returned from a long, and we believe, a very prosperous round of provincial engagements. A new comedy, called *Comrades*, is understood to be in preparation at this house; but its production is likely to be postponed for some time, in view of the well-deserved popularity of Mr. Godfrey's comedy, *The Parvenu*, the performances of which were resumed on Tuesday evening. This pretty play—the most interesting of its class perhaps, which has appeared on our stage since the production of the late Mr. Robertson's *Caste*—is supported with one exception only by the original company, Mr. Anson playing the vulgar but good-natured Ledger, M.P.; Miss Larkin—incomparable Miss Larkin—the amusingly selfish Lady Pettigrew; Mr. Clayton the nonchalant and easy-going Charles Tracey; and Mr. Kemble the shifty, proud, but somewhat shabby-dealing Sir Fulke; while Miss Marion Terry reappears in the part of Gwendoline, and Miss Lottie Venne in that of Mary Ledger. The new-comer is Mr. George Alexander, who in the place of Mr. Forbes Robertson, now engaged at the Lyceum, enacts the part of Claude Glynn, with manly spirit, and with a degree of sincerity and tact which made a decidedly favourable impression on the audience.

Mr. Godfrey's comedy at the Court is now preceded by a comedieta by Mr. Julian Sturgis, one of those duologues which are more popular on the French than on the English stage, chiefly, it must be confessed, because the art of acting these trifles is not sufficiently cultivated among us. It is a pretty little romance told in a drawing-room conversation between a lady and gentleman, who begin by *persiflage* and sly distrust, and end by an engagement upon the discovery that they had been sweethearts from childhood. The little piece, which had already been published in a collection of like trifles by the author, is gracefully written. The acting of Mr. Arthur Cecil and Miss Carlotta Addison wanted unfortunately something of the ease and truth which are the charm of these pieces; but a little practice is likely to give these excellent performers a firmer hold upon the situation.

It has become a fashion of late for ambitious performers to take a theatre for what they are pleased to call a "special matinée," which means a morning performance, having no object but that of showing what the prime mover in the business is able to do with some part of an exceptionally arduous nature. Against this custom in itself we have not a word to say; in these days of long runs, when there is necessarily some risk that talent may lack opportunities of displaying itself, we are even inclined to think that it may effect some good. But the ambitious performer should, at all events, be held responsible for the result, for, if not justified by some striking and exceptional merit in his impersonation, there is no excuse for inviting the public and the critics to what is in the nature of things certain to be on the whole a mere scratch performance of a work deserving of more respectful treatment. These remarks do not apply with any special force to Mr. J. H. Barnes's appearance in *Macbeth* at Drury Lane on Saturday afternoon last, for the actor's impersonation was not without merit. But, on the other hand, it added absolutely nothing to what we already know of Mr. Barnes's powers. It was certainly not a great performance, and that is quite enough to say in condemnation of this special matinée.

Mr. Irving has added to the list of his many generous and graceful acts in this way by determining to give *Much Ado About Nothing* at the LYCEUM on Wednesday, the 29th inst., for the benefit of Mr. Creswick, and in commemoration of that excellent actor's completion of the fiftieth year of his professional career. The stage, as well as the services of all but the subordinate persons engaged, is given gratuitously on the occasion. Fancy sums are stated to have been forwarded by Mr. Toole, Mr. Hollingshead, and others, friends and admirers of the veteran actor, for stalls, inasmuch that it is thought probable that this single performance will yield the unprecedented sum of 1,000*l*.

Four performances are to be given of the *Ajax* of Sophocles in ST. ANDREW'S HALL, Cambridge, commencing on Wednesday, the 29th inst. A translation in prose has been prepared for the benefit of the ladies by Professor Jebb; while scenery has been painted by Mr. John O'Connor, and music composed for the occasion by Professor Macfarren. The Great Northern Railway undertake to run special trains from London and back for the convenience of visitors.

The reopening of the newly-rebuilt STRAND Theatre, which was to have taken place on Wednesday last, has been postponed to this evening, when Mr. J. S. Clarke will reappear as Dr. Pangloss. A new musical comedy, by Mr. Byron and Mr. Farnie, entitled *L'rolique*, will be produced on the same occasion.

It is now definitively announced that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new fairy opera will be produced at the SAVOY Theatre on Saturday, the 25th inst. Its title is *Iolanthe*; or, *the Peri and the Peew*.

The new romantic drama entitled *Love or Money*, written by Mr. H. Pettitt and Mr. Charles Reade, will be produced this evening at the ADELPHI.

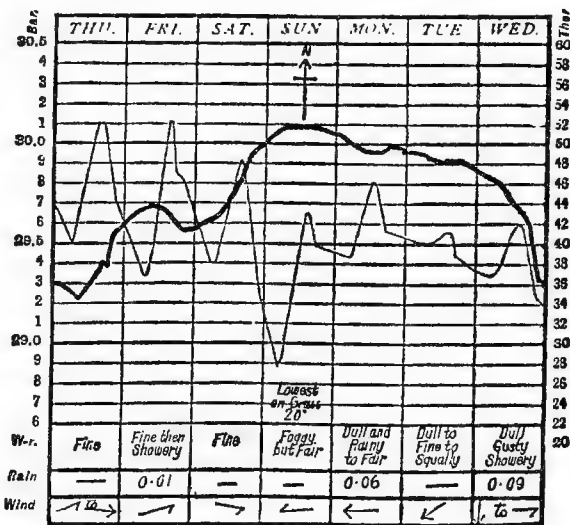
Mr. Robert Buchanan's historical comedy, *The Madcap Prince*, brought out at the Haymarket some years ago, is to be revived at a morning performance at the GAIETY on Wednesday next, in conjunction with the last act of the same author's drama, *The Nine Days' Queen*. Miss Harriett Jay will make her reappearance on this occasion.

The CONNAUGHT Theatre in Holborn, reconstructed in accordance with the behests of the Lord Chamberlain, is to be reopened on Boxing Day with the Parisian name of the ALCAZAR. A pantomime, entitled *Cinderella*, and written by Mr. Frank Hall, is the opening piece.

The NOVELTY Theatre in Great Queen Street, now nearly finished, will open early next month with a new comic opera, entitled *Melita*.

A DUCK-SHOOTING ADVENTURE.—A correspondent residing near Liverpool writes:—"A few days ago, while visiting Valley, Isle of Anglesey, for the purpose of wild-fowl shooting, I went on to the estuary near that village about 6.30 P.M. in quest of wild ducks, and passing the Foundry, it being low tide, I crossed the river, here very shallow. On returning after dark I omitted to recross the river, which I should have done in order to reach the mainland, and I accordingly found myself on the spit or bank of sand between the two rivers that branch on either side. The tide then commenced to rise rapidly, so that I endeavoured to swim across both of them, but found them there too wide. It being a very dark night I could not make out where the mainland lay, so I returned to my sand bank, upon which the water was now rising fast. Then realising my great danger, I commenced firing my rifle for succour, but the weapon being of very small bore, and the wind blowing off shore, the report could not be heard. Fortunately, however, a man returning from Holyhead saw the flash, and at once knew some one was on the bank. He promptly obtained assistance, and dragged a large boat from the upper lake over the railway, through large gates, across the Holyhead main road, and then on to the beach, some 200 yards, and came to my assistance. Meanwhile, the water was up to my chest, and still an hour's flood remained. At last, seeing my desperate position, I stuck my rifle and rod with which I had been swimming in the sand, and placing a strap through the collar of my Irish retriever, 'Fleck,' a dog I much valued, and now more than ever, was commencing to make a last effort with her assistance to swim as near as I could judge to where the shore was. I then saw a shifting light, and thought I heard the word 'Coming.' It proved true, the boat was nearing me. In the darkness, however, its inmate lost me for a few moments, and my cartridges and rifle being wet the only resource I had was my dog whistle, fortunately a very powerful one. Hearing this he picked up the trail, and reached me. The water was up to my chin when I was rescued, and I had been close upon two hours immersed. The dog was swimming round me for over three-quarters of an hour, moaning and rubbing up against me, but would not leave me. It was about as narrow an escape as a man could have. The sensation on my return to the bank, when the water was over my knees, and I felt the tide gradually rising up my body, was one not to be envied. Fortunately I kept cool, though I never believed I should see my friends again."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM NOVEMBER 9 TO NOVEMBER 15 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the first portion of this period was fine and bright, but with the advent of easterly winds on Sunday (12th inst.) the latter part of the week has been misty, with bleak winds and some cold showers. The steady fall of the barometer of the two preceding days terminated on Thursday morning (9th inst.), when the mercury rose quickly, with fresh westerly winds and fine, bright weather; a cold shower, however, fell during the afternoon. A very slight fall of the barometer took place on Friday (10th inst.), when a steady recovery ensued till Sunday morning (12th inst.); fine and bright weather accompanied the ascent of the mercury, and light winds from the westward prevailed. The mercury again descended on Sunday (12th inst.), attended by a light fog and easterly airs, and a depression appearing off the north-west of France on Monday (13th inst.) occasioned strong easterly winds and cold rain. As this depression moved to the south-eastward, squally and strong north-easterly winds were experienced, the barometer still slowly declining, and on Wednesday (15th inst.) strong northerly winds blew, and some cold rain fell, with fine intervals. Next day (16th inst.) the ground was white with snow, which, however, soon melted. Temperature has been slightly below the average, a reading of 28° in the shade and 20° on the grass being recorded on Sunday morning (12th inst.); the easterly wind, moreover, being of an exceedingly searching character. The barometer was highest (30.09 inches) on Sunday (12th inst.); lowest (29.24 inches) on Thursday (9th inst.); range, 0.85 inches. Temperature was highest (52°) on Thursday and Friday (9th and 10th inst.); lowest (38°) on Sunday (12th inst.); range, 14°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.16 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.09 inches, on Wednesday (15th inst.).

THE FLOORS OF THE SCULPTURE GALLERIES IN THE PARIS LOUVRE are being excavated in order to obviate the excessive damp which greatly injures the statuary, and during the work some interesting remains of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have been found underneath the Salle des Cariatides. Evidently this gallery, comparatively modern, was built over constructions of the time of Philip Augustus, for the ruins of Gothic halls paved with enamel tiles are distinctly visible, while fragments of lamps, &c., are mixed with the rubbish.



THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS has received a message from the Queen, appointing Saturday, December the 2nd, for the formal opening of the New Palace of Justice. The Prince of Wales, according to the *Law Journal*, will be entertained the same day at luncheon by his brother Benchers of the Middle Temple.

LORD COLERIDGE, we regret to say, was worse on Wednesday evening than he had been for the last three or four days. His appearance in Court is probably still somewhat distant.

THE CASE FOR THE PLAINTIFF in the action of *Belt v. Lawes* was concluded on Friday last, and this week Mr. Russell, Q.C., has commenced the statement for the defence, laying much stress on the large sums which he said had been paid by Mr. Belt to Mr. Verheyden in connection with the Byron Memorial. The works of art executed by Mr. Belt, and exhibited last week in Court, amounted, including duplicates and medallions, to seventy in all.

THE RIGHT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE to the important salmon fisheries on the Blackwater has been finally established by a decision of the House of Lords upholding the judgment of the Irish Court of Appeal. There had been seven trials in the case; in three the juries did not agree; in two the verdict was against the Duke, and in two others in his favour. The Lord Chancellor in delivering judgment admitted that there was evidence of "cot-fishing" by the public, but this he held was "by sufferance and not of right." "Usage must not be relied upon to displace a prescriptive right supported by written titles and evidence of long possession."

SENTENCE OF DEATH was passed at York Assizes on Edward Wheatfill, mate of the smack *Gleaner*, of Hull, for the murder at sea, under circumstances of revolting cruelty, of the fisher lad, Peter Hughes. The case was clearly proved against the prisoner; but does no responsibility, inquires the *St. James's Gazette*, attach to the captain, who seems to have made no attempt to protect the boy during a long course of brutal treatment?

AN INJUNCTION has been obtained by Mr. Guinness against the Land Corporation of Ireland—the Company lately organised by Mr. Arthur Kavanagh—restraining the further allotment of its A shares on the ground that the guarantee fund created for the payment of interest on them by the issue of B shares is, in fact, a provision for the payment of interest out of capital, and therefore contrary to the Companies' Act of 1862. Mr. Justice Chitty, before whom the case was argued, decided with some reluctance that the scheme, though not improper in itself, was beyond the legal powers of the Company, as being an application of capital not contemplated in the Memorandum of Association.

SENTENCES OF IMPRISONMENT, with hard labour, for seven, six, and five months respectively, have been passed at the Middlesex Quarter Sessions on four lads convicted of a disturbance at Tottenham on the night of Sunday, September 24th. The prisoners were ringleaders of two bands of youths known as the Tottenham and Woodbridge gangs, whose habit it was to meet near Tottenham on Saturday and Sunday evenings for a free fight with stones and heavy bits of iron, and iron skewers fastened to strong stakes. On this occasion they seem to have gone too far, seriously injuring a lad named Miller and a policeman who attempted to restore order.

IS A HUSBAND LIABLE for the costs of an attorney employed by his wife in endeavouring, unsuccessfully, to bring about a judicial separation? The solicitor, it seems, had been instructed by the wife to lay a case before counsel, and on receiving their opinion that there were no grounds for commencing a suit, had declined to proceed any further. The wife employed another lawyer, and the suit terminated in an agreement for a separation. The first attorney now sent his bill in to the husband, on the double ground that the expenses incurred were legal necessities and that the wife had authority to pledge her husband's credit. Both these pleas were denied by the defendant, and Mr. Justice Matthews, after reading all the evidence in the suit before Sir James Hannen, decided that the costs under the circumstances were not recoverable.

REPORTS ARE CURRENT that before next Session Lord Selborne will retire from the Woolsack, and be succeeded by Sir W. Harcourt, whose place at the Home Office will be filled by Sir H. James.

AT A MEETING OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE on the case of Mr. Gray, M.P., the report drawn up by the Attorney-General stating that in the opinion of the Committee Mr. Justice Lawson did not exceed his power, was adopted by a large majority; and those drawn up by Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Sexton, condemning the action of the judge, rejected.

TRANSATLANTIC FASHIONABLE BONNETS are perfect studies in natural history this year. One feminine headpiece is adorned with four white mice, while another bears three newly-fledged chickens.

EQUESTRIAN QUADRILLES have been introduced at French country houses this autumn, the dance taking place on the lawn before the house. French hostesses, anxious for novelty, are thus reviving an old fancy of the seventeenth century, when, during *fêtes* at Marly and Versailles, Madame de Montespan frequently danced a gavotte on horseback with the Comte de Guiche before the Grand Monarque and his Court.

THE PUBLIC OBSERVATORIES OF THE WORLD number 118, of which 84 are in Europe, 27 in America, and 2 a piece in Asia, Africa, and Oceania. England contains 14 observatories, and that of Greenwich is the fourth oldest in the world, having been founded in 1675, 43 years after that of Leyden, which is the senior of all. Prussia now claims the largest number, 29, yet not one of these was built before the beginning of the present century.

THE DUTY ON FOREIGN LACE ENTERING THE UNITED STATES was recently 'cutely' evaded by a young lady returning to New York. She brought a quantity of hand-made lace from Cuba, one strip being left unfinished. Having learnt a few of the stitches, she boldly told the Custom House officers that the lace was her own work made during the voyage; and, on their doubting the statement, she picked up the needles, and by doing a small piece demonstrated that her lace was American work, and thus not liable to duty.

CHRISTIANITY IS CONSIDERED AS AN INFECTIOUS EPIDEMIC by the fanatical Japanese Buddhists in the province of Noto, who firmly believe that any one even treading in the footsteps of a missionary will be tainted with the foreign belief. Thus when a French missionary recently visited the district, so says the *Japan Weekly Mail*, everybody refused to give him food or lodging, and he was obliged to apply to the police for help. So the priests called their followers together, and agreed that they would kill the obnoxious foreigner if he stayed, taking an oath to excommunicate all who violated the agreement. The missionary retreated.

THE DANGER OF OBLIGING YOUR ARTISTIC FRIENDS was recently unpleasantly experienced by a young American, who kindly allowed some lady art-modellers to take a cast of his face. The girls went to work with much zeal, but when they had covered their model's face the quills slipped from his nostrils, and he was so nearly suffocated that a doctor had the greatest difficulty to revive him. Then the amateurs had forgotten to oil their victim's skin, and the plaster stuck fast, so damaging the young man's face that he had to spend a week in hospital.

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DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Pardon me, but you do know. You love another man?"

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGER," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

A CHECK

IN the little drawing-room below stairs Kit was listening to the details of Frank's misfortune from Mark and Mrs. Medway with secret impatience. It would have been false to say that the news did not interest him, and an exaggeration to say that it pleased him. He was too good-natured a man 'o wish any one harm who had not deliberately wronged him; but, if he had not been a sceptic about such matters, he would have felt glad (as many Christians do feel under similar circumstances) to know that a certain person was in heaven. He had no idea that Frank was his rival in Maud's affections; he thought too lightly of him and too much of himself to admit such a suspicion; but he did think that his friends at the Knoll made too much of Frank, and that the fact of their doing so was in some sort a depreciation of *him*. For Meade had some strong points in which he himself was deficient. He was plodding, diligent, moral, a dutiful son, and, as Kit summed him up in a couple of contemptuous words, "eminently respectable;" that he had talents too, was certain, but in Kit's view they were of a humdrum sort. If, as he expressed it, Meade ever did set fire to the Thames, it would be by a very slow process of combustion indeed.

He was thus appraising Frank in his own mind—a circumstance which gave him every appearance of serious concern—while the

Doctor's account of his seizure and illness was being poured into his ears.

"I knew you would feel this bad news, Kit, as much as any of us," said Mrs. Medway. The remark perhaps was a little too ingenuous, and suggested, in contradiction to its verbal protest, that the speaker had, with woman's keenness, detected that the two young men had not been always *en rapport* with one another.

"Of course he feels it, mother," exclaimed Mark with half-conscious irritation; "who could help feeling it, and least of all dear Kit? It is not only that Frank is an old friend, but the circumstances of the case are so profoundly touching. He has run the risk of sacrificing his life for an unknown fellow-creature, a friendless child. It is noble. It is magnificent."

Kit nodded. "One has hardly heard of such a thing," he said, "since the days of Queen Eleanor."

"My dear Kit, how strangely you put things," said Mrs. Medway reprovingly. It seemed to her that the historical parallel held a joke in it.

"But it is so," urged Kit with a grave face. "It is true that in the Queen's case there was no danger, though it is charitable to suppose she did not know it. Now Meade, being a doctor himself, must have fully estimated his own peril."

"Quite true," assented Mark with approbation. "If Frank survives, which I pray Heaven he may, he will be a noble type of the most noble of professions."

"No doubt it is a little given to extremes, however," observed Kit. "At one end, to which Meade belongs of course, we have the Queen Eleanors in bree—that is in broadcloth, and at the other end the Vivisectionists, of whom I will only say that Universal Benevolence is not their leading feature."

"Cruel wretches—brutes!" exclaimed Mrs. Medway with a shudder.

"You compliment them, mother," observed Mark, who shrank from the infliction of pain on his fellow-creatures quite as much as any woman could do.

"I cordially agree with you," said Kit. "But I remember—it shows what *esprit de corps* can do—that Frank himself used to make some sort of defence or excuse—"

"No, no," said Mark eagerly; "he was always most urgent on the employment of anaesthetics in all cases."

"By medical students?" inquired Kit, with a cynical smile, and a look towards Mrs. Medway.

"Oh, pray don't let us argue the matter—at least not now," pleaded that lady earnestly. "It is quite true that dear Frank and I did not quite agree about it; he had naturally greater confidence in the humanity of all members of his profession, however young, than I had."

"Naturally," assented Kit, and no more was said on the subject. If he had not absolutely chilled the enthusiasm on Frank's account, he had checked it; and at all events released himself from further

sufferings as a listener to the eulogies pronounced upon him. Kit had a complacent conviction that he had succeeded in a neat stroke of diplomacy (indeed had Fate permitted of it he would have been a valuable addition to the Foreign Office), and his success gave him courage for another essay in the same way, not, however, so unremediated. Notwithstanding the news of the morning, he determined to open his heart to Maud that very day.

This is one of the errors, notwithstanding all that has been written on "opportunity," into which the cleverest people are apt to fall. They have such confidence in their own powers that they launch their bark notwithstanding that the stream is manifestly against them, rather than wait an hour for the flow of the tide. Indeed there are some natures, and those of a high order, which cannot brook delay where there are obstacles to be overcome, and which prefer to attack them at once, though at an obvious disadvantage.

Until Trenna had spoken to him on the subject a few hours before, Kit had not dreamt of opposition from Maud, at least of an active kind; at the very worst he expected to be referred to "mamma," and with Mark's help he flattered himself that that would be equivalent to an acceptance.

His suspicions, however, had now been aroused; not alone by Trenna's words, but by the manner in which Maud had taken Frank's misfortune to heart, and he burnt to resolve them.

Under pretence of seeking his sister he found his way to the boudoir, where Trenna joined him.

"Can I see Maud for a few minutes?" he said with a peremptoriness which she knew too well to oppose. "Be so good as to ask her."

Trenna sighed, and withdrew without a word. Then returned with "Maud is far from well. She is not equal to any excitement—"

"Why should she be excited?" he interrupted impatiently; "what have you been telling her about me?"

"Not one word, Kit. If she has any suspicion in her mind of what you wish to say to her, it is not I who put it there. She says, 'Tell Kit, if he does not mind, perhaps to-morrow—'"

"Perhaps to-morrow I shall not be here," he answered curtly.

"Oh Kit, what do you mean? You are not going away from us so soon?"

"That depends on Maud."

Trenna flushed up, and the tears came into her eyes.

"My darling, forgive me," he whispered fondly. "You are first with me, and always will be; but I have set my heart on winning this girl."

Trenna shook her head. "You will never do it."

"That remains to be seen," he answered. "At all events I will know the worst."

Trenna's heart was torn this way and that; she yearned to tell him, "to-day is your worst chance." On the other hand, for Maud's sake, it was well that her answer should be given when there could be no doubt of its nature. As to herself, Kit's words had hurt her but for a moment. That "You are first with me, and always will be," had been balm, and healed the wound. She did not even say to herself, "I shall be first with him whether he will or no, for Maud will never wed him." She knew she would be first in any case.

"You will not be hard on her, Kit, whatever happens," she pleaded.

"Remember what she has led me to think," was his quiet reply; "in no case, however, will I be hard upon her." And in this he spoke truly. To those he loved he was in manner always tender; if he said an angry word to them he repented of his wrath as soon as it was uttered. "A very affectionate scoundrel" was the epithet applied to him long afterwards by one of our *dramatis personæ*, who was no friend of his, but who could see the bright side of him.

Summoned by Trenna, Maud came in alone; her face was pale, and her beautiful eyes looked softer even than they were wont to be, from the traces of many tears; she held out her hand to Kit quite frankly.

"We are all in great trouble to-day," she said.

"Yes, indeed. I would not have been so importunate to see you but that it is my last chance. It is possible that I may be going back to London to-morrow."

"To London!"

There was nowhere else he could be expected to go, yet her interest was plainly awakened by the place, and not the fact of his departure.

"You will see poor Frank then. Oh, is it not sad, Kit!"

"It is very sad. He is young and strong, however, and there is every hope that he will get over it."

"His father did not say so."

"Well, no; a father always fears the worst—at least most fathers. Frank has been more fortunate than I," he added, with a smile, "in his choice of a parent. Maud, dear," here he drew his chair close beside her. "Listen to me. I am a man who has not had a fair chance of starting in the race of Life; but I am coming to the front at last. Of course it pleases me to find it so, but not for my own sake."

"I am sure of that, Kit," was her quiet reply. "Trenna has often told me that you are as devoted to her as she is to you."

"And so I trust I am," he answered, modestly. "Nevertheless, the chief object of my life, and the spur to all my exertions, is not Trenna. To her, and therefore to me, so far as she is concerned, it would not much matter whether I became a rich man or not. You may say, perhaps, that that also does not much matter to the girl I have in my mind, and who has not a sordid idea in her composition. But as a poor man I could never have asked her to be my wife. Maud, dear Maud, you know that I forebore to do so, and the cause."

Maud's face was crimson, and her voice faltered as she replied, "If you speak of me, Kit—"

He smiled, and patted her hand caressingly. "There is no 'if' in the case," he put in softly.

"Indeed, Kit, but there is. You have fallen into a grievous error. What you hint at is impossible."

"You mean that what I did hint at was impossible," he returned, gravely; "but it is not so now. In a few months I can provide you with a home, which, though not so beautiful as this, will be only in that one respect less worthy of you. I can now support you as my wife in the same comfort which you have always enjoyed; yet it will be only my first step on the road to fortune."

"No, Kit, no, it is not that," she answered. "Money, if it were millions, would make no difference."

"Then where is the obstacle?" he asked, with no amazement, and even with a smile of confidence.

"I do not love you, Kit,—that is," she stammered, for his face had grown black as night, "not well enough to be your wife. You will always be to me as a brother, but—"

"Was it as a brother I spoke to you that day upon the river?" he broke in in earnest tones; "was it as a sister that you answered me? As we came up together to this house after the accident was it as a brother and sister?"

"You had just saved my life."

He waved his hand impatiently. "Pray put that aside; I should have saved any woman's life as readily."

"Still, you saved mine, and I shall never forget it."

"Good. Then you must have a memory for other things. Do you recollect the words I spoke to you on that occasion?" She bowed her head.

"Then is it possible you could have mistaken their meaning? It is true I did not say 'Will you marry me?' but I did say—that is you understood my words to imply—'I love you, and only wait till I am in a position to declare my love.' Come Maud, the truth, the truth?"

"No, I did not understand that?"

"What did you understand?"

"I thought you entertained some affection for me—nay, an affection much beyond my poor deserts; but that you also doubted of its being returned; and that having placed me under the deepest obligation you hesitated from motives of generosity to press your suit."

"But if I had done so you would have granted it?"

"I cannot say; I am not sure. But I am quite sure now. I cannot be your wife."

"What have I done then in the mean time to make you less favourably disposed towards me than you were then?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"Then what has altered you?"

"Nothing."

He smiled incredulously. "These," he said, "are contradictions indeed. I was a struggling man without even expectations; now I am on the high road to Fortune; what change there is in me is therefore for the better. And you, Maud, were then what you are now. The alteration, then, must be within yourself."

"I do not know—except that I cannot be your wife."

"Pardon me, but you do know. You love another man?"

The statement, though it was made decisively enough, was put in the form of a question, and to reply to it was most difficult as well as embarrassing to the unhappy Maud. "It is easy," one often hears it said, "to tell the truth;" and still oftener "It is always right to tell the truth." There are cases, however, to which even the last dogma does not apply. When a would-be assassin inquires the whereabouts of his intended victim, for example, and when silence would betray his place of concealment, it has been decided by the moralists that a lie is not only excusable but meritorious. To a selfish man, it would be easy enough in such a case to tell the truth; for in so doing, as he flatters himself, he loses all responsibility, and leaves the blood of the slain on the soul of the murderer; but it would not be right.

If Frank Meade had offered his hand to Maud, she would have had no hesitation, notwithstanding the terror with which Kit inspired her, in replying to his question. But Frank had not done so. She was not sure—at least not quite sure—so she reasoned in that awful moment—that he intended to do so. And was it to be expected under such circumstances that a modest and delicate-minded girl should confess to an attachment which might not be returned? Nevertheless, there was something in a direct denial which seemed to her treasonable to Frank himself.

"You have no right, Kit," she answered quietly but firmly, "to put to me any such a question."

"No right? What, when I have loved you for years, and when you have known it at least for months? No right, when I have again and again all but asked you to be my wife without reproach? No right, when on the answer you are about to give me will depend not only my hopes of happiness, but my faith in woman? Look into your own heart, Maud, and ask it if I have no right."

In her heart of hearts she answered to herself he had a right. It was true she had never encouraged his addresses, but it was also true, as he had said, that she had never reprieved them. Her fear of him, though vague, had been too intense. It was only when he had been very pertinacious, as in that morning on the river, that she had ventured to parry his advances; nay, an hour later, after the accident, she had not even attempted to parry them. It was not unnatural, therefore, that he should have taken her silence for consent.

"I think you have a right," she answered slowly; "but it would be cruel to me and disappointing to yourself to exercise it."

"Nevertheless I must needs do so," was his quiet reply. "I again ask of you have you engaged yourself to another man?"

"And I answer, on my word, sir, that I have not."

"That is well," he answered in a tone of intense relief. "I felt that it must be so. You are too honest, too honourable—"

"Whatever I am," she interrupted in her turn, "it can make no difference as to that other matter. Do not let us quarrel, Kit; we are too old friends for that; but it is useless to deceive yourself."

"I understand," he put in gently. "You had it in your mind to say you loved another in order to relieve yourself of an embarrassment, but that inveterate habit of telling the truth was too much for you. Dear Maud, believe me, I am not angry because you hesitate to accept my offer. After all, what have you got to trust to with respect to these expectations of mine but my bare word? And my word is not like your word," he added naively.

"As I told you before, Kit, had you millions it would not alter my determination on this matter."

"So you say. If you were a less truthful woman I should believe you because I should still think, despite your protestations, that you loved another man; but as you have told me that is not so, my case cannot be hopeless, for I am conscious of having done nothing to lower me in your eyes, since you used so patiently to listen to my pleading. I will not now importune you further; I could not bring myself to inflict the least pain upon you whatever advantage I might derive from it, but a time will come—it must, it shall come—when you will admit in words what you have often tacitly acknowledged."

"Never, never," she interrupted earnestly.

"Never is a long day," he answered smiling. "What I have set my heart on, Maud, I have rarely failed in attaining, and I have set my heart—for years—on you."

He rose, kissed her on the forehead, and left the room without a word. Maud was dreadfully agitated; all her old fears of him—not, indeed, the old fear that he would be too strong for her, and compel her to marry him in spite of herself—that she felt was beyond his powers—but her apprehensions of the force and vehemence of his character, of the passion that had led him into scrapes, and might lead him to acts of desperation, recurred to her mind. What he had said about his resolution to attain his object was, she knew, quite true, and he had seemed to set his soul on it in that burning kiss. If anything were to happen to Frank, how terrible, she thought, would this man become to her with his unavailing but confident importunities. Her terror of him must have been great indeed since it conjured up such a picture; for the idea of Frank Meade dead was a possibility so freighted with wretchedness that she had put it away from her mind with horror. How heartless she had been to speak of love to another man while Frank lay ill, and perhaps dying! How wicked of her to have disguised the truth; how disloyal not to have acknowledged, at whatever cost to herself, that Frank was all in all to her!

CHAPTER XLII.

AN ALLY

ON his way down stairs Kit found Trenna awaiting him, and they went into the little drawing-room together.

"I knew how it would be, darling," she whispered tenderly; "but don't be cast down; don't take it to heart."

"I am not cast down," he said, returning her embrace. "Why should I be?"

"What? Has she not rejected you?"

"She has not accepted me. I am disappointed, of course; but it is only a question of time. Do you think I am one to be cast down by the caprice of a woman?"

"But, oh Kit, are you not deceiving yourself? Are you sure it was caprice?"

"What else could it be? She loved me once, as I have told you. I have her own assurance that she loves no one else. She will be my wife, Trenna, as sure as you are my sister. You thought me too confident, however, and you are right. I ought first to have secured Mark's good word; had I done so, the matter would have been settled by this time. As it is I am on probation."

Trenna stared at him in amazement, not knowing what to think. She was aware of his sanguine disposition, and how the Wish was father to the Expectation with him; but, on the other hand (though it had never been confided to her), she was in possession of Maud's secret. How, therefore, unless Maud had deceived him—which was the very last thing to be believed—could Kit speak of himself as on probation?

What would have distressed her, indeed, but for the promise that she should join him almost immediately, was his announcement that he should return to town the next morning. "I cannot stay down here," he explained; "I grudge every moment that is not spent in establishing myself in my proper position."

From which she guessed that his hope lay as respected Maud in his social advancement. The statement was not flattering to her *amour propre*; it was hard after all her sacrifices that another should be the mainspring of her brother's actions; but her love for him was as absolute and unselfish as that of a mother for her boy. It was also easier, perhaps, to forgive him, since she knew he was basing his expectations on false grounds; for what did Maud care for social success? Instead of anger she felt pity for him; when the time came in which he should acknowledge his illusion, it would be her welcome task to comfort and console him. She looked forward with the greatest satisfaction to taking her place as the mistress of his house; but even that was not a source of selfish pleasure; she was anxious and apprehensive about that future which he painted in such brilliant colours; and she wished to be by his side to defend him from every enemy—nay, even from himself.

Mark, on the other hand, was distressed and outraged at the news of his friend's departure.

"What? Are you leaving us again, Kit, after two days? It is not friendly,—it is not kind."

"It is kindness to myself, Mark; or rather it would be cruel to ask me to remain, as I am at present situated."

And then he told him for the first time of his love for Maud, and how his wooing had sped. Mark's astonishment was unbounded. He had never suspected his friend's attachment to his sister. Marriage and giving in marriage were matters which (with one notable exception) had never entered his thoughts. His ways were as methodical and old-fashioned as those of Mr. Penryn himself. He had seen no reason why the little household at the Knoll and their Mogadian friends should not jog on together as they had always done. He had never wanted to marry Kit's sister. However, since this unlooked-for disturbance of social relations had taken place, he declared himself at once upon Kit's side. It was impossible, he averred, that Maud could find a better husband; and of course it would give him personally nothing but pleasure to find himself bound to Kit—though closer to him he could never be—by this new tie. He pictured the young couple living under the same roof with him, so that he would never lose the companionship of his old friend. "I only regret," he said, settling his spectacles on his nose, with a sly smile, "the marriage present which I should most like to give you will hardly be ready in time unless you postpone the happy day for a year or two."

He was thinking, of course, of his County History.

Kit reminded him that he had already hinted there was a little hitch; that Maud, in short, had not yet accepted him.

"Oh, but I'll speak to Maud," said Mark, "I'll make that all right, bless you. Only you must not leave us in such a hurry."

He seemed to think that if Maud really understood that her conduct was shortening Kit's visit it was impossible she could persist in it.

Kit smiled, as well he might, at his friend's affectionate simplicity.

"No, don't do that, old fellow; at least, not just yet. If you mention the matter to any one, say a word or two for me to your mother."

"I am sure my mother would be delighted to have you for a son-in-law."

"I hope so; but tell her what I have told you about my prospects. It is only natural—and, indeed, only right—that she should have confidence in my being able to support dear Maud in the position she has always occupied."

"Just so; the less change that takes place amongst us the better," said Mark, then added, almost fretfully, "But your presence here is such a pleasure to us, Kit, why should you go?"

On Mark's side, at least, the parting between the two young men was more like the separation of lovers. It was vain to assure him that they would soon meet again; it gave him as little comfort as the schoolboy torn from home derives from the well worn remark that "the vacation will soon come round again."

It was hard for mere outsiders to understand Mark Medway's excessive attachment to Kit Garston, and still harder for Kit's detractors. Mr. Penryn used to quote Falstaff's explanation of the mystery: "The fellow must certainly have given him potions." But the fact was, all that was wanting, and wanted, in Mark's nature Kit supplied; his society had a charm for him which he sought in vain in the companionship of others; it encouraged Ambition and extinguished Despondency. He owed him two great debts, for he had saved his Life and preserved his Honour. He admired his talents above measure. Moreover he was well convinced—and in this, too, he made no error, save, perhaps, in degree—that his affection for his friend was reciprocated. Under these circumstances it was no wonder that even Mark's mother had sometimes said to her son betwixt a sigh and a smile, "I am really almost jealous of Kit."

(To be continued)

BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON"

WE close the book and ponder on the being who has writ This marvel of biography, sincerity, and wit. We cannot but despise him; yet we freely grant him place 'Mid the greatest and the brightest of the literary race. With an art beyond all others; with a firm and vivid hand He has painted us the portraits of the greatest in the land. The originals have left us, and have mouldered long ago; But the portraits are eternal, and the canvas is aglow.

Bards, blues, and beauties, all are here: we meet them by the score.

With Montagu and Lady Di and charming Hannah More. And Mrs. Thrale comes rustling in her satins and her silks 'Mid the acid wit of Beauclerk and the *badinage* of Wilkes; We hear the Doctor's accents as he thunders o'er his tea, And Goldsmith comes a-blundering to help the comedy. The wit is ever fragrant; it makes the laughter flow To-day as freely as it did a hundred years ago.

They were a race of giants in that distant Georgian Age; The glory of the Senate, of the Pulpit, of the Stage. Reared in an age intolerant, the magic circle stood; Players, Philosophers, and Wits in fowing brotherhood. Each brought his special attribute to grace the common stock,— The Bishop's lawn, the Poet's pen, the Buskin and the Sock. Yet of the deathless galaxy affection will prefer Gay Davy, burly Samuel, and gentle Oliver.

E. T. J.

DOGS AND THEIR DAYS

THE majority of dogs are pets, and pets are the creatures of caprice. Assuredly the dog has his day, which may be a long day or a short day, according to the endurance of Fashion or the variations of Taste. A particular kind of dog comes into vogue, displacing dogs of another class, just as the bonnet or the tippet of new device supplants the tippet or the bonnet of older pattern. Of what breed, it may be asked, were the "little dogs" of whom poor mad Lear made mention: Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart? Edgar in his character of "Mad Tom" sings by way of answer:

Avaunt you curs!
Be thy mouth black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail, &c., &c.

There clearly flourished a sufficient variety of dogs in Shakespeare's time. As much, indeed, may be also gathered from Macbeth's address to the two murderers after they have declared "We are men, my liege":

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water rugs, and demi-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs.

King Lear's little dogs were no doubt spaniels, and may even have been of the kind favoured by King Charles the Second and called after him, for the King Charles spaniels were certainly extant at an earlier period. Vandyck introduced into his portraits of the time of Charles the First many red and white little dogs—the black and tan variety, now preferred to the red or liver and white, is of much later date. The Vandyck dogs are pointed of nose, however, the broad, short-faced examples being of comparatively recent origin. The Blenheim spaniel differed little from the King Charles, but was held to be of inferior value. The hair of the Blenheim waved more, the ears were smaller, and the colour always a golden or sandy red and white. There is a tradition that dogs of this description were in favour in the time of Henry the Eighth, and that the small "dogs" found under the clothes of Mary Queen of Scots after her execution was of this breed. The Italian greyhound, however, which has been described as "the most graceful and racing-looking creature on the face of the earth," has equal claims to be considered the most favoured dog of the period. Italian greyhounds were the pets of the rich in Milan as early as the fifteenth century.

According to Cibber "the common people" adored Charles the Second because of his indolent "amusement of playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks in St. James's Park." Their love of dogs brought the King and his subjects into harmony with each other; otherwise there were sufficient reasons for their being at discord. Evelyn notes that the King made his Court extremely offensive because of the delight he took in his little spaniels, and the number of these that were always attendant upon him, even to lying in his bedchamber, &c. The "petit chien" of which Madame de Sevigné wrote so rapturously in 1675 was probably of the King Charles breed. The interesting animal bore the name of Fidèle, was presented to Madame de Sevigné by Madame de Favente, and tenanted "une jolie maison de chien, toute pleine de rubans." From this ornamental abode the little creature issued "tout parfumé, d'une beauté extraordinaire, des oreilles, des soies, une haleine douce, petit comme Sylphide, blondin comme une blondin," &c., &c.

Of late years the King Charles and Blenheim spaniels—in spite of their tearful beseeching eyes, their trailing ears, their blunt black noses, their silky coats, and the glories of their bushy tails and feathered legs, have undergone unmerited neglect. Nor has the Italian greyhound, for all the grace and beauty of its slender form, its taper, almost transparent limbs, and the elastic agility of its movements, been prized as once it was. Fashion has turned its apple-eyed eyes rather upon the fluffy white Pomeranian, with its fox-like pricked ears, and pointed black nose; the Dandie Dinmont, brought into vogue by Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering"; the Skye terrier, save the turnspit the longest of all dogs in proportion to its height, with its flocculent doormat coat, its masked eyes, and obscured nose; and the Maltese terrier, a duodecimo edition of the Skye, shorter of back, however, and with a whiter and silkier jacket. The pug, too, has recovered the favour it had lost so completely that between 1836 and 1846 the breed was almost extinct in England; it has returned to Society in the retinue of Queen Anne, as it were, one of the emblems and scenic properties of her reign, its tastes, modes, and foibles. Happily the cruel mutilation of the ears of the animal which once prevailed as a means of wrinkling and puckering its forehead and muzzle has been abandoned. The poodle has never been so esteemed in England as in the land of its nativity. Of the Dalmatian, spotted, or carriage dog—popularly known as the "plum-pudding"—there has been some vanishing of late. The creature, perhaps, was always regarded as more ornamental than useful, and then, with the circus horse, he became the object of suspicion. Could he not, unlike the leopard, change his spots upon occasion? Were they not sometimes due rather to art than to nature? Stories were told of carriage dogs that had gone out spotted and had returned home pure white. Heavy rain had fallen, and the footman had neglected to hold the carriage umbrella over the carriage dog.

The great popularity enjoyed just at present by the Scotch collie or Highland sheepdog has to be reckoned among the striking events or "landmarks" of canine history. To the collie have been sacrificed almost the entire spaniel family, and even that former favourite of aquatic romance, the Newfoundland dog—so long famous as a saviour of children from watery graves, and in such wise as a member of the Royal Humane Society. Collie-worship is, indeed, one of the popular delusions of the time. There are symptoms, however, of the coming close of his reign. He has been rather too absolute a monarch. And, after, all his origin is humble enough: a mere sheepdog. Should he have been raised from the ranks, promoted to be exclusively a domestic pet? The stately Mount St. Bernard is securing more and more admirers and upholders. The British bulldog finds interest in him reawakening. The slim, alert, "sly" fox terrier has obtained many friends of late. There is even talk of another Restoration of King Charles. And other spaniels are lifting up their heads, reminding the world that in addition to their other merits they own certain sporting gifts and qualities to which no collie dog can pretend.

The dog is the friend of man, and man is usually the friend of the dog, sometimes, indeed, its servant and slave. For he who owns a dog, like the owner of other property, has his cares and responsibilities no less than his privileges. But just as we know upon the authority of Shakespeare that there are some to whom "a gaping pig" or "a harmless necessary cat" are highly disagreeable objects, so there are others by whom the dog is but indifferently approved. That neighbour's dog who bays the moon, or makes night sleepless and hideous with his howls and barks, the carman's cur, that yelps and snaps and snarls incessantly, that ill-conditioned animal who views the human calf as an article of consumption, and bares its teeth upon its approach, that dog who has been given a bad name, or has exhibited an alarming tendency to rabidity—what is to be said for such creatures? As a rule, indeed, the London dog might be described as the right animal in the wrong place. The dog that runs the streets, that has no defined home, no visible means of subsistence, is but a rogue and vagabond dog, and should be liable to arrest and punishment accordingly. In the country dogs are almost necessary to human existence; in town dogs are to be classed among the luxuries or the nuisances of life, as the case may be. It

is not surprising that there are many Londoners whose sympathies with the dog are very imperfectly developed—to state the case mildly.

In his "Life of Lord Macaulay" Mr. Trevelyan has expressed a hope that, for his uncle's sake, the old assertion as to the love of dogs being the surest test of a good heart may not be urged against him. Macaulay did not affect the canine race. Some exception he made, we are told, in favour of Cora, a little Mexican spaniel, the property of one of his nieces, albeit his conduct to the little animal seemed not wholly considerate or judicious. For he treated it exactly as he treated children, bringing it presents from the toy-shops, and making rhymes about it by the quarter of the hour together. "I bought," he wrote upon one occasion, "a stuffed bird for Cora, and laughed to see how the poor brute was surprised and amused." Generally he was unfavourably disposed towards dogs. He notes that during a visit to certain friends in the country, he took a walk with certain young ladies, whom he describes as "nice intelligent girls." He proceeds to narrate: "A couple of ill-conditioned curs went with us whom they were foolish enough to make pets of; so that we were regaled with a dog fight, and were very near having on our hands two or three other fights. How odd that people of sense should find any pleasure in being accompanied by a beast who is always spoiling conversation!" Nor was it only because of the charms of conversation that he objected to the interruptive dog. He tells how at Bowood once he went to walk alone in the pleasure ground, when he was pestered by a most sociable cur who would not be got rid of. "I went into a plantation," he wrote, "railed off with gates at each end and shut the brute out; but he perfectly understood my tactics—curse his intelligence!—and waited for me at the other gate. After vainly trying to escape him in this way, I shut him in, and stayed outside myself. When I walked away, he saw that he had been out-generalled by human reason, and set up the most hideous howl that I ever heard in my life." One cannot but feel, however, that the noble historian behaved rather churlishly to the sociable doggie.

D. C.



WE have put up a monument to Balfé, and now we have his biography. And whilst of these, one is bad art, the other is but indifferent literature. Mr. William Alexander Barrett in "Balfé: His Life and Work" (Remington), firmly believes his hero to be a genius. This is a mistake, and one which does much to destroy whatever value the volume possesses. Balfé's music has been honoured with a remarkable popularity, has, no doubt, given a very large amount of pleasure to many worthy people; but it does not follow that on that account he was a great musician. Compared with the masterpieces of Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, or even Rossini, from whom he learned a great deal, his compositions seem so many feeble sentimentalisms, and noisy incoherences. For all that, however, his music was, and is, extremely popular; and Mr. Barrett is quite right when, in his dedication, he calls the British public "Balfé's best friend." Though musical culture has greatly increased of late years in England, still, there are plenty of people who would rather go miles to hear "When other lips" than listen to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Yet to say that the very sentimental song is the better composition would be absurd. Perhaps there is some explanation of this sympathy between Balfé and the masses in an anecdote of his youth. His father taught him the violin, and as soon as he had mastered preliminary difficulties he began "to imitate the playing of the more prominent of the street performers," whose execution, Mr. Barrett adds, "afforded him delight." It seems to us that he not only imitated the execution, but became imbued with the cheap sentiment and trashy conventionalisms of these gutter virtuosos. Of course in after years he treated them in a way of his own (for Balfé was an Irishman of the brilliant type, and versatile), but he was never really free from them, not even at his best. In this respect, indeed, he is a long way behind Vincent Wallace, whose sentiment, if characteristic of the time, is unaffected, and sometimes strong. His music, too, gives an intellectual pleasure which Balfé's never did, and never can give. For these reasons *Maritana*, with all its absurdities, is superior to the *Bohemian Girl*; and Balfé could not have written the *Bell-Ringer* to save his life. However, these matters notwithstanding, Balfé's career is full of interest; and though Mr. Barrett's work is poor as biography, and poorer still as criticism, it is very readable. It is disfigured with misprints and other indications of haste; but it is timely; and, being full of incident and variety, is undeniably entertaining.

In "English Dramatists of To-day" (S. Low and Co.), Mr. William Archer has gone out, so to speak, with his coat off, and a big stick under his arm. Thus attired, he has rushed amongst our poor modern playwrights in a sort of Terpsichorean frenzy, and dealt "swashing blows" in indiscriminate anger or contempt. When a man does this kind of thing, some of the hits are sure to be "palpable" and just; and we are well aware that almost without exception the so-called dramatists of the day know their business very ill. At the same time it is doubtful whether Mr. Archer is the right person to teach them what to do, and how to do it. He makes strenuous efforts to be brilliant, but he only crackles; and whilst on matters small enough to be within the ken of all the world he is correctly commonplace, on points where "light and leading" are necessary, he only renders darkness visible—or misdirects with the fatuity of a Will of the Wisp. In defining what he calls the latitude and longitude of his position he describes his ideal as a body of English playwrights, however small, whose works shall be not only acted, but printed and read; and furthermore that this ideal does not include the suppression of the non-literary drama of the day, but only the creation of a literary drama. This is well enough, and salutary; but in a chapter on the "Playwrights of Yesterday" he ignores Dr. Westland Marston because his works "have disappeared from the stage with unaccountable completeness." He even goes so far as to say that Dr. Marston is one of the playwrights of "the day before yesterday," in which category he would likewise include Lord Lytton, but that "three of his plays die very hard indeed." It may or may not be a matter for regret that Marston's works are never performed now; but one thing is certain—viz., that however critics may disagree as to his sense of dramatic fitness and construction, it is generally admitted that he is before all things a literary artist; and his plays, if they are not acted, are printed and can be read—and read with pleasure and with profit. Notwithstanding his "ideal," however, on this head Mr. Archer says nothing—which raises a suspicion that he does not know his subject half as well as he ought to do. But then this might be expected of a writer who considers seriously theatrical scribbles which merit no notice whatever from a critical point of view, and who shows himself profoundly incompetent to deal with the essentials of the question he has undertaken to discuss.

The illustrations to the new *édition de luxe* of Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" (S. Low and Co.) are not all first-rate. Most of them are landscapes by Mr. F. Armstrong; the remainder consists of some small and not very characteristic designs by Mr. W. H. J. Boot, and a few charming drawings by Mr. Small. Indeed, if Mr.

Small had not exaggerated the size of John Ridd his pictures would have been perfect in their way; as it is they are beautiful, and (with the one exception noted) admirable examples of his best illustrative work. Of the many landscapes by Mr. Armstrong it is not possible to speak with unqualified praise. They are pretty, and doubtless true in their facts; but they are weakly drawn, and very feebly, if carefully, engraved. The consequence is an almost total loss of force and expression; Mr. Small's drawings stand out from them as the moon outshines the stars. The volume is handsomely printed and tastefully bound, and though Mr. Blackmore does not always strike the key of true romance, does not maintain throughout the diction with which he starts, and really is wearisome now and again, still his story has undeniable charms, and contains much very good as well as very pleasant work. Faults notwithstanding, it is perhaps as graceful a gift-book as any the season has produced.

The same publishers have issued a neat edition of Sir Roger de Coverley's papers, "re-imprinted from the *Spectator*," with illustrations by Mr. Charles O. Murray. These pictures are numerous and careful; but they do not illustrate the famous essays either with accuracy or originality; indeed they force a comparison with Mr. Caldecott's drawings for "Bracebridge Hall," whereby they suffer somewhat severely. They are entirely innocent of eighteenth-century spirit and of eighteenth-century charm; they neither indicate its grace nor suggest its wit. Mr. Murray's men are nineteenth-century men, dressed up for the occasion, and with unmistakable nineteenth-century legs; and his women have neither beauty nor distinction.

A very pleasant and refreshing volume comes from Messrs. Routledge and Sons, to wit, an India proof edition of pictures of English rustic life, drawn by Frederick Walker and G. J. Pinwell, and engraved on wood by the Brothers Dalziel. We are bound to say we do not care for the engraving, which is often harsh, and nearly always dry; but the drawings of Walker, in spite of indifferent reproduction, must always gratify and always charm, so full are they of light and air, and quiet truth, blended with a fine imagination and rare human sympathy. Walker, indeed, stands quite alone amongst modern English artists; he had and has many followers—Pinwell amongst others; but they have done nothing half so original, or a quarter so beautiful and sincere.

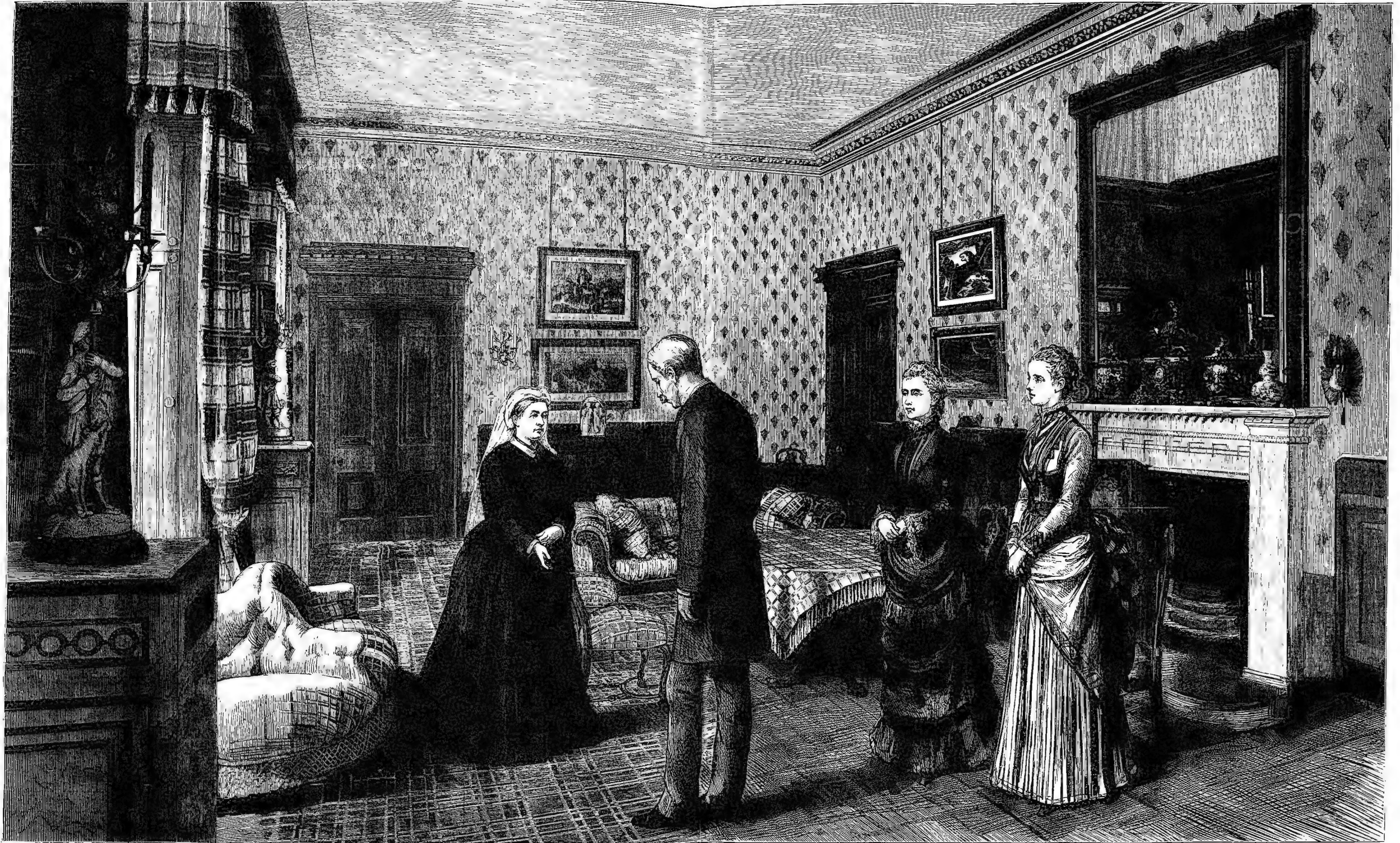
We have also to acknowledge "Talks About Science" (Griffith and Farran); a collection of pleasant essays, by the late Thomas Dunman, the well-known lecturer at the Birkbeck Institution and the Working Men's College; "The Classics for the Million" (Griffith and Farran); a series of brief epitomes in English of the works of the chief Greek and Latin authors, by Henry Grey; a new edition, complete in one portly volume, of Rollin's "Ancient History" (Ward, Lock, and Co.); and the first volume of "Amateur Work" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), a recently established periodical, which appears to be notably useful and instructive. Without admitting that it is "unique in itself, and entirely novel in its aims and object," we can honestly commend it as eminently practical and eminently sensible. It is thoroughly well illustrated, and it tells how to make almost anything, from a dark-lantern to a violin.

"The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle: On Trades-Unions, Promoterism, and the Signs of the Times," is the inaccurate title of a hitherto unpublished work of Carlyle just issued by Mr. William Paterson, of Edinburgh. The title is inaccurate because (as a reference to Mr. R. Herne Shepherd's "Bibliography of Carlyle" will show) these were not Carlyle's last words. After 1872, which is the date upon the MS. of this new work, Carlyle wrote "The Early Kings of Norway" and his essay on "The Portraits of John Knox," besides the famous letters to *The Times* on the Eastern Question (which gave us the "miraculous Premier" and the "unspeakable Turk") and "The Crisis." The little work might fairly be called a final Latter-Day Pamphlet. It is a mere scrap, a jotting, and was probably never intended for publication. But it is genuinely Carlylean; every line burns with the lonely old man's fierce hate of shams and gambling, and his bitter pessimism. He compares ancient guilds and modern trades-unions. "Guilds we can define as tending *Heavenward* for all parties (namely towards discharge more and more perfect of the *DUTIES* one had undertaken); Trades-Unions as tending *Hellward* (Downward let us say) for all (that is, Towards getting more and more wages for work however done)." Then he turns his scorn on "Promoterism" and the manufacture of bubble companies, and pictures how "my friend Friedrich Wilhelm I. would have dealt with one of those flaming circulars, had it fallen into his hand. To send for the Promoter, have him instantly produced in person: 'Look me straight in the face, Sirrah (*Erblicke mich gerade an!*) Let me know with exactitude what you know of this Hungarian tin-mine, this Aqueduct for *Æthiopia* which are so promising? Nothing? You own to knowing nothing whatever of them; beyond their capabilities for gambling purposes? You are but a mean Touter for the World's-Gambling-House, then? Disappear (under the Proper Officer); take forty stripes save one for this your first feat in that line; if you ever try a second, remember that we have a gallows in this country!' It is to be regretted that this pamphlet has been published with such scant introduction. The public would gladly know more of its history than is supplied in the meagre details furnished in the brief preface signed 'J. C. A.'"

Among other books which are before us mention may be made of the Popular Edition of Mr. George Barnett Smith's "Life and Speeches of John Bright, M.P." (Hodder and Stoughton) which was reviewed at length in these columns on its appearance in the first edition; "Choice Dishes at Small Cost," by A. G. Payne (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), an excellent little cookery-book, which argues in favour of French cookery, and ought to bring many new ideas into conventional English households; a new "Guide to Mentone," by "An Englishman" (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), intended for the use of those who have never wintered abroad, and containing, therefore, all sorts of hints likely to be of use to those to whom they are addressed; "Charles Darwin" (Macmillan and Co.), a series of memorial notices by eminent men of science, reprinted from *Nature*, giving an admirable summary of Darwin's life and work in a very small space; an abridged edition of Mr. Howard Vincent's useful "Police Code" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin); "Readings from the Works of Charles Dickens," by John A. Jennings (Dublin: Carson Brothers); and "Queen's College Calendar, 1882-83." Queen's College was the first high-class place of education for girls in London, and this calendar shows that it maintains its well-established position.

THE DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS IN ITALY is believed to form one of the chief causes of the recent frequent floods. In many parts of the country the hills and mountains have been completely stripped, as the wood brings a very high price.

HOW TO REDUCE THE NUMBER OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—A correspondent suggests that Railway Companies who work their traffic without accident to passengers for a certain time should be entitled to a remission of the Passenger Duty. Or, he continues, the duty might be termed the Accidents to Passengers Duty, *viz.* the Passenger Duty, the scale being 2,000*l.* for each passenger killed, and 500*l.* for each passenger injured, from causes beyond their own control, or 700*l.* for severe injuries, 300*l.* slight, in no case, however, exceeding a 5 per cent. passenger duty, levied as now for the year. For example, in 1880 there were twenty-nine passengers killed—58,000*l.*, and 904 passengers injured, which would bring in 452,000*l.*, making a total of 510,000*l.*



THE QUEEN

SIR GARNET J. WOLSELEY

THE PRINCESS BEATRICE

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RECEIVING LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GARNET J. WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., IN THE DRAWING-ROOM
AT BALMORAL CASTLE ON HIS RETURN FROM EGYPT

A FEW FISHER FOLKS' FANCIES

THE two great sources of superstition, danger and luck, play such important parts in the lives of fishermen, as to leave it no wonder that they should be more under its influence than other people. I include "other people" advisedly, for, laugh as we may at its absurd manifestations, there is that in all of us which should leave us tolerant of the wider latitude that fishermen allow themselves in the matter.

Again, the influence of gross superstition is undoubtedly baneful: it weakens the minds of its votaries, makes them mistrustful of others, creates false fears, and turns the imagination into an instrument of malevolence and self-torture. Fortunately School Boards, even in the most outlying districts, are now becoming such a power in the land, that before long they must sweep the more outrageous forms of superstition into oblivion, as, indeed, they have done to some extent already. Old people, however, are remarkable for the tenacity with which they cling to the traditions of their youth. Their opinions may be ridiculed by their juniors, but that has no effect on them, for they regard age as the first requisite of knowledge and experience. Besides, the young themselves have not altogether escaped the taint, and, although they might laugh at the idea of watching a boat on the first Monday of the quarter against the visits of unfriendly witches, they will express their undoubted belief that by whistling on the sea one is sure to raise a hurricane. Whistling is therefore strictly prohibited on almost every boat—in the North at least, where they are rather fortunate in having the means of raising the wind should they be becalmed. It will be generally admitted that raising the wind is not often characterised by the simplicity of the fisherman's plan, which is nothing more than sticking his knife in the mast. Guileless he may be in this respect, yet there are other phases of his credulity which cannot be recommended, as, for instance, when he ties a knotted worsted thread, over which some incantation has been muttered, to the nets of his neighbour, with the intent that the fish which should be caught in them may make their way to his own nets. The knotted worsted thread has also other uses or misuses. Before the herring fishing season commences in Caithness, great numbers of men go from Lewis and engage themselves for the seven or eight weeks which it lasts. Their women, whom they have left behind, as might be naturally expected, wish them home in good time, and to have this wish gratified, they undo the knots on the thread one by one slowly, as the latter part of the fishing advances, believing that they are raising a storm the while, which, if brought on too suddenly, might deprive them altogether of those they long for; but, by being brought on gradually and kept up, the weather will become so unsuitable for fishing that their men will be allowed home before the expiration of the time agreed on with their employers. To draw the cat through the fire is said to answer the same purpose.

Some years ago an old woman, of a masculine type, best known as "Bell Royal," made a good thing on the Caithness coast out of the reputation which she gained for herself as a witch. She got her name up in a very simple manner. A fisherman having given her enough old rope to make a tether, she thanked him, and added in a jocular vein, "This will be forty crans to you to-morrow." The fisherman, who was then on his way to the sea, returned on the morrow with sure enough the exact quantity of fish that Bell had promised him. After this her fame went fast abroad. There was something in her appearance, however, which helped her as much if not more in making a name than her one lucky guess. Besides wearing a man's jacket on her back she had a natural virile ornament on her upper lip, which, although it might have filled many a youth with envy, gave her a sinister expression, especially as she affected as manly a style of dress as possible, wearing a shepherd's plaid, and carrying a thick heavy stick wherever she went. Perhaps her style was studied for the object which she had in view. Her speech was pompous and authoritative, as became a person who could give a good fishing or keep the fish away altogether. On fishing days she went about the quays flourishing her stick and exhorting her friends to give "Royally," as their future success depended entirely on their present liberality. Her manner was so very imposing that they did give royally, fully believing she had the power of giving or withholding a fishing. When herrings were plentiful she received incredible quantities, which were passed on to a curer, and so turned into money. In addition to this half-crowns and crowns were frequently passed into her palm with a wink. Those who refused to give were threatened. Such was their fear at the time—only teens of years in the past—that she was never turned away empty. Poor Bell has since gone the way of all things. The places that once knew her will know her no more.

A fisherman, as will be seen in the sequel, is the last person to whom one need apply for information regarding fisher folks' superstitions. I could only "interview" one with any degree of success, and he has abandoned his former occupation, or probably he would be as obstinate as the rest. He candidly stated his own belief in witchcraft, giving as his reason certain dealings which he had with a witch, or a reputed one at least. Being unsuccessful for a long time, he went and consulted a lady who practised the diabolical art. She told him at once that she had sold his luck to a man of his acquaintance; but it was beyond her power to exorcise the mischief that season. She would arrange with him for the next, however, if he promised secrecy, and without that nothing could be done. When he agreed, she gave him a sixpence as like any other as could be, except that it had two letters marked on it—G. L. "Gave you this sixpence in exchange for her fee," I suggested. "O, well; of course I gave her something—handsome." "And did the herring come next season?" My inferred scepticism met with immediate rebuke, and this warned me that if I would learn I must be content to listen and not interrupt. From what followed it appears there were instructions given with the sixpence. It was spliced in an eye of the rope that fastens the nets to the boat. After this there was a splendid fishing up to the first Monday of the quarter, a fishing which would have doubtless continued equally successful for the whole of the season, had my informant been as wakeful as he ought to have been. Though he knew the first Monday of the quarter to be a critical time, he neglected to watch his boat, with the result that when he went to see after it, behold the eye of the rope was gone, sixpence and all! "Now, sir, I knew fine there would be no herring after that; and as sure as death there was no a scale got after it."

The greedy man who, according to tradition, went to a witch, is a fearful example of what comes of doubting the extent of her dominion. She asked him several times how much herring he would like, and every time received the same answer: he would like as much as she could give. Well, the next night the man went to sea, his nets took such a fill of herrings that they sank to the bottom, and not a loop was again seen of them.

The mysteriousness of luck is a marvel to more than fishermen; but to them it is peculiarly perplexing. Of two boats which have lain side by side, within a stone's throw of each other, perhaps one returns laden to the gunwale, while the other has caught only a few herrings, and sometimes not even one. Their material is exactly alike as to quantity and quality, yet at the end of the season, although they have both been to sea the same number of nights, the one may have caught two or three hundred crans, while the other has not reached a cran. Let the unlucky crew follow their more fortunate companions, and shoot their nets on the same ground with them night after night, and the one will get while the other has to want. How does this come about, the unlucky crew reason, unless their luck has been surreptitiously obtained by the other boat? Then

comes ill-feeling, which, when taken up by their wives, causes endless strife where suspicion exists.

The wives have several stringent regulations to observe for the benefit of their husbands. When baking oat-bread to be eaten at sea they must not blow the useless meal off their cakes, for that would raise the wind, and if they burn it at all their husbands need expect no luck while it lasts. They must not count the boats, for in that case some of them are likely to be lost. They must not throw any fish bones in the fire, or else fish will be scarce with them.

Luck was always a fickle jade, and fishermen, in spite of all their endeavours at propitiation, find her still the same. There are some things, however, supposed to find favour in her sight, just as there are others on which she is supposed to turn her back. A broom or an old shoe thrown after a fisherman, on his way to the sea, gives him expectations of success, whatever else. By fixing silver in his nets, such as a small coin, he is also imagined to have a much better chance than he would otherwise have. A small piece secretly hidden in his boat on the first day of the year is also in his favour. If the mice get into and eat his nets, when they are put away dry till next season, he has reason for great expectations. I have heard of a man who kept oats among them purposely to draw the mice, regardless of the fact that it would take him many weeks' work to repair their depredations. If a fisherman on his way to the sea meets a particular acquaintance, and is fortunate the same night, the person whom he had met is lucky, and deserving of something handsome out of the catch. If nothing has been caught the person is unlucky. I know one little village where on a certain day in the fishing season there is supposed to be great luck in getting drunk, and going to the sea in that state, on the principle the bigger the spree the bigger the chance.

It is a good sign when the cat gives her face the feline wash with her paw, and especially so when she includes the back part of her head. Salt is a good thing to be thrown at a fisherman; but water is opposed to luck. Suppose a crew runs short of water; they will get a drink readily enough from another, as much as they can take, but not a thimblefull to carry away, let water be ever so plentiful, as luck is liable to go along with it.

Among a variety of things which are believed to work against the fisherman a few may be mentioned. He must not start with a new boat, for the first time, on a Friday. If he belongs to the Banffshire coast he is careful not to speak of salmon. There is no remedy for this, if he would retain his luck, except calling "cold iron" immediately afterwards, or if that is not done he must bark his nets afresh, which entails much trouble and more expense. Nothing will vex a Banffshire fisherman at sea so much as calling "there is a salmon in your pump," or some such harmless expression containing the name of the hated fish. The person who has been unsuccessful for any length of time should try the effect of casting his nets out from that side of the boat from which it is unusual to cast them. If he suspects his fishing goes to somebody else, he should take a mouthful of water from a running stream, under a bridge, where the living and the dead pass (the latter on their way to burial let us presume), and sprinkle this over his nets. When his luck is recovered he must be careful. If he lends anything out of his boat, especially during the early part of the fishing season—he is liable to give his luck along with it. To give anything away out of his first catches is likewise unlucky. If he happens to speak of a four-footed beast, particularly a hare, while at sea, he must grasp cold iron, say, embrace the anchor. To ensure himself against the influence of witches he nails an old horse-shoe inside the stem of his boat, which deprives them of all power. A piece of mountain ash is equally efficacious; and as it can be made to serve some useful purpose, and so avoid drawing the attention, or perhaps the ridicule of his fellows, it is more frequently used than the old horse-shoe. J. S.



MR. BERESFORD HOPE has written "The Brandreths" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) rather for the benefit of those who are already familiar with his former novel of "Strictly Tied Up" than with the view of extending his circle of readers. It is frankly a continuation, and cannot be followed intelligently without a previous knowledge of the characters and of the manner in which they came into their present relations. However, even for those who, so to speak, take up Mr. Beresford Hope as a novelist half way, there is considerable interest of a psychological and semi-political kind. He has taken for his topic the portrait of a nature at once brilliant, honest, and weak, and scrupulous to the point of self-deception. This study is worked out in a manner conspicuously deficient in art, or even in the ordinary knowledge of how a reader's sympathies are to be engaged or sustained, but still with a simplicity and thoroughness of intention which are in themselves attractive. At any rate the author, if he be not altogether original, is at any rate unconventional, and his story contains many touches which evince real observation and insight, though roughness of workmanship often makes them appear very much the contrary. Much of the work is devoted to expositions of Mr. Hope's own views, political and theological, and these are advanced with characteristic vigour.

"Talbot's Folly," by W. B. Guinee (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), is also, to at least half its extent, a political novel, with special reference to Parliament itself. Its unflagging spirit and vitality are remarkable, and very often rise into genuine brilliancy, softened by a vein of humour in which sentiment is by no means wanting. The portraits of Mr. Welbore, M.P., and of Mr. Doherty, M.P., are drawn in the spirit of satire, and bring into effectively dramatic contrast the romantic love story which runs parallel with their political adventures. Talbot Welbore, the son and heir of the first named Parliamentary impostor, is a young man who commits what all his relations and friends naturally consider the folly of falling chivalrously in love with the adopted daughter of a superior sort of costermonger. Nevertheless, whatever may be the personal feelings of parents and guardians in general, they will on this occasion cordially agree with Talbot Welbore and Mr. Guinee. "Blossom" is an original as well as charming heroine, and is a lady by nature without forfeiting any of the piquancy due to her accidental surroundings. It is with some touch of disappointment that one learns how Talbot's folly proved to be identical, in the end, with his worldly wisdom. Mr. Guinee has, we think, taken the undoubted haste for flawlessly fortunate *dénouements* too much for granted. But this is a very trivial error, if error it be. His novel is amusing, interesting, and—it must be added—politically instructive throughout, and is characterised by that buoyancy of spirit, and that impression that the novelist is enjoying his own work, which are at once so rare and so unfailingly infectious. If this is, as it appears to be, a first novel from a fresh pen, we are justified in looking to Mr. Guinee for yet more excellent work in the future. He has plenty to say, and is obviously well read enough to know how to say it well.

Mrs. Parr's former novels, notably "Adam and Eve," are certainly not equalled by "Robin" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). At the same time, this in no way detracts from its independent merits as an exceedingly graceful and attractive tale. It lightly touches, and with the usual and—in a lady—becoming lack of

knowledge upon the outskirts of Bohemia, but is in the main merely a love story, and, in that behalf, exceedingly tender and touching. The ideal nobility of the young husband when he discovers that his marriage has been a mistake, and that his wife belonged in truth to another, is admirably managed so as to lose all suggestion either of weakness or else of strength so idealised as to forfeit sympathy. Probably no masculine pen would have invented the scene between the husband and the lover which follows the discovery, but it is nevertheless true to the capacities of human nature, and is none the worse for serving to show the loftiness of a womanly ideal. Why Mrs. Parr has chosen Venice for so considerable a portion of her back ground we hardly know—the local colour is not essential, and therefore inartistic in its effect. The story indeed does not depend upon any sort of external colour. It is interesting as a very hopeful solution of a very difficult matrimonial problem, and in this respect is as pure and wholesome as it is tender and graceful.

"Chums: A Tale of the Queen's Navy" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), is the title of an extraordinary combination of marvellous coincidences, intricate genealogical puzzles, and tea-table gossip—an unnatural union between the intensely melodramatic and the intensely common-place. What is possible is not interesting: what is startling is not possible, at least in any satisfactory sense of the word. The Chums, two young naval officers, go through the most common-place experiences of sea-life, diversified by recognitions of everybody's long-lost relations. The result is something like that of a pantomime, in which the clown should come tumbling down the chimney into the middle of an ordinary breakfast table, but without surprising a single soul.



MARTINMAS was fine, as Martinmas usually is. The air was cold, but there was plenty of sunlight. Midday was clear and bright, towards evening mist began to rise, which was full of golden light so long as the sun kept above the horizon, afterwards wrapping round the landscape with a mantle of cold silvery grey. It was in fact a very lovely and quiet day of later autumn, and a great change for the better after the desolate October period of bleak winds and frequent rain. In the country farmers have taken advantage of the improvement to take up their interrupted sowings of autumn wheat. The early sown is up well already, and has a strong, healthy look, while winter beans are also making a favourable and vigorous start. Tares and trefoil, winter oats and rye look exceedingly well, but the slugs, &c., are very numerous, and have done much damage. The floods have drained away or evaporated with a rapidity for which farmers have to feel grateful. An invasion of "fluke" is too terrible a prospect to be dwelt upon. The mangel crop has been touched by frosts at night, and it is to be regretted that haling was behindhand this year. The growth of grass may now be regarded as over for the season, and cattle are being withdrawn from the fields. Barley, oats, and artificial foods are cheap, and stock need not want for keep, albeit maize is up to two pounds per quarter, and there are scarcely any arrivals of foreign beans and peas.

CART HORSES.—A grand show of cart horses is to be held in February next, and 300l. for prizes have already been subscribed. The Show will be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and we have been informed that about 725 horses will be shown, but we have had no opportunity of verifying this statement. The Show is an entirely practical and useful one, and all farmers (for what farmer is there who does not use cart horses?) are deeply interested in making the Cart Horse Society a thorough success.

NANTWICH CHEESE FAIR was a great success. An enormous quantity was pitched, and yet sales were brisk. The produce of one dairy realised an average of 80s. per cwt. The quality of much of the produce offered was really exquisite, and no one who was at Nantwich last week could have continued to cherish the belief which is exceedingly common in London, viz.: that the genuine Cheshire cheese is a thing of the past. For some trade reason, unintelligible to the public, cheesemongers "down south" prefer Wiltshire and Yankee cheeses; but let customers ask for Cheshire cheese and—"see that they get it." A genial essayist—we think it *must* have been Mr. James Payn—has remarked that the men who make books sell are not the critics, but the men who go persistently into shop after shop and ask for them. The same thing is true in the "baser" matter of cheese.

MERIONETHSHIRE is a remarkable county in more ways than one. It contains no Parliamentary borough, and it has no resident Peer, but we were not prepared for the announcement that it contained townships worth less than half-a-crown per annum to rent! And yet we suppose there is nothing illusory in the recent sale by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, of two Merionethshire townships, rented at 2s. 4d., for 2l. 18s.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTS.—Respecting the recent hay-drying trials at Reading, Mr. Martin Sutton writes:—"It is satisfactory to know that the exhaustive, elaborate, and costly experiments undertaken by the Society will prevent a very large aggregate loss of valuable agricultural produce from the wasteful and unreliable experiments which would have been made throughout the country." This is very true, but it is hard on the exhibitors that it should read almost as though it condemned the hay-dryers themselves, and that would not be fair. They did not have a true trial, and with our unsettled and showery climate the hay-drying inventions are public benefits, and not to be pooh-poohed.

AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.—The "Farmers' Club," *sub* *Consule Druce*, have been discussing "Farm Tenancies" and the various clauses with which reformers propose to tarnish an agricultural lease. The discussion was adjourned until early in December. At the approaching Birmingham Exhibition there will be shown 151 cattle (161 last year), 85 sheep (88 last year), and 67 pigs (58 last year). The cattle and sheep will be paraded before the judges by the herdsmen in charge of the various animals, a privilege on which many exhibitors set great store.—At a recent meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture a letter was read from Mr. Gladstone, refusing to receive a deputation which wished to urge upon him the appointment of a Secretary of State for Agriculture. Notwithstanding this reply, the Chamber proceeded to pass a strongly-worded resolution in favour of such an appointment. A motion was also carried condemning the heavy duties levied on English products by countries whose own products come into England untaxed.

PROFESSOR TANNER ON ROOTS.—Speaking at Wenlock the other day Dr. Tanner said that "judges" of roots, if they had two swedes of equal size, would often take them in their hand, and if they found one well-grown, solid, and heavy, and the other light and puffy, although the size might be the same, they would be perfectly satisfied that the first was a good-feeding root and the other of considerably less value. Prizes at shows should therefore not be given for the total weight of a root crop. Nor was the test of weight in water better than weighing in the hand or weighing in dry scales. Dr. Tanner went on to point out that by allowing the root to continue its growth too long, the sugar turned into woody fibre, and became practically useless for food. If a swede floated in water it was unworthy of a prize.

LANDSLIP IN DERBYSHIRE.—The limestone cliffs near Crick are again moving, and much alarm is felt. A considerable chasm has opened in a field on the town side of the hill, while in another field a large mound has been forced up. The turnpike road has been interfered with, and a building near has fallen.

INSECTS AND CROPS.—A set of six diagrams of insects are now ready, and can be sent to any farmer in England, mounted on calico and glazed, for eight shillings. When we state that the Royal Agricultural Society are the vendors, it will be understood that the matter is not one of profit making, but of instructing agriculturists in the aspect and development of insect pests on the farm. The diagrams are drawn with scientific accuracy, and would save any farmer buying them the continual uncertainty as to this or that "suspicious-looking insect" which the agriculturist all through the summer is "happening to notice."

MISCELLANEOUS.—A Colchester correspondent says:—"On Sunday afternoon, November 5, I saw a covey of ten martens hawking over this town; they eventually disappeared to the westward (inland)."—A great Northern diver was picked up last week near Ilfracombe.—Three Berwick geese were recently shot near Stanhope, in Durham.—A correspondent asks what constitutes bird song? The other day he heard "most beautiful notes of a bird" which he discovered to proceed from the dipper, a bird not recognised as a songster in any natural history.—On the 1st of November an otter was seen below Putney. It was seen the next day at Hammer-smith. It probably had come down river with the heavy floods.—During the present year 238 shorthorns have been sold publicly in Ireland, and fetched 8,103*l.*, or 34*l.* per head. This is a satisfactory average.

ART MAGAZINES

THE Magazine of Art for November (the first part of a new volume) is of unusual excellence and variety. The etching, "Maiden Dreams," is not half as artistic as the poem, by Mr. W. H. Pollock; but the article on "America in Europe" is the first really sensible and accurate utterance on American Art we have seen.—Mr. R. Louis Stevenson contributes a delightful essay on "Two Japanese Romances," illustrated with some very telling native pictures; and Mr. G. F. Browne's "Sculpture in Piccadilly" is an extremely interesting and notable account of certain of the early sculptured stones found in various parts of the kingdom.—A biographical sketch of "Giovanni Costa, Patriot and Painter," is pleasant, and on the whole is fairly illustrated; the portrait, after Sir F. Leighton's admirable work, being, we believe, entirely new.—Then there is a capital account of Vallauris ware and its allies, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, and a weighty but rather too favourable review of Mr. Hamerton's "Graphic Arts," by Professor Colvin. The wood engraving, by Mr. W. J. Linton, after a drawing by Titian, is remarkable indeed, not only as a reproduction of tone and manner, but also as entirely free, beautiful, and expressive work with the burin. It must take a place with the finest wood engraving yet done—which is saying a great deal.

In the last five numbers of *L'Art* the most interesting articles are those by Champfleury on the vignettists of the Romantic Period. The subject is as fresh as it is attractive, and the author treats it with his usual ability. From these vignettes it may be said with truth that, in point of verve, invention, character, and force, our modern illustrators have very much to learn. Amongst the large plates we may note a seductive "Chant d'Amour," after Mr. Burne-Jones; a striking etching by Yon, after Dupré's admirable "Au Paturage"; and the facsimile of an engraving after Rigaud's portrait of Antoine Coyzevox, the sculptor.

The freshest thing in the *Art Journal* is a scratchy facsimile of a drawing by Mr. Herkomer, "The Farmer's Lad." Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Intercepted Despatches" is engraved on steel in a smooth and quite inexpressive manner; and "Examples of Artistic Metal-Work" continue interesting, and are very well illustrated. Miss Thackeray contributes some graceful notes on some drawings of Cheyne Walk by Arthur Severn, wherein she makes a true and necessary remark on recent criticisms on Carlyle.

Mesdag's sketches for marine pictures are the most artistic features of a rather dull number of the *Portfolio*. The "Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire" continue commonplace and feeble; but Miss Cartwright's notes on "Assisi" are pleasant and readable enough.—*Art and Letters* contains nothing that calls for remark, unless it is the frontispiece, which is as poor a production as we have seen for a long time.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

We have not met for some time with a drearier volume of verse than "Chronicles of Christopher Columbus," by "M. D. C." (Kegan Paul). A poem must be of unusual merit to justify its prolongation into twelve cantos—even "Marmion" has only six, and "M. D. C.'s" production will hardly rank with the works of Sir Walter Scott. There is little to be said in favour of either the blank verse or the incidental lyrics, but the chief fault of the piece is that it is intensely dull.

There is some good verse in "Frithjof and Ingebjorg, and other Poems," by Douglas W. B. Sladen (Kegan Paul). The author, now resident in Australia, and apparently an *alumnus* of Rugby, has something of the true poetic feeling; it seems a pity that he has not more fully developed the vein of innate humour manifested in "My Aunt." In the principal piece he probably depended upon translations—which are without exception as bad as they well could be—for there is nothing to show any real knowledge of or sympathy with Scandinavian lore. "The Squire's Brother" is good, with a natural pathos; "The Last of the Britons" also has merit; but "pour" does not rhyme to "Skiddaw," and when *will* people understand that Harold Godwinson was not a Saxon? Goldsmith and Mrs. Markham are, we suppose, responsible for the blunder, but surely we know a little more about history than when those well-intentioned misleaders of youth earned their money.

A very pleasant little volume is "Songs in Sunshine," by the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, M.A. (Eyre and Spottiswoode). Many of the songs included have already appeared in *Time*, *Good Words*, the *Graphic*, and other periodicals. Some have been set to music, and most are deserving of the honour. About the best are "The Passionate Pickle to His Love," a piece of genuine burlesque; "I Wonder Why?" "What do Lovers Say?" and "The Angel of the Wave." The few sacred songs appended to the others have also considerable merit.

So modest are the author's pretensions in the preface to "Homespun Yarns," by Edwin Collier (J. and R. Maxwell), that, even had the contents possessed less merit, criticism must have been to some extent disarmed; but, as a matter of fact, the verses are extremely good of their kind, and effective. Many of the pieces have both appeared in divers magazines and obtained success in public recitation, and no doubt those who have admired them under either circumstance will welcome them in their present form. The East Anglian legends, of which there are several, are weird and telling—notably "Black Sir Ralph,"—although in the first part of this Mr. Collier shows an imperfect command of the octosyllabic measure, he is much better in his pure lyrics. But by far the best things are the homely idylls, with their mingled pathos and humour, such as "Sal Parker's Ghost," "Not in the Programme," or "Bessie and I," some verses of which last are really fine. We

shall look with some expectation for the promised second series.

"Eddies and Ebbs," by Benjamin George Ambler (Elliott Stock), is a little pamphlet of verse rather above the average, intended apparently as the forerunner of a more sustained work. It is decidedly Tennysonian in character, but not without flashes of original thought.

We must confess to being disappointed in "The Renewal of Youth, and other Poems," by F. W. H. Myers (Macmillan). All are careful and scholarly; but there is a lack of spontaneity, and it may be doubted whether the day is not gone by for long didactic poems. The most important piece is "St. John the Baptist." This, which is in blank verse, has some telling passages; but the assumed attitude of the saint's mind whilst in Herod's presence is hardly in accordance with one's conception of his strong, enthusiastic nature.

Do the students of Trinity College, Dublin, habitually discourse amongst themselves in the style depicted in the anonymous poem entitled "A Tale of Two Fair Women—Part I.: Clara" (Hatchards)? If so, their social gatherings must be fearfully dull! The story, such as it is, is not a pleasant one, dealing with scepticism of the shallowest kind, seduction, and murder. One may charitably suppose that when Oscar remarks "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," he was intended to be quoting Sir Henry Taylor, but it might have been wise to mark the fact in some way, more especially as the ear catches several less palpable echoes of well-known poets. There are a good many aphorisms in the piece, which, though cast in a quasi-dramatic form, is in cantos; these are mostly in the style of W. S. Gilbert's "A fool is bent upon a twig," *e.g.*,

A razor's an unhandy tool to lop your branches;
The fool, 'tis, curses, when it draws the blood.

It strikes one that there must be a good many fools about upon cold, dark mornings! We also hear of "a robber eye" which "glares through the jeweller's glass, but breaks no pane," and really do not quite see how Mr. Sikes could break a pane of glass with his eye, however much he might desire the power.

We are indebted to Mr. Lewis Filmore for a good and scholarly English version of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans" (Charles Griffin), which may be recommended to those who are unable to read the play in the original text.

THE SCENERY OF THE HUNTING FIELD

JOYFUL words are those, "The beginning of the hunting season," as they tell of the welcome coming, amidst sylvan scenes, of so much enjoyment with old acquaintances, when we have for six months, with those long looked-for rides at early morning through the dewy lanes, that social intercourse at the cover-side which is so pleasant, with the friends we meet there, and with whom we join in joyous emulation. It is only hunting men who can understand this feeling—the appreciation of scenery with the excitement of the chase; not the men who "go out" hunting, but those who hunt for the very love of its rural surroundings, and because, while being the most manly of all British sports, it is so thoroughly English in its dash and daring. To some it may seem as if a good gallop were the sole object of men in the hunting-field; but, with the healthy vigour they get through thus following the hounds, comes the pleasure of seeing the country; for as they ride to the "meet," or from cover to cover, they need but observation to enjoy it fully, each month being distinctive, as each district is too, in aspect, pursuits, and belongings.

That this is no fallacy, take any month; or, to begin at the beginning, take, for instance, September—the month when cub-hunting commences; and the further you have to go to the "fixure" the better will be the ride, by your being obliged to turn out so soon—just at daybreak, and before the rooks—to make one of a small "field" some miles away; for then you will be likely to find, what you would not otherwise know, the great charm of the sky in the early morning, when the "flash of the daffodil" as dawn yields to day, so ripples along, that the grey expanse breaks up into forms that soon shape to clouds—rose-coloured and violet—which are golden-edged underneath. On such mornings as those, when bound for the "meet," we can watch the glow tremble from east to west, till it creeps through the sky and widens; when, as it slowly fades as the blue comes in, the clouds scatter and change to vapour. Such skies as we then see, by thus getting up early, are skies that we always remember. How good, too, with the turf dew-wet and sparkling, is the ride at a time like that through meadow and copse, and high-hedged old lanes, and by-paths in the silent woods; where you hear no sounds but farm-sounds, or the rustle of leaves, and it is fragrant, cool, and still. Then, as the mist lessens, and the shadows creep out from the hedgerows, and the sun lights the bushes, where is the chirping of birds, we see by the hop-yards, where the girls are so busy and as picturesque in their grouping as an artist would have them—the silvery sheen of the willow river, as it goes on its winding way. It is also pleasant to mark, as we leisurely ride in that soft, clear light of the early morning, how pure on the uplands are the tints of the stubbles, where the white barley so recently swayed in the wind, and the corn, that was golden, was bending—and how well, where they lie between the rich hues of the covers, the background comes in of the woods beyond, that slope up to the tops of the heathy hills, till their colours merge into grey. Such rides are most welcome as they give you new life; for the fresh feeling they bring on those brisk and bright mornings makes you so keenly alive to all that which is round you.

Welcome, and doubly welcome, too, is brown October; as you then get tints of every shade, in the woodlands round about you—from the palest of ambers to the richest of russets; and you find, as you slowly trot on to the cover, that a feeling of crispness has come in the air, with a catch of slight frost on the meadows; and that the hedges, where clematis and hop-bine in such profusion are twined, now glisten with dew and gossamer. Say, as cub-hunting is not yet over, that you still start early, when, whilst the hills are half-hidden by thin blue mist, which rolls in light wreaths from the woods and hollows, you will find that silence reigns on the lonely roads, as they are as yet unmarked by wheels, and that the only sounds you then hear—as hop-picking is over, and birds' songs have ceased—are the cawing of rooks as they wing to their feeding-grounds, or the bark of the shepherd's dog; while from many a low white cottage-home the smoke, in the keen air, goes straight and high, with a certain fine-day promise. Such a morning, we think, must suit most men, for it is deliciously fresh and nice; as you have with it that sense of a breezy blow which you get from the sound of the rustling boughs, and the falling of faded leaves, as they flutter in red and yellow flakes to the dead ones down below, or drift to the hedges, where brambles, that are purple with black-berries, make a glory of colour with their clustered leaf-sprays.

November, too, is beautiful, though we call it "dull and drear," for then the varied greens shine most distinctly—the pine, the fir, the yew, the holly, and the ivy—as they gain by contrast with the tawny tinge; whilst through the tracery of countless twigs you see green fields that at other times are hidden, and distant spires or towers, and farms and cottages, and in the woods much thick green moss, and glades where verdure lingers. It is then also that the commons, sheeted with colour from the tinted bracken, show best their rugged beauty. Beautiful, too, is it when the thin fog dwells, and, level in the valley, looks like water—a wide, white river—to see, as if by magic, it lift all at once, the woods loom out, and all

the view unfold, till what seems water melts away to meadows, which cattle dot with colour.

The month, too, of December we enjoy for morning rides, as hedgerows then are bright with scarlet berries, hips, haws, and hawthorn, and though sounds ring out upon the frosty air, the birds, now tamer, fly not as we come. There is also at this time a good deal of life about, for men are in the orchards, cutting mistletoe for market, and in the copses lopping holly; whilst the woodcutter is busy at work with his bill, and the carters have come where the ditchers had been; and on the road—where red-cloaked dames make welcome colour—we meet with troops of lads who practise carols.

It is the same with January, when all sounds are keener; for then the trees are outlined next the sky—white, with a leaden backing; and all the country, by its shroud of snow, looks vast and wider, with a clearer distance, and it the snow be not too deep, nor the ground too hard for hunting, there is even then—ay, very much to note, as we ride on; such as the cosy cattle, snug in warm straw-yards, and the fowls by the big barn-doors, whence comes the pleasant sound of swinging flails—for flails exist still in some old-world places; the swarms of rooks and starlings in the meadows; the redwings and field-fares, the hares and the rabbits, and the wild ducks that we see so often; men, too, who are mending hedges or repairing ricks, or hurdlings off for sheep, and women turnip-cutting, with whom we often have a word to say.

Then comes February, "the wet month," with its welcome drip—the better chance for hunting—and miry roads and snow that now is browning. But even then, in that dirty month, there is much to see, much that is worth observing, as lambs are in the pastures, and primroses in the woods and snowdrops in the orchards and the gardens, rooks in the elms, and blackbirds in the bushes, buds on the alders and catkins on the hazels, and hedgerows showing that the spring is nigh; for gnats are in the sun, and the woodlark's notes are frequent, partridges are pairing, and the daisies are pink-ing. There is no end to the animation of it if you but keep your eyes open, and there is plenty going on amongst the homesteads.

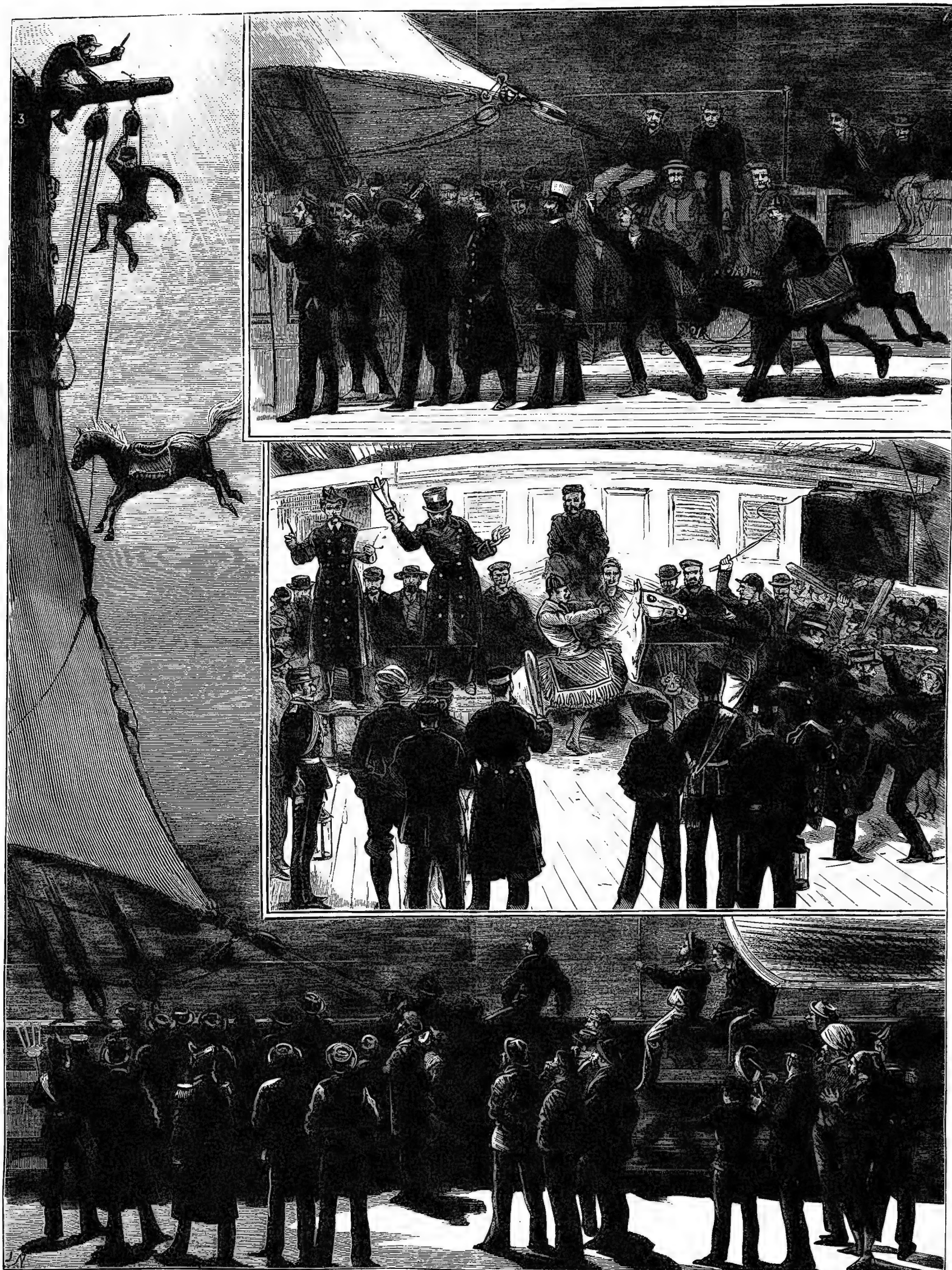
So we get to March, "the dry month," with its gusty winds to blow the scent to hounds, and brace us up. What a jolly month it is! There is plenty, too, to be then heard and seen: the crowing of the pheasants, and the pheasants themselves, as they rise in the covers with a whirr and a rush, as the cooing of the doves or the cawing of the rooks comes to you, and you hear the bleating of the sheep to call back frisking lambs, and all around you the frequent notes of many singing birds; and, as the days get longer, a chirping of chickens, and a humming also of bees, for coming April blossoms. In the lanes, too, are women who are picking sticks, wind-blown there, and teams are moving, and on the upland farms are barley-sowers, for it is a time of lush green grass and juicy stalks, and clustered leaves and sprays, and hidden blossoms. The days are grey days, but there is a nice dewy freshness in the air, and you have a brisk wind blowing.

Then, last of all, is April—doubly enjoyed now that the time is short, the season nearly over!—when we must wait the ripening summer sun, ere autumn comes to tinge the leaves with red, and bring us woodland pleasures once again. What a month is April!—second only in beauty, with its smiles and tears, to "the merry month of May," for there is a burst of young leafage and a breadth of flowers, which sun and shower have brought. Daffodils are in the orchards and the cottage crofts, hyacinths in the woods and copses; primroses and violets—still thick as daisies—scenting the banks and lanes with a flush of white bloom everywhere—plum, pear, and cherry; while on the apple-trees are button-buds for next month's sheet of blossom.

Thus, in all months, while hunting pleasures last, we find somewhat of beauty; thus, in each one, do we enjoy the ride. Besides the scenery, too, which alone suffices for our satisfaction, there are all the varied incidents upon the road—differing with district, and with every month—the folk we chatter to, and those we see; and hence, those morning rides are ever pleasant, and a zest is added, as we get near the "meet," by our social intercourse with the men we know. Such are the pleasures of a ride to hounds; and we enter into the thorough joy of the hunting-field none the less that it so constantly contributes to our love of the country, and to our extreme fondness for the beautiful in Nature. The enjoyment of the day is thereby doubled as we appreciate the sport, and we love the scenery; and whilst our health is improved by it, our perceptive faculties are exercised and gratified. That is where most men gain when they are hunting, as where a few find only sport, they find enjoyment; and thus, instead of limiting the pleasure that they have just to "the run," their pleasure on hunting-days includes it all—the ride to cover, and the ride back home again. What some men miss they see—through observation; a happy faculty that finds full scope throughout the hunting season.

S. B.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—The Christmas Card industry becomes of greater importance year by year. Every available reproductive process, from wood and steel engraving, and etching, to colour printing, chromo-lithography, and photography, is now pressed into service, with results which, in many cases, are beautiful enough. In the demand for novelties which the Christmas Card trade stimulates, there has been a very noticeable tendency to depart more and more from ancient ideals. Many of the cards now published have no suggestion whatever of yule, of blazing logs, of red noses, of corpulent puddings, and impossible joints of beef. All that has been changed, and instead of the rude jollity, and the gross delights of the *gourmand*, we are now invited to contemplate sweetly-shaped little girls innocent of clothing, bright summer landscapes, or sea-scenes, suggestive of long July days. This may be interesting, but it is not Christmas. These tendencies are evident in the collection of cards issued by Messrs. W. A. Mansell and Co. Almost all the cards of this firm have a claim to consideration on the ground of their prettiness and good taste, and they introduce several novelties. Of these, the most noticeable are some natural ferns, seaweed, and flowers, gracefully arranged on good cards. The collection includes, besides these, several sets of engravings and etchings, done up in portfolios. These are intended to be sent as they stand, and the theory is that they are to form acceptable presents, "charming Christmas souvenirs," and must not be regarded as "cards of an ephemeral character only." Messrs. Mansell's collection includes also "sweet landscapes, æsthetic, comical creatures, beautiful faces, gelatine cards," and many others.—From Messrs. Davidson Brothers we have received a creditable set of cards, consisting chiefly of groups of flowers.—Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner have a well-deserved reputation for the manufacture of Christmas cards, and from their catalogue we gather that they have offered 5,000*l.* as prizes for good designs. Messrs. Millais, Marcus Stone, and Storey being the judges. If the cards before us are a fair selection from the prize designs it is quite certain that the designers earned their money very easily. While the designs are fair, and are in many cases well printed, they are all hopelessly conventional; seaweed, roses, and angels, cats, dogs, and children, being the raw material which is worked up over and over again.—Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode present us with a most varied collection, many of them of almost faultless execution, but all open to the same charge of conventionality.—Finally we must mention the cards of Mr. Arthur Ackermann, who sends us some specimens of Frang's American cards. Some of the latter are beautiful as anything of the kind yet made. The colouring is exquisite, and the designs original.



1. Dead Horse Procession Round the Deck.—2. Auction Sale of the Dead Horse.—3. The End of the Dead Horse.

DEAD HORSE FESTIVAL ON BOARD A SAILING-SHIP

With the Indian Contingent in Egypt

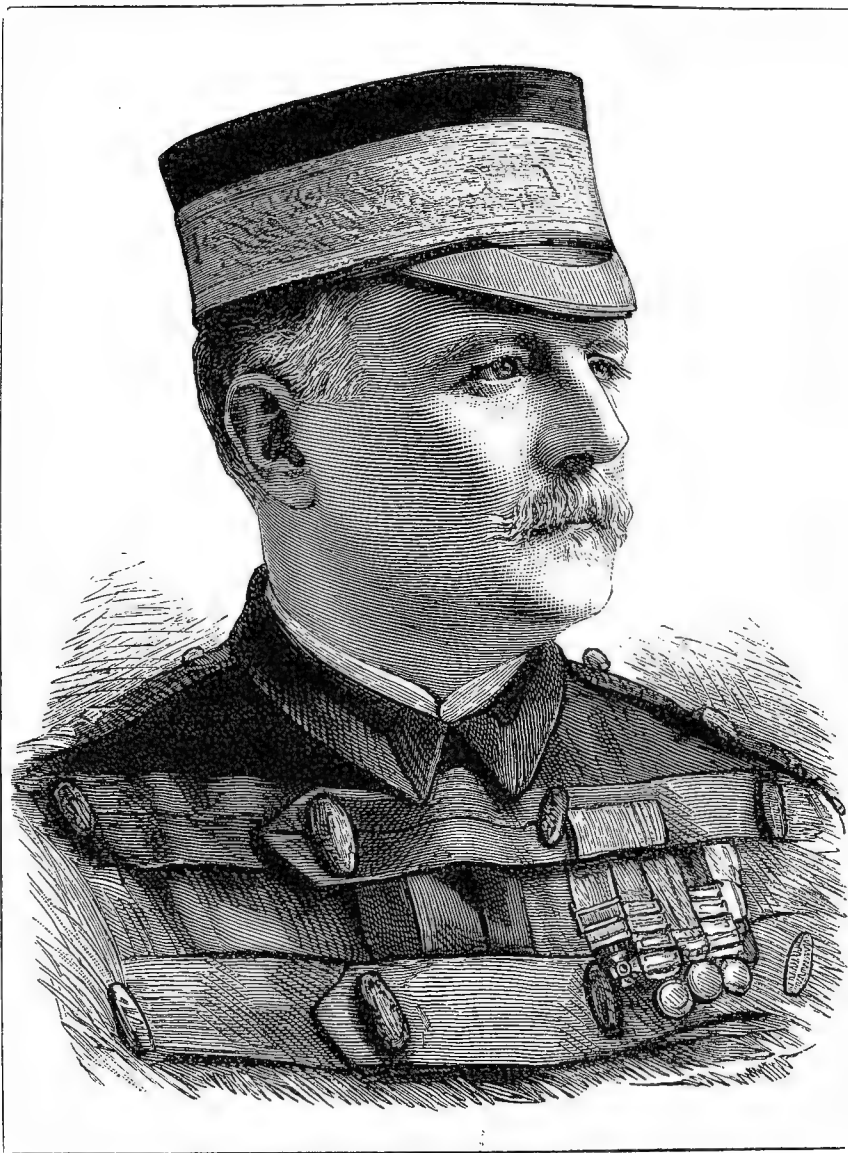
FROM THE NOTE-BOOKS OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS DURING THE LATE CAMPAIGN

STRENGTH OF THE CONTINGENT

WHEN THE CAMPAIGN commenced in Egypt, it was determined to send an Indian Contingent to co-operate with the troops which had been ordered from England. The fine body of men selected for this important and honourable service consisted of one battery of 9-pounders, with 6 officers, 157 men, and the usual complement of horses. There was also a garrison (No. 7-1) of Mountain Battery, carrying 7-pounders worked by mules, the strength of this handy corps being 6 officers and 160 men. The Cavalry was represented by those crack regiments, the Second Bengal Cavalry, the 6th Bengal Cavalry and the 13th Bengal Lancers, each mustering 8 officers and 500 men. Nor must mention be omitted of the four companies of Madras Sappers and Miners, 12 officers and 400 men. The Infantry also were a proud gathering, European and Native emulating each other in eager anxiety to "do and dare." There were the stalwart Highlanders of the Seaforth Regiment (21 officers and 470 men), a corps better known as the good old Seventy-Eighth, which took part in the Persian War of 1856, and subsequently, during the Mutiny of 1857, joined in the memorable actions under Outram, Havelock, and Clyde, which resulted in the recapture of Lucknow, and the subjugation of Oude; the battalion, however, selected on this occasion was formerly the 72nd Regiment, which was engaged in suppressing the Mutiny in Rajputana, and more recently served throughout the Afghan Campaign from the commencement till General Roberts' memorable march and daring victory at Kandahar. Conspicuous also were the Manchester Regiment (21 officers, 1,750 men), the gallant 63rd, who in bygone days served in Egypt, the Peninsula, the Crimea, and in later years took part in the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80.

The gorgeous uniforms of the 7th Bengal Native Infantry, the 20th Bengal Native and the 29th Bombay Native Infantry, or 2nd Beloochees, as they are generally called, added to the picturesque appearance of the Contingent. As these three last-mentioned regiments had each 8 officers and 680 men, the total force amounted in the aggregate to 114 officers and 5,423 men, with the usual complement of followers (3,500), horses (1,700), ponies (840), and mules (about 5,000); most of the latter being required for the use of the Transport Department.

Over and above these troops, the 4th Madras Native Infantry and the 31st Native Infantry were sent to Aden as a reserve, in case their services



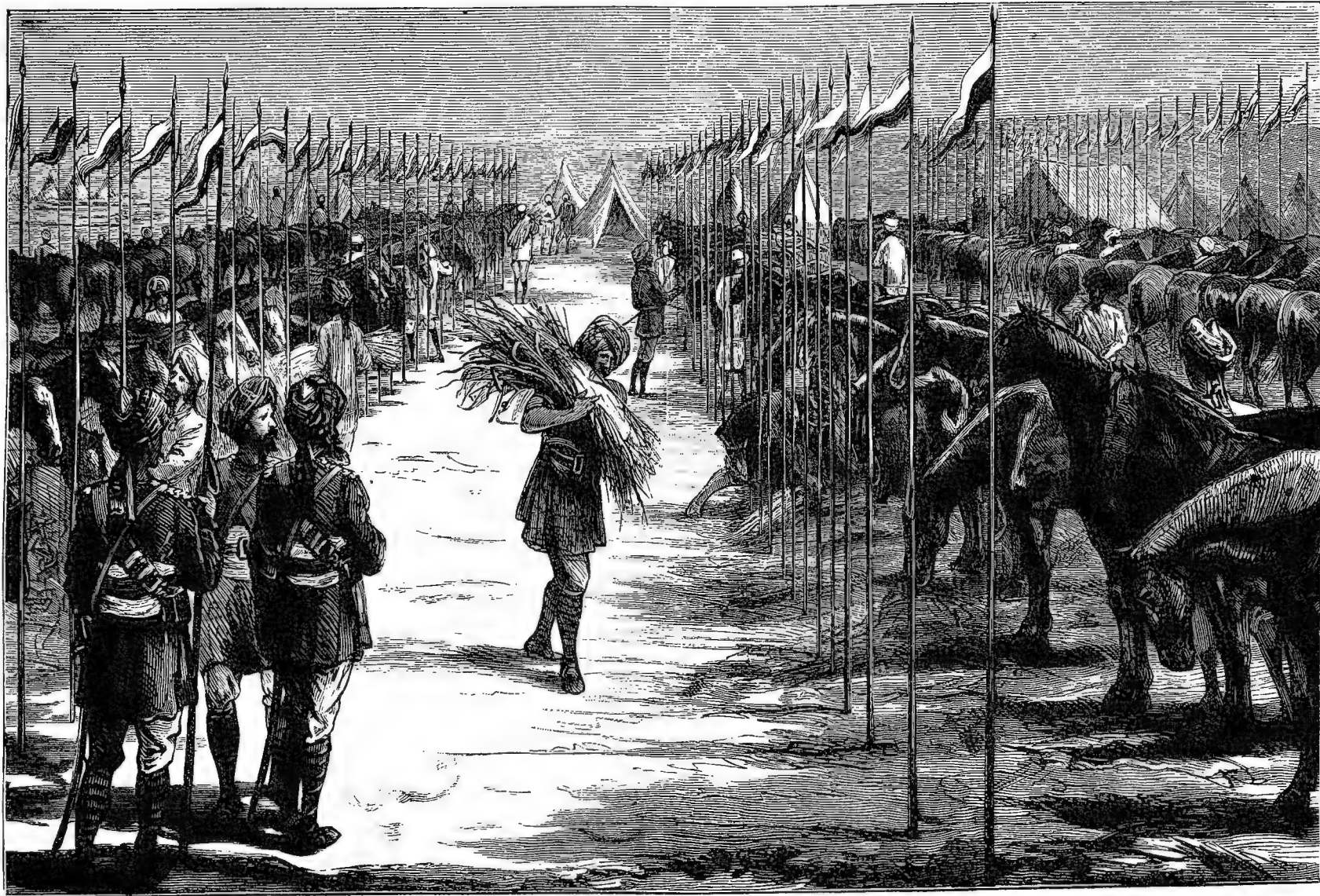
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT T. MACPHERSON, K.C.B., V.C.
Commander of the Indian Contingent During the Recent Campaign in Egypt

should be needed. Though these regiments were composed of the slight Sepoys of Madras, it can never be forgotten that they are the descendants of ancestors whose memories linger in the traditions of Arcot and Wandiwash, in the days when the British Empire in the East needed stalwart defenders and staunch soldiers.

As these troops mustered together, what a strange and medley sight met the eye! Here a lordly Rajput, with the blood of centuries in his veins, joined the hand of fellowship with a wiry Mahomedan worshipper of the Prophet of Arabia; there a denizen of the mountainous regions of the North-West frontier shared the toils and glories of war with a no less bold and intrepid Mahratta from the plains; the fierce Beloochee by the side of the fiery inhabitant of the Punjab; veterans from Sind and warriors from amongst the Poorbeahs who dwell in the country east of the Ganges—what a miscellaneous conglomeration of nationalities and peoples, differing in religion, in habits, in customs, but united in one common bond of loyalty to the person and sway of the Queen-Empress, whose interests they were met to defend! Right truly, as their daring commander, Sir Herbert Macpherson, bearing the coveted Victoria Cross on his bosom, rode along the ranks and scanned the troops entrusted to his care, as he saw the medals flashing on the breasts of well-nigh every veteran who met his eye, he might be proud to have such a magnificent body of men under his orders. With such a General to command—himself as fearless and gallant soldier as ever crossed a charger—with such troops to follow, what enterprise would be too perilous, what attempt too forlorn!

STAFF

THE Infantry Brigade was under the orders of Colonel Tanner, C.B., well known in the East as the hero of Khelat-i-Ghilzai, in Afghanistan, while Brigadier-General Wilkinson, late 16th English Lancers, was at the head of the cavalry; Lieutenant F. C. E. Childers, R.A., and Captain Brett, Aides-de-Camp. The principal officers of the staff were: Major S. D. Barrow, Bengal Staff Corps, Cavalry Brigade Major; Major R. H. Murray, Seaforth Highlanders, Infantry Brigade Major; Major M. J. King-Harman, Bengal Staff Corps, Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Major A. B. Morgan, Norfolk Regiment, Assistant-Adjutant-General; Colonel H. Moore, C.B., C.I.E., Bombay Staff Corps, Assistant-Quartermaster-General (for Intelligence); Colonel J. Browne, C.S.I., R.E., commanding Engineers; Major W. G. Nicholson, R.E., Field Engineer;



A CAMP OF THE THIRTEENTH BENGAL LANCERS

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERBERT JOHNSON

Major H. C. Marsh, Bengal Staff Corps, Provost Marshal; Captain H. H. Pengre, R.A., Commissary of Ordnance; Lieut.-Colonel Lockhart, Bombay Staff Corps, Principal Commissariat Officer; Lieut.-Colonel C. Hayter, Madras Staff Corps, Director of Transport; Deputy-Surgeon-General C. Smith, M.D., Madras Medical Department, Principal Medical Officer.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE VOYAGE TO EGYPT

DEFINITE orders to despatch this body of men were received in India on Tuesday, the 25th July. In the course of twenty-four hours no less than twenty-one steamers were chartered for the conveyance of the troops, and in a week all the preparations were completed. Yet in this short space of time much had been done to consult the health and comfort of the contingent: latrines and cook houses were erected on deck, and temporary deck houses built over the hatches to afford additional light and air to the space between the decks, where the troops and animals were located; horses were placed in single and mules in double stalls; while to crown all, extra port holes were pierced for the purpose of ventilation during the sultry journey through the Red Sea. Added to this, arrangements had to be made for the transport of a large number of mules, the total requirements as regards ships being no less than forty-two.

TROOPS IN CAMP

ON disembarking the troops were moved into camp, where they at once made themselves at home, for not the least advantage attaching to the use of Indian soldiers is their readiness to accommodate themselves to the rough and ready requirements of warfare, not less than the completeness of all branches of the regimental arrangements made by the authorities. An interesting sight was presented by these resolute warriors strolling about the tents, their splendid uniforms lit up with the glare of an Egyptian climate, and their arms flashing in the sun, while the men themselves walked negligently about, thanking their stars that they themselves were once more on *terra firma*, for the Orientals as a rule are in the deepest degree averse to the sea—the "Black Ocean" of their imagination, beyond which is the land of Kahrs, and the abode of "Shaitans." Here and there some of the followers might be seen cooking "chupatties," a sort of cake made of unleavened dough, in universal request in the East; but eventually the troops commenced their evening meal to refresh themselves, and make ready for the duties of the campaign.

PROTECTING THE FRESHWATER CANAL

NOR had they long to wait ere their courage and prowess were put to the test. Meanwhile military arrangements were made for the safety of the camp, and the usual and all-important outposts were established to give alarm in case of any sudden and unexpected attack. The night, however, passed quietly, and on the morning of the 9th of August the Seaforth Highlanders moved from Suez to Chalouf and saved the Freshwater Canal at that point, an important operation, seeing that the safety of the army rested in a large measure, if not entirely, on the protection of that source of water for the troops. The Egyptians were in a work which they had constructed, but their rifle practice was so bad, that while they lost heavily, the Highlanders hardly suffered at all.

ACTION AT TEL-EL-MAHUTA

ON the 22nd of August the head of the Indian column, of which the Seaforth Highlanders may be considered as the advance guard, made its appearance on the Canal. The troops on landing found that their water supply had been cut off by the erection of dams across the canal, and Sir Garnet Wolseley immediately pushed on an advanced guard to seize and destroy the obstruction to the flow of water. On moving out from camp the enemy were found posted in strength in the neighbourhood of Tel-el-Mahuta. On the morning of the 25th the sun shone on deserted intrenchments, and illumined the volumes of smoke sent out by engines dragging heavy trains full of Arabi's soldiers in retreat. The infantry were once more disappointed in their hope of a fight; but the plan of attack was carried out with advantage to the cavalry. The English left rested on the railway and canal, the right was swung round to take the enemy's intrenchments in flank, and the Cavalry Brigade was directed to attack Arabi's force in the rear, and endeavour to capture some of the trains, which were at this time much needed by the British at the front, hungering for lack of transport to carry food to them. The English guns made an end of whatever hesitation still lingered in the hearts of the Egyptians, and a hasty retreat was made—almost too late. As the last trains were preparing to retire, the Cavalry Brigade swooped down on the village of Mahsaneh, dashed into the railway station through flocks of flying Arab soldiers, and succeeded in seizing several trains, the engines for which had unfortunately made their escape. The losses on our side were small—only five killed and twenty-five wounded; the cases of sunstroke were numerous, the 4th Dragoon Guards losing sixteen men from this cause, and the York and Lancaster twenty-five men.

So great was the apparent demoralisation after this action, that Sir Garnet considered himself justified in pushing a cavalry force forward to occupy Kassassin Lock, in advance of Mahuta, and the occupation was completed the next day (the 26th) without opposition. Thus, to secure a supply of water, it had been necessary to thrust forward a force into the heart of the Desert not far short of twenty miles from the Canal at Ismailia.

POSITION OF THE ARMY

THE position of the British army was now somewhat peculiar. General Graham, with the Duke of Cornwall's and York and Lancaster Regiments, about 400 Royal Marine Artillery, small detachments of the 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, amounting together to little over fifty sabres, seventy Mounted Infantry, and two guns of the Royal Horse Artillery, held an advanced position at Kassassin Lock. General Drury-Lowe, with the Household Cavalry, the 7th Dragoon Guards, and the remaining four guns of the N Battery, A Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, remained behind at Mahsaneh, where also was a Battalion of the Royal Marines. The Brigade of Guards, under the Duke of Connaught, was still further back at Tel-el-Mahuta, and part of it, perhaps, even further to the rear.

BATTLE OF KASSASSIN

ABOUT half-past nine on the morning of the 28th the enemy commenced his first attempt to drive back the head of the British column by direct attack. The position of General Graham was not favourable for defence. His troops were astride of the Canal, and, although a bridge existed, the separation of right and left wing was partial in any case, and complete if the force had either to advance or retire. Moreover, on the right of the position, the desert rose to a ridge some 150 feet high, which might easily conceal the movements of an outflanking force.

At twelve o'clock, the enemy, who was gradually learning from us the points in the game of war, opened fire with two heavy guns which he appears to have advanced along the railway upon trucks; but the range was long—about 4,000 yards—and the elevation given to the pieces was insufficient. The shot fell short, and, as was usual with the Egyptian artillery, plunged sullenly in the sand.

At five o'clock reinforcements were perceived coming up to the Egyptians by train, and, at the same time, their cavalry appeared to be advancing on the right. The reserve company of the York and Lancaster was, therefore, deployed to meet the attack. For some time the 13-pounders were worked with great effect upon the enemy; but, unfortunately, the ammunition gave out, and the guns

had to cease firing. No waggons had been brought up by the guns which had joined during the fight, probably on account of the heavy nature of the soil, and previous actions had exhausted the supply of powder and shot. Luckily, a Krupp gun, with its ammunition, had been taken at Mahsaneh, and was now worked by a gun detachment of the Royal Marine Artillery with marked effect, ninety-three rounds being expended during the day. This detachment seemed to bear a charmed life. In front of it, beside it, and behind it fell shrapnel bullets and ragged morsels of shell fired in salvoes by the Egyptian guns; but not a single man was hit during the engagement. The enemy continued to press the attack, especially striving to break through the gap between the Marine Artillery and the Infantry; but the Mounted Infantry and dismounted Dragoons vied with each other in steady resistance and good firing. The Egyptians were very determined, and even pushed detachments across the Canal, which was here five feet or six feet deep; but they were always driven back by the Marine Artillery. At a quarter to seven the enemy had been held back so long, and repulsed so vigorously, that General Graham judged that the moment had come for a counter attack.

Gliding along through the night, the Household Cavalry, 7th Dragoon Guards, and Horse Artillery kept the ridge between them and the enemy until it was time to charge. As they crossed the ridge they were perceived, and a heavy fire was opened upon them, but always too high. The front line cleared out of the way of the guns, which came into action within 400 yards, and enfiladed the Egyptian lines. Sir Baker Russell, who commanded the Brigade, then gave the order to charge, and took care not to remain behind till his horse was killed under him. Cuirassiers and Dragoons rushed on at full speed, swept through the Egyptian guns, and made great slaughter among the infantry. The guns were afterwards carried off by the enemy under cover of the night; but the charge was a grand one, and worthy of the reputation of the British cavalry.

ARRIVAL OF THE MAIN BODY OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT

THE Indian Contingent now continued to arrive in the Suez Canal, and by the 3rd September the whole of the native troops, including the 1st Manchester, had reached their destination, except the 6th Bengal Cavalry, which continued to appear in detachments up to the 14th of September, yet the first batch arrived as early as the 21st of August. On the 5th the Sultan's Proclamation declaring Arabi a rebel was issued at Constantinople, and the Convention was initiated on the 6th, when orders were sent to prepare for the despatch of Turkish troops from Suda Bay. Slight reconnaissances were made once or twice by the enemy, and on the 9th Arabi made a reconnaissance in force, with which he was himself present. It was the anniversary of the original revolt, and it is probable that something more than a reconnaissance was intended by the attack, which was made both by about 8,000 men and 24 guns from the main body and a portion of the detachment which, with feeble strategy, Arabi had pushed out to the terminus at Salahiéh.

A SURPRISE

AT about five in the morning Colonel Pennington, 13th Bengal Lancers, went out with a party about thirty strong, in order to set the vedettes. To his astonishment he found himself suddenly in the presence of three squadrons of the enemy's cavalry and a number of infantry, all advancing in regular attack formation. The Colonel, one of the coolest and least impressionable men in the British army, instead of galloping in, and thus allowing the enemy to fall upon the sleeping camp, dismounted his men, and from behind a ridge poured a galling fire into the Egyptians. Three hostile squadrons, however, advanced to surround him, and being hard pressed he mounted his men and charged the nearest body with such fury that he killed ten of the enemy and took four horses, with the loss of one man only. Then Colonel Macnaghten, the Colonel-Commandant, galloped back to the camp, and soon the rest of the regiment, 400 strong, poured out to the rescue of their comrades, and found a picket of the 19th Hussars, with mounted infantry, already posted side by side with the gallant party. While this affair was proceeding the enemy had been throwing forward his masses, with the evident intention either of rushing on the camp along the railway or of outflanking us on the right. General Graham, however, had already sent off for his well-proved friends, the Household Brigade, who came in gallant array, squadron after squadron, up the slopes from the east, and diverged with a wide sweep to the north, in order, as it was understood, to meet the threatened attack from Salahiéh.

In the course of the morning some of the enemy's troops came a little too near for their own safety, and the Household Cavalry, with a sudden dash, cut down a few men and captured a gun and a standard. Colonel Tulloch, who rode with them, would fain, it is said, have carried them right into the retreating enemy, but the Cavalry Commander, General Drury Lowe, strictly enjoined him to hold his force well in hand.

The approach of a numerous body of infantry down the south bank led to the posting of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, with some Marine Artillery. The former regiment was afterwards withdrawn by General Graham, who conducted the operations during the day, although General Willis, being present, could have taken over the command. During the operations General Graham was greatly assisted by Major Hart, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General, V.C., whose skill and promptitude in marshalling the whole force in battle array in twenty-five minutes greatly contributed to the success of the day. The enemy's main attack appeared to be directed along the railway straight for the camp, but the steady, well-aimed fire of the Royal Marines, the King's Rifle Corps, and the York and Lancaster Regiment effectually checked the attempt, and in a very short time the enemy was in full retreat on his works.

REST

ON the 9th, the day of the action, the head-quarters were established at the front. The Highland Brigade commenced its march. The Guards were brought up, and the whole force with which it was intended to strike was concentrated on the spot by the 11th. The men were allowed to rest for one day.

RECONNOITRING

ON the 11th and 12th Sir Garnet Wolseley reconnoitred the two sides of the enemy's position. He saw before him a line of entrenchments some four miles long, soft earthworks with hurdle revetments. At intervals along the line redoubts mounted with guns were placed to deliver both front and flanking fire, and connected by trenches. In support of the front line were redoubts, which were especially strong towards the right centre of the position, both because they crowned natural elevations and because they had been strengthened by art. The flanks were protected by similar works, an intrenched front line, and redoubts. They were probably unassailable by cavalry. Behind these works lay an Egyptian force, the strength of which could only be estimated by the fact that 18,000 rations were issued the day before for the regular troops, and 7,000 for irregulars. But the strength of his enemy was only known vaguely to Sir Garnet Wolseley. The practical facts before him were—the works, the knowledge that they were fully occupied, that there was also a detachment at Salahiéh, and the certainty that the enemy would be informed of all his movements by spies. The experience of an Egyptian sun on the desert sands had shown that though English troops could fight and conquer in the heat of the day, the hard task before them had better be performed in the cool hours of the morn-

ing. To save his troops, to deceive the prying eyes of the enemy, and to seize the best moment for an assault, Sir Garnet decided to move under cover of the night, and commence his attack before daylight.

BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

ACCORDINGLY, on the morning of the 13th of September the troops struck tents preparatory to marching to the final attack of Tel-el-Kebir, the stronghold of Arabi Pasha. Shortly after three o'clock, amidst the darkness and stillness of the night, guided only by the stars, the march forward commenced, the solemn silence being broken by the tramp of the men and an occasional cry of command. So matters continued till the first glimmer in the east heralded the rise of the sun, when suddenly the boom of a gun betrayed signs of the enemy, whose presence was further evidenced by the flashes from the redoubts, followed by shells in every direction. General Macpherson, standing on an eminence from which a complete view of the surrounding desert could be obtained, had a narrow escape, owing to the bursting of a shell close above his head.

The Egyptian infantry clustered thickly on the parapets of the redoubts, and poured down the slopes into the trenches. Hundreds of them, lying down, plied the head of the advancing brigade with fire. The young soldiers deployed with perfect steadiness, and advanced by sections, alternately lying down to fire and making short rushes towards the enemy's position, always under full control of their officers. As they came near the trenches they gathered themselves together, and, without an instant's hesitation, leaped into the midst of the enemy. Bayonet and butt were plied with deadly effect, and the second line, rushing down to join their comrades, found the trenches full of dead and wounded Arabs. The first line of the Egyptian defences was captured, with its redoubts. A stronger fort lay behind, still occupied heavily by the enemy, and armed with twelve guns. Line after line of shelter trenches stood further on. The men cheered again, climbed the mound and the parapet of the fort, and bayoneted the gunners at their guns. A quarter of an hour or twenty minutes from the first great rush after the firing advance sufficed to place the intrenchments, with their supporting redoubts, in the hands of the English troops.

Towards the left of the British line the Highlanders advanced with a steadiness not to be surpassed. Not a shot was fired until they were within 300 yards of the enemy's position, and then came a burst of flame which broke out at once along the whole Egyptian line. But at this point the enemy fired wildly. The Highlanders cheered, and dashed forward to the shrill music of their pipes. The first line of intrenchments was carried with a rush, and the men found themselves in presence of a second line, which had to be carried. Like their comrades on the right during the first advance, the Highlanders pushed on for a time slowly and firing steadily, then cheered again, and rushed into the inner redoubt.

PURSUIT BY THE CAVALRY

THE resistance of the Egyptians failed from that moment, and the battle was virtually over—the battle, but not the pursuit. The Egyptian regiments, mingled together in one wild and disastrous retreat, had no rest given to them, no chance of rallying for a moment, for now it was the turn of the cavalry, which, sweeping round from the north, cut to pieces the tide of fugitives. The same gallant spirit and events of the same character were seen in other parts of the field. The 4th Brigade attacked boldly and suffered heavy losses, and the Artillery did its part with its usual devotion; 58 guns were captured, 12 of which fell to the lot of the Indian Contingent.

CAPTURE OF TRAINS

WITHOUT delaying a moment the troops were pushed on to Zagazig, where they arrived about 4 P.M. Proceeding direct to the railway station without a halt, they captured five trains full of soldiers, who, on seeing the approach of the British troops, leaped from the carriages, and, throwing away their arms, made good their escape. A seventh train was just disappearing in the distance as General Macpherson's men entered the station.

END OF THE CAMPAIGN

THE war was now at an end, the rebel army being thoroughly demoralised, and Arabi Pasha a fugitive without influence or following, while the occupation of Cairo brought the military operations to a successful termination. The native troops were collected together at 6 P.M., having marched more than thirty miles over sandy roads under an Egyptian sun and fought a victorious battle within the space of sixteen hours! Well might the Viceroy of India congratulate the Indian contingent as having "added fresh lustre to the reputation of the Indian army." Well might the Indian Government issue a notification expressing their gratification at the fact that "the Indian Contingent had taken an honourable and important part in these operations, and has fully maintained the reputation and prestige of the Indian army." This was gratifying, but far above all these stands forth the important consideration that the events of the Egyptian campaign have shown in a way not open to misconception that the troops of Hindustan are the troops of the British Empire—that the foes of England are the foes of India—and that they who dare insult the honour or touch the interest of our nation and isle must lay their count not only to cope with the power and might of this country, but to measure swords with the thousands of warriors of the East ever ready to serve their Queen and defend her dominions. This is a lesson of the Egyptian campaign which will not be easily forgotten or lightly overlooked. The 13th September may not improbably have altered the pages of the world's history.

THE STREETS OF CAIRO

A CURIOUS town is Cairo. A perfect kaleidoscope of human beings with every form and variety of dress, costume, and fashion. The people are, moreover, always on the move. To remain quiet at home seems an utter impossibility. It has been said that the complexions of the people, their faces and their skins, as one sees them here and there under the floating dresses, show every tint that the human frame is capable of presenting, and that out of Cairo one never realises how many actual colours may be painted by Nature on the human form. The jet black of the Nubians stands out, perhaps, in its sharpest contrast against some of the paler and fairer faces of the European races, but it is scarcely more different from them than it is from the distinctly yellow tint of some of the Asian tribes, nor that again more different from white and black than it is from the rich copper tint which here and there more than justifies Sir F. Leighton's picture in the late Academy, or the copper-coloured boatman of the Grosvenor. One would say that for years all the races of Europe, especially the olive-tinted peoples of Greece and Italy, had been here mingling their blood with Circassian, Armenian, Cashmerian, Turk, Arab, Abyssinian, Negro, and every other race that has peculiarity of feature or of colouring, till the combinations of all these, in every conceivable variety, have produced a city population in which scarcely two chance passengers can claim to belong of strict descent to the same stem, no matter how wide the nationality comprised within it. But at this time the bustling city is more than usually bustling. The smallest of boys and girls are scuttling through the streets, either on errands of curiosity or pressing some small ware of sugar-plums, sweetmeat, water, or what not upon the other passers-by. Runners gaudily decked out, their dressing-gowns girdled in with richly-coloured bands, and their nightshirts elaborately braided, are rushing stick in hand in the middle of the streets to clear the way for the carriages of harem ladies, or of the

common-place gentry of the towns. Donkeys with loads, donkeys with riders, donkeys with loads and riders above the loads, are whipped up behind runners to a pace that no Blackheath donkey ever touched. Horses in every shape and form are being ridden and driven by men and women in the dressing-gown floating garb. Towering above all are the necks of the big camels, their loads, and the riders above the loads. Realise, too, that the stream as it jostles along in both directions is passing between pavements alive with human beings, whose dresses and colouring have the same floating form and the same endless variety of colour. Throw down over it all the sharp lights and shades of a semi-tropical sun, and conceive if you can a vision that shall at once be more full of life, and yet be less susceptible of being at any moment caught and represented on canvas.

THE NATIVE TROOPS IN CAIRO

IN the midst of this tumultuous concourse of people there appear the swarthy faces and the picturesque uniforms of the troops from India, while ever and anon some enthusiastic follower of the Prophet is to be seen fraternising with his Moslem brethren from the sunny plains of Hindustan. The stalwart frames too of the British Life Guards lent to the scene an indescribable air of mingled dignity, grandeur, and artistic effect—an effect again heightened by the, to the people of Cairo, incomprehensible costume of the Highlanders, who seemed in the eyes of the astonished natives the personification of fierceness and majesty.

THE REVIEW BEFORE THE KHEDIVE

BUT gay as is the scene, the city was destined to witness a sight such as tried the memory of the oldest inhabitants. There was to be a Review of the gallant British troops, who in twenty short minutes had scattered to the winds the hopes and aspirations of the rebel Arabi, now witnessing from his prison window the gathering of the army.

On the morning of the 1st October the Palace of Abdin—the ordinary official residence of the Khédive—was filled to repletion with soldiers, while the house itself was thronged with persons anxious to catch a sight of the terrible Faringis who had taught the Egyptians such a lesson.

The Viceroy's wife, too, faithful to him alike in the hour of danger and of triumph, was watching with her children from the harem; and it may here be mentioned that Tewfik Pasha—much to the disgust of the people over whom he rules—has not availed himself of the permission accorded by Mahomedan law of having four wives, an omission on his part which has occasioned him no inconsiderable degree of unpopularity. An eye-witness has described the scene in graphic language which cannot fail to excite interest and gratify curiosity:—

"Facing the Palace was a temporary stand, surmounted by the British Royal Standard, in the centre compartment of which were the Khédive in uniform, wearing the Star of India, all the Ministers, Sheriff with the same decoration, Kiaz with the Order of St. Michael and St. George, Sir Beauchamp Seymour with the Sash of the Osmanieh just appearing through his uniform, Sheikh El-Azhar, Sheikh Saddat, and other loyal Ulemas with golden turbans, Sir E. Malet with the Staff, and representatives of the other five Great Powers and Sweden, all in uniform. Two wings of the stand were appropriated to five hundred chosen guests, chiefly European. Before the stand floated the Union Jack as saluting point, and by its side was Sir Garnet Wolseley, not yet looking well, and his face almost hidden in his solah topee, mounted on a bay charger, with General Sir John Adye on his left and Aide-de-Camp Captain Wardrop on his right."

THE MARCH PAST

PRECISELY at four the Royal Horse Artillery appeared from the south of the square, and to the tune, "We'll May the Keel Row," played by the band, the 2nd Brigade trotted jauntily past, followed quickly by General Drury-Lowe with the Household Cavalry, and the 4th and 7th Dragoons, with drawn sabres glittering in the sun, and the Mounted Infantry. The trotting of the huge chargers was excellent, and called forth no little admiration. The effect was heightened when the Indian Cavalry, with their restive Arabs, with difficulty restrained from breaking into a gallop, followed. First came the Punjabis in their sombre uniform; "Eight of them took Zagazig," remarked a bystander; "And two of them pushed forward, capturing five trains," replied another.

Then followed the 6th Bengal Cavalry and the 13th Bengal Lancers, with fluttering red and blue pennons. "Look how they glare at the Khédive," said some one. They had been ordered to pass "eyes left," and the conscientious manner in which they obeyed orders, not only fixing Tewfik as they passed, but keeping their eyes on him over their shoulders even after they had passed, justified the expression. The heavy Field Artillery brought up the rear of this division, consisting of 4,320 horses and sixty guns. They took twenty minutes to pass at a brisk trot.

Without a moment's hesitation was heard the steady tramp of the Naval Brigade, some 350 strong, led by Captains FitzRoy and Henderson and Lieutenant Poore. The British tar seems as much a favourite with foreigners as at home. Our naval superiority, perhaps, is less grudgingly admitted, and it was something more than their march, perfect as it was, which elicited the first cheer of "Bravo, blue-jackets." Their adaptability and good-humoured willingness for every sort of work have earned them golden opinions, and it was a decided compliment paid by Sir Garnet Wolseley to place them and the Royal Marine Artillery between two arms of the sister service. The Garrison Artillery and the Engineer companies followed.

A change of the band to "The British Grenadiers" prepared the spectators for the appearance of the 1st Brigade, the Duke of Connaught, wearing the Osmanieh, at their head, looking very different from when last seen two days ago, when literally putting his shoulder to the wheels of railway trucks. He worked like a navvy, not only leading, but physically helping his men to remove the carriages from the scene of the explosion. The Grenadiers, Scots, and Coldstreams marched as they always march. The Duke left the Brigade, rode to the staff, saluted the Khédive, and took his place beside the Commander-in-Chief and Divisional General Willis.

Graham's Brigade followed next: two battalions of the Royal Irish, dressed in new khaki uniforms, which had only arrived after the necessity for them had expired. Then the York and Lancaster and Irish Fusiliers in red, the officers of the latter with mourning crape round their arms, in compliment to their late Colonel, Beasley. The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry followed them, with the Post Office Corps and the Marine Battalion, whose red tunics were set off by their snow-white trousers.

These regiments brought up the rear of the First Division at ten minutes to five. General Willis saluted, and followed his Division, to be replaced by General Hamley, who, literally covered with medals, led past a company of Engineers, who were attended by a very small dog keeping step and executing manœuvres with all the precision of an old campaigner.

The band stopped, pipes and drums were heard, and a whisper of "Scozesi diabolici nudi" spread through the crowd, as the appearance of a one-armed General, conspicuous by his inability to salute otherwise than by a graceful bow, announced the arrival of Sir A. Alison and his Highland Brigade. The General, who wore a sprig of native heather in his helmet, enjoys almost as much popularity with the natives as with his own Brigade, and, rightly or wrongly, the idea has got abroad that the Highlanders, who bore the brunt of the fighting, who were the first in the trenches and

who suffered most severely, have been rather ungenerously ignored in official despatches. At all events, the crowd seemed disposed to grant unofficial honours; for the second cheer of the day was accorded to the Black Watch, easily distinguishable by their red plumes and led by Colonel Macpherson, also sporting the heather. The Gordon Highlanders followed, some companies, without officers, telling their melancholy tale, then the Cameron Highlanders and the 2nd Highland Light Infantry, whose perfect marching was conspicuous where all did well.

Next came Sir Evelyn Wood, looking thin and worn, with, perhaps, the least conspicuous, but not the least trying part of the campaign, followed by his brigade, the Sussex, Shropshire, and Staffordshire Regiments, and the King's Royal Rifle Corps completing the Second Division, at twenty minutes past five.

General Hamley saluted and followed his Division.

THE INDIAN DIVISION

THE Indian Division alone remained. General Macpherson passed, and took up his place at the saluting point. First came a mountain battery. The hardy little animals with their formidable load excited general interest; then followed the Madras Sappers, grim and stern, they, too, flashing their eyes at the Khédive in a manner calculated to produce nightmare. The English and Native bands joined and played in unison "Blue Bonnets over the Border," as the Seaforth Highlanders, attached to this Division, every man with two or more medals, the heroes of the march to Candahar, marched past as only English soldiers can. The 7th Native Infantry carried past their colours fluttering in the wind, then another regiment of Punjabis, and, last, the black and red uniformed Beloochees, tall, strapping men, with their colours torn to shreds, follow by jabbering bheesties, or water-carriers, gesticulating like monkeys, and pointing out the Khédive to each other with an utter absence of self-consciousness.

As the last of our Native soldiers passed an Italian heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Poveri Egiziani! If you had only seen them before, instead of after!"

THE INDIAN CONTINGENT IN ENGLAND

IT having been decided by the authorities that a select number of men chosen from each of the regiments which served in Egypt should visit this country, on the morning of the 8th of November the dusky faces of our Indian warriors were seen wending their way across the jetty in Portsmouth Dockyard. The material bearing and picturesque uniforms were commented on with much admiration by the few spectators assembled on the jetty. The fierce soldierly-looking Beloochees, whose stalwart forms were well set off by the Zouave dress, consisting of dark tunic, scarlet trousers, and white gaiters, presented a marked contrast to the others, whose garb was much more Oriental. The broad-shouldered Bengal Cavalry and the active Punjab infantry, however, received an equal share of attention, and all were evidently pleased by the warmth of their welcome. The crowds outside cheered lustily, and continued to show great interest in the proceedings throughout. The contingent numbers altogether thirty-three, of whom thirteen are officers. The men now in our midst are as follows:—Ressaldars Mahomed Reza Khan and Narain Khan belong to the 2nd Bengal Cavalry, the headquarters of which are Lucknow; one-third are Sikhs, one-third Brahmans, Rajputs, and Jats (a subdivision of Rajputs), and one-third Hindustani Mohammedans. The representatives of the 6th Bengal Cavalry are Ressaldar-Major Tahour Khan and Jemadar Mehtab Singh. The 13th Bengal Lancers, a regiment partly Sikh and partly Punjabis, raised by General Watson, bear on their colours the records of service in the mutiny and the late campaigns in Afghanistan. Ressaldar-Major Hussein Ali Khan, with five medals on his breast, and Ressaldar Urbell Singh, Afghan medal, wear the uniform of this fine and popular regiment, of which I.I.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is honorary colonel. Subadar Jai Ram, of the Madras Sappers and Miners, will easily be distinguished by his peculiar headdress, which is totally distinct from that worn by his comrades in arms. The 7th Bengal Native Infantry (Subadars Goordutt Singh and Chuttur Sing) are chiefly Poorbeahs, or natives of the country east of the Ganges as far as Behar. This is not the first occasion they have served out of India, having been in China in 1857, at which period they were known as the 47th Native Infantry. They are one-eighth Sikhs, two-eighths Hindustani Mohammedans, and five-eighths Hindustanis, Brahmans, and Rajputs. The 20th Bengal (Punjab) Native Infantry dates back to the Mutiny of 1857, owing its origin to the efforts of Sir Charles Brownlow. Half Sikhs and half Pathans (Mohammedans), it was selected for service in the Afghan campaign, when it acquitted itself with much distinction. It is represented by Subadar-Major Mowlad Khan and Jemadar Bainta, both wearing the Afghan medal. It is worthy of remark that the Punjabis had never been afloat before—indeed, only seven out of the whole number had ever seen the sea previous to their arrival at Karachi; yet so eager were they to go on service, and so great was the enthusiasm among them, that when a short break-down on the railway occurred on their downward journey they became so disheartened that the Subadar-Major, in the name of the regiment, waited on the Colonel to beg that they might be allowed to march to Egypt. The 29th Bombay Native Infantry (better known as the 2nd Beloochee Regiment), represented by Subadar Peer Bux and Jemadar Zuman Khan, are one-third Mohammedans from the Bombay provinces and two-thirds Punjabis and Border Mohammedans. The two men selected to come to England served through the Afghan War, and wear the medal for that campaign.

RECEPTION BY LORD HARTINGTON

ON the 9th of November our Indian visitors were received by the Secretary of State for India in the Council Room of the India Office. As they passed through Downing Street at twelve o'clock they were loudly cheered by a great number of persons who had collected to see them alight at the entrance to the India Office. Most of the officials of the India Office and many members of the Indian Service were collected in the corridors as they passed to the Council Room. Having divested themselves of their heavy overcoats, which they have found necessary to wear since their arrival in England, they were drawn up upon two sides of the room, the officers being on the left, and the non-commissioned officers and men on the right. Among those present in the room, and who entered into conversation with the men, many of whom they knew personally, were the following:—Viscount Enfield, Under Secretary of State; Sir Louis Mallet, Permanent Under Secretary of State; and the following members of the Indian Council:—Sir H. Norman, Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir H. Rawlinson, Sir Frederick Halliday, Sir B. Ellis, Mr. Cassells, Sir William Muir, Colonel Yule, Mr. Dalryell, General Foster, General Strachey, Mr. Bertram Currie, and Sir Ashley Eden. Lord Hartington entered the room at a quarter to one o'clock, accompanied by Sir Herbert Macpherson, the general who commanded the Indian Contingent in Egypt, General Allen Johnson, and Mr. Hobart, Private Secretary.

It was, indeed, a curious sight: in one corner of the room might be seen a veteran Sikh, who had fought against us in bygone years, rehearsing his deeds of prowess to a sympathising knot of ex-Indian officials, with a former Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab at their head; in another nook a Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal of yore comparing notes with men who, like himself, could remember the good old times when Local Self-Government and High Education were things not within a "measurable distance" of practical politics; here again an English General was welcoming faces familiar to him in the days when an Empire was in the balance—the memorable days of 1857—the sorest trial which our country ever

has undergone since good Queen Bess first incorporated the Company of East India Merchants whose enterprise and ardour bequeathed to the nation the marvellous heritage of the Queen's Eastern Empire. When Lord Hartington appeared on the scene, and the men were severally introduced to the "Lord Sahib of India," what strange feelings of astonishment and surprise, had he been present in the flesh, would have filled the breast of that large-minded statesman, the first and most illustrious Governor-General of India, he whose portrait lends to the Council Room of the State that dignity and respect which attaches to the great name of Warren Hastings.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY

AFTER the reception was over the Indians were taken to the Admiralty, from the portico of which they witnessed a sight peculiar to England, for it chanced to be Lord Mayor's Day. The strange costumes in that procession, the display of finery and tinsel, the quaint old coach which carried the Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis, must have struck with astonishment Orientals accustomed to see Englishmen attired in more sombre and unpretentious attire, while their own uniforms, so gay, so picturesque, were the centre of attraction to the seething mass of humanity who crowded the thoroughfare where our Indian visitors were the centre of attraction.

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY, &c.

ON Saturday morning most of the party left Sutherland House* in three small hired omnibuses, and proceeded to the National Gallery. Before reaching this spot, they had called on Sir Frederick Haynes, late Commander-in-Chief in India, at his club, the Senior United Service. Sir Frederick received them in the kindest manner, introduced them to several members who have fought in India, and went with them to see the collection of pictures. The native Bengali officers were presented to the authorities of the Gallery before being conducted round the collection of pictures. It was not easy to discover what class of art most interested the visitors. Probably those early Italian paintings which, by their formal arrangement, rigidity of drawing, and hardness of detail, come nearest in character to the traditional art of the East, most directly appealed to their recollections and understandings.

In the evening a visit was paid to Drury Lane Theatre, where, though the purport of the drama, *Pluck*, was only intelligible to a few of the party, the main incidents, and especially the railway catastrophe, excited their astonishment and admiration. After the act in which this occurs Mr. Augustus Harris took the Indian visitors behind the scenes.

On Sunday, at half-past one, the party at Sutherland House drove thence in two omnibuses to the Zoological Gardens, accompanied by Colonel Pennington and Captain McBay. On entering, they were received by Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent, who showed them over the grounds.

Such are the Indian Contingent, such the men, such their deeds. They have nobly and gloriously acquitted themselves in the burning sands of Egypt defending the interests of their Queen. They have fought and bled for the honour of their Empress, and they have shown that the blood which ran in the veins of their ancestors in the times when Clive led them on to victory has remained pure and untainted during the course of many decades; and amidst the finest troops of which this country can boast none are more gallant, none more loyal, none more zealous than the swarthy and faithful soldiers of the Indian Contingent.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT T. MACPHERSON, K.C.B., V.C.

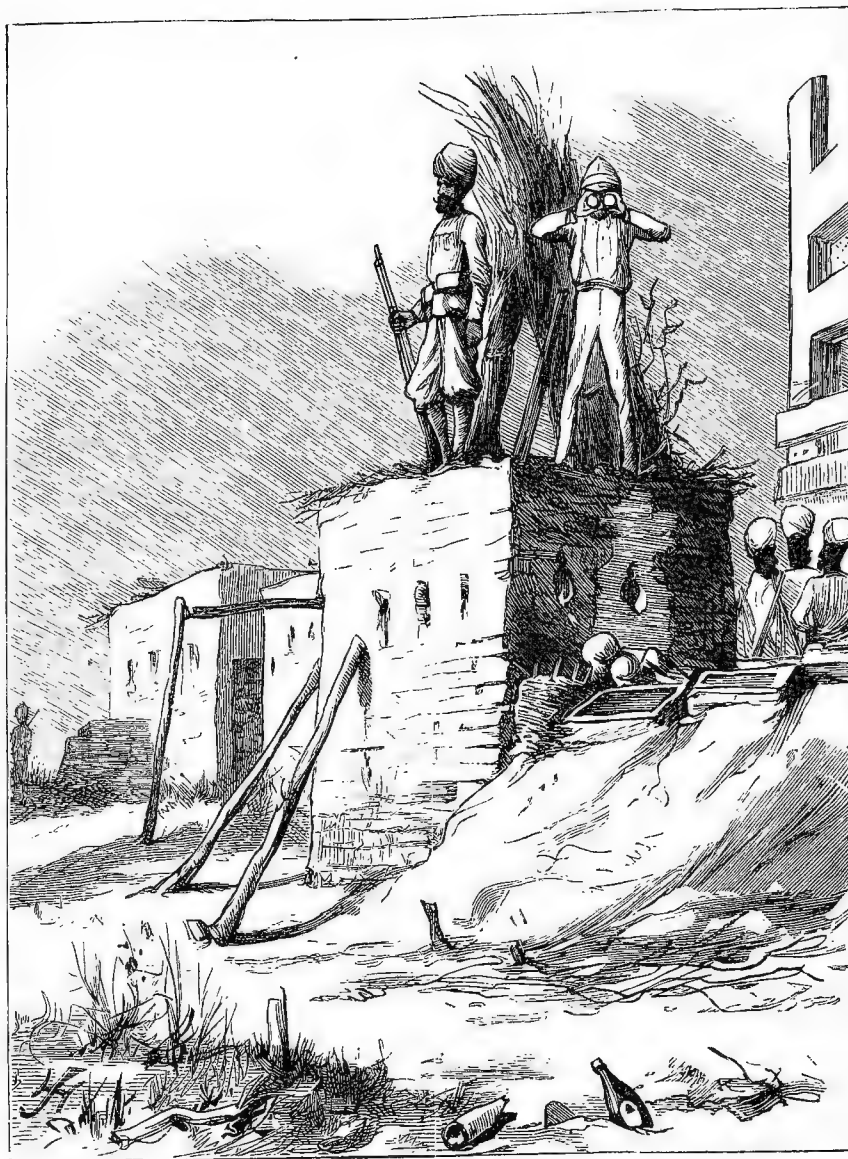
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT T. MACPHERSON commenced his career in the 78th Highlanders, and in 1851 served in a political capacity at Lahore, in the vicinity of Aden. On the outbreak of the war in Persia in 1856 he accompanied his regiment as adjutant, and took part in the expedition to Barazjoon, the night attack and battle of Koorshbo, and the bombardment of Moomrah—medal and clasp. Scarce had the troops withdrawn from the Shah's dominions than the terrible Mutiny broke out in India, and Captain Macpherson was attached to Sir Henry Havelock's column, as Adjutant to the 78th Foot. He was wounded in the battle of Oonao, and was present at various actions too numerous to mention. During the operations which resulted in the Relief of Lucknow he was wounded, and his horse killed under him. It was on this occasion that he gained the coveted V.C., so precious in the eyes of every son of Mars. Major Macpherson subsequently served throughout the whole of the trying period during which a few handfuls of British troops had to defend Lucknow against teeming thousands of native Rebels, and later he accompanied Sir James Outram's force when defending itself at Alumbagh against repeated attacks of the enemy. He was dangerously wounded while Brigade-Major to Sir John Douglas, who conducted the operations ending in the final capture of Lucknow. For this arduous and meritorious service he received a medal and clasp in addition to a year's service. For seven years Major Macpherson saw no active service before the enemy, but in 1864 he commanded the 2nd (now Prince of Wales's Own) Goorkhas in one of the frontier wars in India, while in 1868 he was present with the same troops during the Hazara and Black Mountain Campaign, when another clasp, this time accompanied by the coveted distinction of a C.B., was added to his already well-decked breast. In 1871-2 an expeditionary column was sent under the orders of Sir Charles Brownlow into the Looshai county; to this Major Macpherson was attached, and gained yet another medal. Passing by his services during the minor Jowaki campaign in 1877, the following year afforded our hero the opportunity of winning his spurs during the Afghan War of 1878-9, from which he emerged Sir Herbert Macpherson, K.C.B., one of the most dashing commanders of the day. Returning to India, he was shortly gazetted to a divisional command. His recent selection as head of the Contingent of Native troops ordered for Egypt is well known; it will suffice to say that his knightly escutcheon received fresh lustre from the gallant exploits associated in the memory of the nation with the hero of Zagazig.

The foregoing narrative is compiled by Mr. A. N. Wollaston, of the India Office, who desires to express his obligations to the correspondents of several of our daily contemporaries for the assistance derived from their letters.

NOSES

IT is said that the number of dogs in Constantinople was once upon a time so great that some ten thousand of them were sent to a desert isle in the Bosphorus with provisions for three days, and that before leaving them there, an Inam or Muslim clergyman delivered to them with all due formality a pious address, exhorting them to patience and resignation. There is little more in the way of comfort that can be done for the unlucky owners of abnormal noses. That prominence on the face of man which is defined in dictionaries as the organ of scent and the enunciatory of the brain must be allowed, in spite of all patent nose-shaping instruments devised by human ingenuity, to grow into the form, however monstrous, intended for it by nature. For the lord of such a nose, as, in the words of the poet, awakes the hushed amaze of hand and eye, there is no remedy and but small consolation. Despair sticks fast to that man's side, and it only remains to him to cry out with Balbus that it is all over with the Republic. He must set his face like a flint against the jibes of his fellow-men. Things have altered little for the

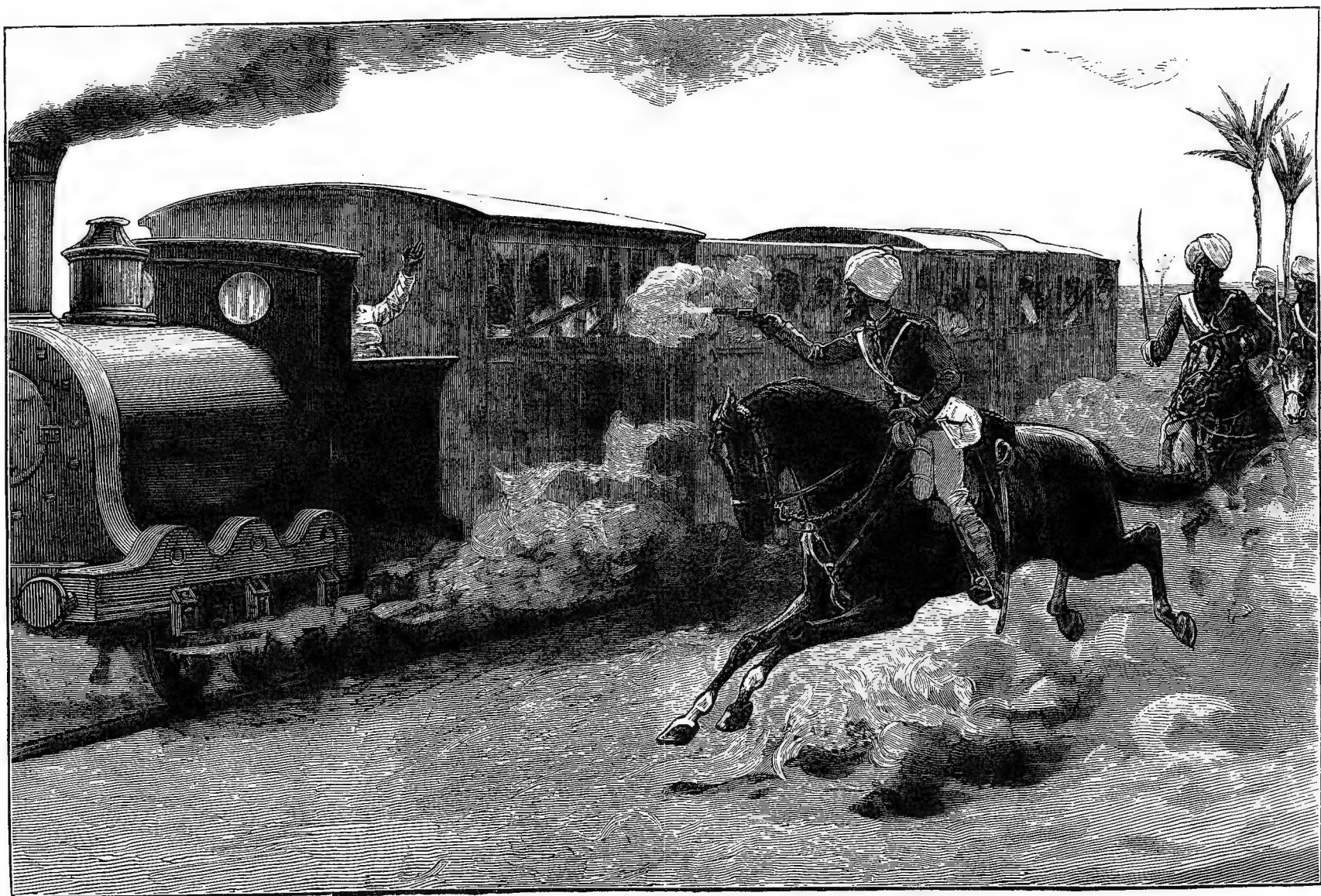
better since, in the days of Erasmus, Pamphilus was so mercilessly chaffed by Cocles. But Cocles was endowed with a rare imagination. It is not given to the wit of every one to speak of a big Roman nose as an extinguisher to put out the candle, a bellows to blow up the fire, or a grappling instrument in a naval engagement. Not to every one would it occur to compare it with a wedge, a trumpet, a spade, a sickle, an anchor, or a meat-hook. And, indeed, it is very fortunate for us in other matters besides noses that fertility of good humour in our friends is so often accompanied by barrenness of fancy. The philosopher may anticipate the jest in the mouth of others by laughing at his nose himself. Olivier Basselin, in his "Vaux-de-Vire," though he has not ventured to write verses on the noses of any of his friends, has written them on his own. He has made free with it, as he had a right to do. He has likened it to a cherry, a ruby, and the wattle of a turkey-cock, and so far is this Norman Anacreon from being ashamed of its size, that he expresses his gladness that it looks still larger when seen through the medium of a glass goblet. If, instead of laughing *malis alienis*, the owner of an unusual nose chooses to defend that feature, he may find ammunition enough and to spare in the pages of the physiognomists. Literary disputes about the moral characters indicated by noses have been loud and frequent before to-day. Long and short-nosed writers, writers with noses like the beaks of eagles, and with noses like the ace of clubs, have displayed to us battle-fields as fair as any chronicled by Villehardouin or Froissart. Every sort of nose has been in its turn the champion and outward sign of every sort of excellence. It was the perception of the point of long noses being too loosely handled by all that had gone before him, which induced the celebrated Hassen Slawkenberg to write his own gigantic folio on the subject. This regular institute of noses comprehends, as Sterne has assured us, all that is or can be needful to be known about noses of any kind. But the work of Slawkenbergius is unfortunately rare, and the mystic and moral sense of his words has been as yet insufficiently explained. That some mystic and moral sense is intended for the acceptance of the learned by Slawkenbergius, is as certain as the existence of the subtle inner meaning which has been extracted for us by the labour of commentators on Shakespeare. "Mayhap," said Mr. Shandy, "there is more meant than is said in it. Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing." "Give me," said the great Napoleon, "a man with a good allowance of



AN OUTPOST

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson

nose." This sentence of the experienced Emperor supports the doctrine of those who credit the big-nosed with numerous virtues. Martial's Tongilianus, who, according to one version of an epigram of that poet, was nothing but nose, must have been one of the best of men if we are justified in concluding that the number of virtues increase in proportion to the size of that organ. There are, however, certain vices to be set in the opposite scale. A celebrated German lawyer of the sixteenth century has a learned disquisition on the theme, "Can it be presumed that a young woman is ill-tempered because she has a long pointed nose?" This question, which is of some importance to those about to marry, he appears to have decided in the affirmative. He supposes that ladies with long-pointed noses possess a more acute scent, and inhaling the air with greater ease and celerity, are more readily moved to wrath, as is the case with dogs, which, surpassing other animals in smell, are also more quick to anger. But what, it may be reasonably asked, if the moral character depends to such an extent upon the nose, is the result of the loss of it? Tycho Brahe had a good-sized nose, but was unluckily deprived of it in a duel. Upon this he made himself another of 18-carat gold, not to disgrace the order of his nobility, like the precious leg of Miss Kilmansegg. But history has given no intimation that his previous disposition was in any way changed. Jean Craon, known as *nez d'argent*, was a Professor of *litera humaniores* at the University of Rheims in the middle of the sixteenth century. This erudite gentleman, a brave soldier in the numerous army of philosophic martyrs, was hanged and burnt at Paris. He was accused, like Socrates, of corrupting youth by heretical doctrine. But he could scarcely have followed his own nose to the gibbet. For he had lost it long before like Tycho Brahe in a skirmish, and had a silver one made for him by the celebrated Ambroise Paré. Certainly the rhinoplastic art is better employed in forming noses of metal than of flesh, as Tagliacozzi did, if the patient in borrowing a piece of flesh from his neighbour for his own nose is bound to suffer by that loan the fortunes of the lender, which was the condition of things in Edmond About's celebrated novel of *Le Nez d'un Notaire*. There the unfortunate notary, having had his nose amputated by a Turk, has another made from the body of an Auvergnat water-carrier, but after varied sufferings in that member, owing to the excesses of its former proprietor, finds it at last shrivel and drop off one fine morning, on account of the Auvergnat's death. J. M.



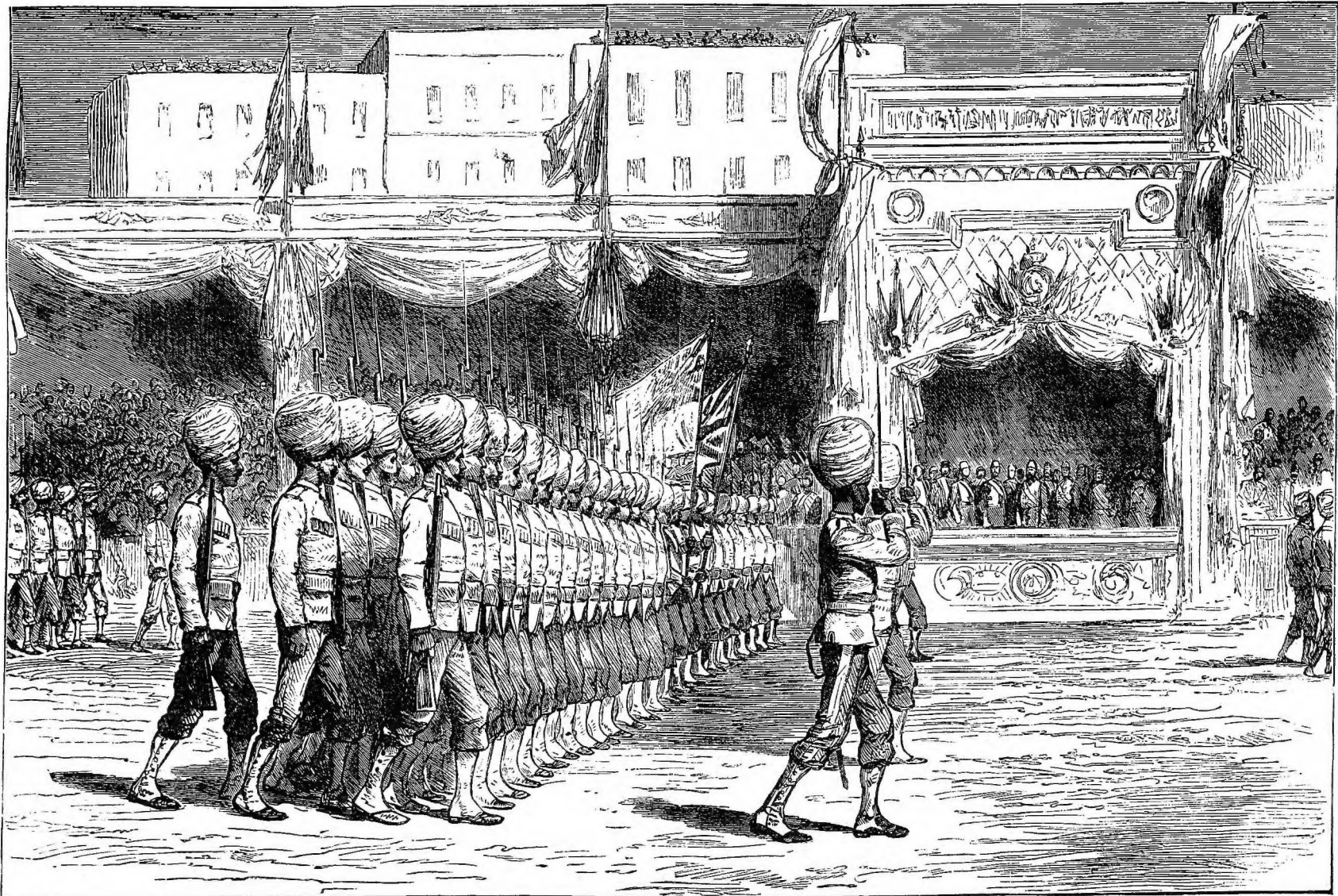
THE BENGAL CAVALRY CAPTURING RETREATING TRAINS AFTER THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson

WITH THE INDIAN CONTINGENT IN EGYPT



BENGAL LANCERS PURSUING THE FLYING ENEMY AFTER THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson



THE REVIEW BEFORE THE KHEDIVE AT CAIRO, SEPTEMBER 30
From a Sketch by a Military Officer

WITH THE INDIAN CONTINGENT IN EGYPT

EARLY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS

My first visit to a theatre (some memories have a pleasant knack of being particular about trifles) dates as far back as the year 1826; the scene being the then fashionable town of Cheltenham, and the occasion a play got up by several distinguished amateurs in support of a local charity. The piece selected was the *School for Scandal*, the late Lord Fitzhardinge, then Colonel Berkeley, undertaking Charles Surface, one of his brothers, Grantley or Craven, I forget which, personating Joseph, and Miss Foote (specially engaged for the evening) Lady Teazle. As I was then only in my ninth year, and whatever critical faculties I may naturally have been endowed with were insufficiently developed to enable me to judge of the acting, I conclude that I was as bewildered and fascinated as novices usually are, and merely mention this juvenile *début* as the starting-point of my apprenticeship as a playgoer.

On my arrival in London I had several opportunities of admiring the future Lady Harrington, particularly as Maria Darlington in *A Roland for an Oliver*; and have a distinct recollection of a bright vision of blue eyes, fair hair, and bewitching grace. Jones, the liveliest and most mercurial of actors, was the Alfred Highflyer; he soon after retired from the stage, and established himself as a teacher of elocution in Chapel Street, Belgrave Square. One of his pupils was a young and recently ordained clergyman, desirous of improving his delivery, and afflicted with a nervous embarrassment of manner, which the professor endeavoured fruitlessly to correct. "A little more freedom of gesture, Mr.—," earnestly suggested the successor of Lewis; "less stiffness and more assurance, if you wish to be effective."

"But, Mr. Jones," sharply remonstrated the scandalised youth, "you forget that I am preparing for the pulpit, and not for the boards of a theatre."

"You may thank your stars for that," coolly replied the ex-comedian, annoyed by this slighting reference to his former profession; "for, depend upon it, until you know what to do with your hands and arms, you may possibly make a very good clergyman, but you would never do for an actor!"

In his "Life of Rossini," Henri Beyle incidentally remarks that before seeing Kean he had always considered Talma the Roscius of the age, but unhesitatingly accords the palm to the English tragedian. I never saw Talma, but had the good fortune of being present at four of the great Edmund's performances in *Richard*, *Othello*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, and *Brutus*, when he was still in full possession of his extraordinary powers, and at the zenith of his popularity; the impression left on my mind by his acting, neither weakened by time, nor by comparison with other eminent artists I have subsequently seen, remains unaltered, that as a delineator of human passion in its most terribly realistic form he was absolutely unapproachable. In *Julius Cæsar* I enjoyed the treat of seeing together Charles Kemble, Young, and Macready, the two first in my opinion more advantageously placed in tragedy than the latter, whose remarkable talent always appeared to me better suited to characters slightly verging on the melodramatic, and more especially to Werner. One of the parts in which Charles Kemble pleased me most was that of the Merry Monarch in *Charles the Second*, where he and Fawcett as Captain Copp rivalled each other in gaiety, and where the feminine attraction was the charming Maria Tree; I never saw his Falconbridge, but if any one could with strict justice have been styled the Mercutio of Shakespeare, it was he. Young, a careful and finished actor of the Kemble school, was by many degrees the best Iago I ever beheld; and Miss Mitford owed him a deep debt of gratitude for his magnificent interpretation of her *Rienzi*. *Après* of this in every respect most estimable artist, a specimen of his "table-talk"—for few men shone more brilliantly in conversation—may not inappropriately be recorded here. Being invited to a dinner given by the manager of one of the patent theatres to about a dozen authors and actors, his neighbour at the festive board chanced to be an indifferent dramatist, who, in the course of the evening, took the tragedian aside, and proceeded to air his grievances with respect to the want of judgment shown by their host, who had lately refused three of his comedies one after another. "Unaccountable!" quietly replied Young, "unless—" here he paused.

"Unless what?"

"Unless he were afraid that, if he *did* play your pieces, he might not be able to give us as good a dinner as we have had to-day."

I have a vague recollection of having heard Sinclair in *Native Land*, and a far more distinct remembrance of Kitty Stephens, whose "Bid me discourse" did in truth "enchant mine ear;" her celebrated rival, Miss Paton, whose *bravura* singing was at that time faultless, was without exception the most incompetent actress I ever saw. A good many years later, in 1842, I think, she was starring in Dublin with her second husband, Wood; they sang together in the *Sonnambula*, and a more painful ear-splitting exhibition I have seldom witnessed; not a trace of her former style or freshness of voice was left, and it was difficult to decide whether Elvino or Amina bellowed loudest and acted worst. I well remember Pasta as the terrible Medea, Sontag, long before she became Countess Rossi, in the *Barbiere*, and subsequently the incomparable Malibran in Balfe's *Maid of Artois*; Catalani I only heard once, at her villa near Florence, where, during one of her delightful *soirées*, she sat down to the piano, and, with a voice tremulous from age, but still profoundly sympathetic, treated us to a verse of our national air. Besides these, I can recall with pleasure Henry Phillips and Miss Romer in the *Mountain Sylph*, the veteran Braham as Fra Diavolo and Tom Tug, and that delicious warbler, Harriet Waylett, whose "Kate Kearney" will never be forgotten by those who have heard her sing it.

When I first came to London *Paul Pry* was at the height of its vogue, and filled the "little theatre" in the Haymarket to overflowing. I never missed a chance of returning thither; for who could possibly resist the combined attractions of Liston and the thrice-encored "Cherry Ripe"? It implies no disparagement to the many excellent artists who have since successfully personated the immortal Paul to give the palm to his original representative, whose face alone was sufficient to set the house in a roar, and whose natural and acquired peculiarities had been carefully studied and fitted to a nicety by the facetious author. He at least has had worthy successors, but where shall we find such another Phoebe, the most piquant of actresses, the sweetest of ballad singers, and the most fascinating of women? Madame Vestris was then in the full enjoyment of her wide-spread popularity, and her name in the bills was a magnet of attraction second to none. Her versatility was on a par with her talent, at one time transporting her audience by some exquisite snatch of song, at another proving herself beyond all comparison the most captivating Rosalind, and by many degrees the best Lady Teazle, of her day. And what a Sir Peter was Farren, that marvellous delineator of every shade of character, from Charles XII. (does any one remember Liston's admirable Adam Brock and Miss Love's "Rise, Gentle Moon"? to Mr. Samuel Coddle, from Grandfather Whitehead to Michel Perrin!

In those days—I jot down these reminiscences as they occur to me, without any attempt at classification—the *Battle of Waterloo* and *Mazepa* were in full swing at Astley's, where Cartlidge ranted and roared till the house rang again, and Gomersal took snuff perpetually, in imitation of his prototype Napoleon. Then graceful Miss Woolford was the pride of the arena, and the inevitable Widdicombe bore the chaff of the clown with dignified placidity. Miss Vincent, the "acknowledged heroine of domestic drama," reigned at the Victoria, and such pieces as *Pedlar's Acre*; or, *the Wife of Seven Husbands* and the *Skeleton Hand* contributed largely to the receipts of the transpontine treasuries. At the old Adelphi

Buckstone's *Wreck Ashore* and *Victorine* gave full scope to the sympathetic talent of Mrs. Yates and to the broad drollery of "glorious" John Reeve, whose "One-horse Shay" in the *Climbing Boy* was a never-failing lure to half-price visitors. "Little Bucky" himself had lately migrated thither from the Surrey side, and inaugurated that long career of success, both as author and actor, which has made his name a household word to every modern playgoer.

I can just remember Fanny Kemble in Isabella, a part, according to her most entertaining "Records," extremely distasteful to her, and once saw Miss Kelly (now in her ninety-second year) in her monologue of Mrs. Parthian. So many names, indeed, of bygone favourites crowd on my memory that, not having space to mention all, it is no easy task to pick and choose between them. In 1835 I was present at the *début* of the late Charles Mathews at the Olympic in the *Old and Young Stager*, and at the first performance of *London Assurance* in 1841. I saw Harley in his white top-coat as Dickens's *Strange Gentleman* shortly after the opening of the St. James's by manager Braham, the printed copy of which piece, by the way, originally published at a shilling, is now eagerly purchased by bibliomaniacs for six or seven guineas. I recollect James Wallack in Planché's *Brigand*, where he sang "Gentle Zitella" charmingly, without knowing a note of music; O. Smith and Keeley in the *Bottle Imp*, Power in *Rory O'More*, and Wrench, an anecdote concerning whom may serve as a wind-up to these *souvenirs* of my youth. At one of the minors a farce written by Peake for Harley had been accepted, but the engagement of that actor falling through it was shelved for several months, until the writer, in despair at the delay, persuaded the manager to entrust the part to Wrench, who made a great hit in it. When the curtain fell after the first night's performance Peake hastened to the green-room, where Poole was sitting in solitary state.

"Dicky," drily remarked the author of *Paul Pry*, "do you know why your farce is like a tooth?"

"No," replied his puzzled colleague. "Why?"

"Because, when you give it a *Wrench*, out it comes!"

CHARLES HERVEY

THE LONDON SHORTHAND WRITER

AT starting we must draw a distinction. Shorthand writers are not necessarily newspaper reporters, nor *vice versa*; each of these professions has its distinctive features, though both are not unfrequently merged in the same individual. This little hint is given because the reader may perhaps some day have occasion to speak to a shorthand writer of a newspaper reporter, or the other way about; and in this case it will be well for him to be aware that the former speaks of the latter as "Merely a newspaper reporter, you know," and the latter of the former as "Only a shorthand writer." So, at least, pleasantly says one of the chiefs of the latter profession.

Both gentlemen, however, have this in common, that they work hard and work late. To see the shorthand writer commence his day you must visit, say, one of the first Law Courts at Westminster, where impossible wigs, glaring ermine, and the dingy Royal Arms remind one of a morning rehearsal at a theatre. Here is the reporters' box, placed opposite the jury box. Only an ordinary case is being heard, and the gentlemen at work there are shorthand writers engaged by the plaintiff's or the defendant's solicitors to take the proceedings verbatim. The short report of the case which you will read in to-morrow's *Times* will be supplied by one of those be-wigged barristers there who are lolling so gracefully. He very likely cannot write shorthand, but he has very special knowledge about demurrers and interpleaders, and what a "motion to show cause" means, and even can, by close attention and consultation with his legal friends, puzzle out whether the judge's decision is in favour of plaintiff or defendant. The shorthand writers, you will observe, sail along at an even rate, for all is fish that comes to their net. They are, as we say, taking verbatim notes: every word uttered must be recorded; and if you put any one of them into the witness box he will feel able to swear that his copy is absolutely "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

An acquaintance with legal technicalities is, of course, required for Law Court shorthand writing. In addition to this, a knowledge of the personal peculiarities of the judges and counsel is by no means to be despised. The snort of one always prefaces important matter; another will always begin in a tediously slow manner, as if to give the writer a pleasant sense of security, and will then dash off suddenly at express speed, leaving him staggering behind if he is not up to the trick; while a third is so low in his utterance that an acquaintance with Mr. Van Praagh's method of lip-reading is necessary in order to report him. Besides, there may be a mastery of what, as it resembles nothing else in the language, may be called "counsel's English." The peculiarity of this style does not consist so much in the words used, as in the abnormal construction of the sentences. No German writer, though he can separate his verb from its nominative by twenty clauses, can hold a candle to the practised English counsel. His sentence is like the cabman's road (with a foreigner) from Victoria to King's Cross, by Battersea, Clapham Common, London Bridge, a dive into the East End, a short view of Hackney and the Hampstead Ponds, and so to the destination. But to follow him only requires faith; you will generally find it "reads all right" in the end.

This Law Court work begins at 10.30 A.M. Another kind of work sets in from twelve to two—the meetings of railway and commercial companies. These are largely attended by newspaper reporters, but the shorthand writer is generally in request to take the verbatim report which will be supplied to the shareholders. The newspaper reporters are busy, first taking down a few notes, according to the importance of the speaker, and then writing them out when a lull in the interest comes. On the rising of some well-known public man to speak, all cease writing out, in order to "take" him. The shorthand writer, proper, you will know by his keeping steadily on, no matter whether the Chairman of half a hundred companies is testifying to his own abilities, or whether a humble shareholder is complaining of the expenditure on stationery. The old East India officer's toast of "A bloody war, a sickly season, and quick promotion," is paraphrased by him on these occasions into "A long discussion, many amendments,—and quick payment."

Now we will ask your attention, for a moment, with due awe, to the Houses of Legislature. Messrs. Gurney, the official Parliamentary shorthand writers, are at the head of their profession, if in nothing else then in this, that they stand closest to the most copious and lucrative source of shorthand work. To use a simile which it is hoped may not be thought disrespectful, they are the big pike who snap up the daintiest morsels that float down the official stream, kindly allowing the smaller pike a bite now and again, so as to keep them from too loud grumbling. Other firms are allowed their turn in rotation, and most writers of fair standing know what it is to take down those eternal examinations by Select Committee which are generally the only remedy applied to the State's diseases, and those wrangles over Railway, Gas, and Water Bills which are the delight of the legal profession.

A large proportion of the notes taken by the short-hand writer during the day must be turned into long-hand the same evening, consequently a shorthand writer's office from five till ten or later is a busy place while Parliament and the Law Courts are sitting. Some of the staff will probably have been in Court during the day,

and now each obtains the aid of four or five transcribers, to whom he dictates his notes, and who take them down in short-hand to transcribe them. For the solicitor must have a copy of the proceedings on his table by an early hour in the morning, and, when the case is a big one, the copy has to be previously multiplied by lithography or printing. Each hour's note-taking represents about a hundred legal folios of seventy-two words each, so that there is a great deal of work to be got through. Perhaps another of the staff has been taking an hour or two of a Parliamentary Committee, and his notes have likewise to be "got out" at high pressure; for the whole day's proceedings must be printed by the next morning, ready for the use of the Committee.

In addition to all these notes which have been taken during the day, there may be a meeting to attend in the evening, though evening meetings—except those of scientific societies—are rather the work of the "general practitioner" than of the short-hand writer *par sang*, who prefers legal and official work. Philanthropic societies, missionary societies, abolition societies, preservation societies, societies of aggression and defence, must each and all refresh—we will not say advertise—themselves by a big annual meeting, and as the general public, and consequently the general Press is, alas! extremely hard of hearing to their warning voices, they must publish a *verbatim* report of their proceedings for the benefit of their subscribers' housemaids' fires, if of nothing else. The reporting of these meetings is rather a wearisome task than a tax of skill to the shorthand writer, for the speeches are perfectly familiar to him,—one year's meeting is, *mutatis mutandis*, the exact duplicate of the last year's meeting: First the dignified chairman, then the voluble secretary, then the slow, argumentative man, then, perhaps, the returned missionary with the live Quashee, then the comic man, then the "practical" man who appeals for the money, and then the Messrs. Tagrag and Bobtail of platform eloquence, down to the vote of thanks, which the writer—to say nothing of the audience—welcomes with a sigh of relief. Fortunately there are generally two or three days' time given for the transcript, which can thus be got out at odd moments, and can be taken up when the mind is too exhausted and vacuous for work requiring reflection.

We have spoken of most of the items which form the shorthand writer's daily work. He has occasionally some rather more curious engagements offered him. He is sometimes employed by literary men in various departments of the book and newspaper world. The rapidity with which some popular dramatic authors produce their plays has often astonished the public, but it will hardly be thought possible that the composition of them could be so rapid as to require the services of a skilled stenographer. There are a few dramatic master minds, however, whose works spring thus Minerva-like from their brains. The "situations" of the piece must of course have been all thought out before this is attempted, and the dialogue so composed might be expected to read rather commonplace; but then how very commonplace the dialogue of some popular authors can be, the suffering constant playgoer only knows.

Offers of an engagement to report plays sometimes come to the shorthand writer. It is well known in the dramatic world that new plays produced in England are sometimes produced directly afterwards in America, in direct infringement of a moral copyright which it is to be hoped will soon be a legal one. Of course high-minded shorthand writers—and we should not think of introducing our readers to any other—would reject such an offer. However, the plays do get taken down by somebody, as their reproduction testifies. We have known a shorthand writer to be engaged to take down the "patter" (if the very applicable word is not disrespectful) of a popular entertainer, by a young gentleman who wished to surprise, if not to delight, his friends by giving them the same performance as the famous Mr. So-and-So, of whom every one was talking.

Different people have different Paradises. The shorthand writer's is a far-off land where silence is golden, and where "Our contention is, my lord," and "I have only just one other remark to make," shall have gone for ever as an ugly dream. R. T. GUNTON



MESSRS. WARD, LOCK, AND Co.—Our children have the best of the bargain at this season of the year, whether it be in dainty books or music, or both combined. A charmingly got-up book is "Cradle Songs of Many Nations," music by Reinhold L. Herman; illustrations by Walter Satterlee. Although all are good, the general favourites will be "The Scotch," "The Hottentot," "The French," "The German," "The Italian"—a very sweet, flowing melody—"The American," a very pretty tune, which will catch the little one's ear; and last, but not least, the well-known and much-loved old English tune, "Oh Slumber, My Darling." Parents and all who have the care of children will do well to sing to, and to teach them to sing, these refined words and melodies.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE AND Co.—From these come "See Saw," a book of songs and pictures from *St. Nicholas*, with original music by W. M. Hutchison. Written for, and suitable to, the minds of little children, who will thoroughly enjoy the very funny pictures and the comic words, we doubt much if the elder folks will not enjoy as hearty a laugh thereat—"The Donkey and his Company" is intensely funny, as are also "The Three Wise Women" and "The Three Fives."—There are some pathetic songs to make variety, just as it should be, for example "In the Tower" and "The Dead Doll." Of the latter the sentiment would meet with an echo in the heart of many a six-year maiden. No prettier book than this can be chosen as a Christmas gift for the school-room or nursery holiday-makers.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND Co.—From gay to grave is not many steps. "A Ray of Light," written and composed by Frank L. Mori, published in D and F, is a somewhat sad song worth the trouble of learning by heart.—A fairly good song for a tenor voice is "I Sang to My Heart" ("Treu und Fest"), composed by Charles Marshall.—"An Old Letter," words by G. C. Bingham, music by Alfred J. Caldicot, is simple, mournful, and tuneful.—"Toujours Prêt!" a *marche militaire*, is easy and playable, but not up to the high standard of Michael Watson's usual compositions.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"The Hidden Land," written and composed by W. Pocklington and Livsey Carrott, is a clever and dramatic song, highly creditable to this young composer; as is the case with all good pianists when writing a song the accompaniment is difficult, and requires to be carefully studied (Lamborn Cock).—A really fine descriptive song for the times is "Nobly Won Tel-el-Kebir," of medium compass, suitable for the concert room, the barrack room, or the home circle; the stirring words are by W. J. Rowland, the music by Joseph P. Knight. It is not surprising that the recent stirring events in the East should have inspired more than one composer to record the doughty deeds of our soldiers. "The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir" is the title of a song of medium compass, written and composed by "V. C." The words are spirited and loyal; the tuneful melody will catch even the most uncultivated ear, and will surely be encored with enthusiasm at a Popular Concert or Reading (Joseph Williams).—"The Old Street Organ" is a quaint song, words by Sarah L. Moore, music a rather comical combination of "The Marseillaise," a

waltz, and "The Sicilian Mariners' Hymn" (who does not know those three tunes played on a cracked and tuneless organ?) arranged as accompaniments to very poor vocal music by W. A. Blakeley (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"Three Cheers for Old England" is a jovial song of the period, dedicated to our military and naval forces, written and composed by two ladies, Nita Guzman and Agnes Windham (Messrs. Enoch and Son).—A piquant ballad for a Penny Reading or Christmas party is "Love's Looking Glass," words by Dorothy Blomfield, music by F. Neale (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—"Sailor Jack," written and composed by H. Trotter, is a pleasing song, albeit it bears a strong resemblance to "Sweethearts" (B. Williams).

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

II.

If æstheticism is going out of fashion, as its enemies declare, after having affected all our surroundings from dress to drawing-rooms, from talk to teapots, illustrated Christmas books of this season show the influence of the æsthetic spirit more strongly than ever. Quaint fancies of olden times, soft refined colouring, and humour suggested rather than strongly expressed characterise nearly every one, whether Messrs. W. Crane and Theo Marzials' elaborate music-book "Pan-Pipes" (Routledge) or the humblest child's story. "Pan-Pipes," indeed, follows the popular taste for old-fashioned things to the utmost, for while the composer has arranged the favourite ballads of our forefathers, the artist depicts the heroes and heroines of the ancient ditties in appropriately by-gone style, framing his portraits in curious and charming borderings. Rarely have music and painting been so tastefully allied, and the work is just fit to deck those ornamental pianos adopted by prosperous London artists. Then, too, we see the festivities of our ancestors kept up in "The Maypole" (De la Rue), wherein G. A. Konstam and E. and N. Casella gracefully illustrate the familiar strain of "Come Lassies and Lads," while even the New World catches the prevailing fancy for antiquity, and Kate Sanborn calls for "Grandma's Garden" (Osgood, Boston, U.S.), praises of old-fashioned flower-beds from modern American writers and early English authors, to be illustrated by Walter Satterlee. A "cunning" little pamphlet this, curiously tied with silken cord. Nor has Mr. Caldecott abandoned the favourite period in his two contributions for the year, "Hey Diddle Diddle and Baby Bunting" and "The Milkmaid" (Routledge), blending, as usual, the humorous with the picturesque. Everyone knows how comically Mr. Caldecott delineates animals, and here is a perfect four-footed gallery, from a musical cat to an athletic cow. Bewitching, indeed, is the roguish milkmaid whose face is her fortune, and nothing can be more droll than the group of merry damsels executing a dance of triumph with the cow.

Transferred to scenes of modern life the same artistic taste is represented by Miss E. Houghton and Mr. T. Crane's "Abroad" (Marcus Ward), a companion to Mr. Crane's "At Home" of last year. The drawings are admirable in design and execution, and even prosaic accessories are ingeniously converted into picturesque borders. Moreover, as these combinations of picture and verse mostly deal with domestic episodes, there is some novelty in this children's foreign tour. Domesticity is at its height in "Wee Babies" (Griffith and Farran), and Miss Ida Waugh must have visited all the *criche*s in London to gather such various types of all sorts and sizes, in and out of mischief. She has drawn a charming collection of mites, however, whose history is sung by Miss Amy Blanchard. Evidently Miss Clarkson prefers less earthly infants for "Fly-away Fairies and Baby Blossoms" (same publishers), as her little ones are cradled in apple blossoms and travel on birds and butterflies. These designs are of higher class, and are drawn and coloured with much taste and delicacy. Among other picture-books the illustrations are the chief attraction of the old fairy tales retold, "Rumpelstiltskin" (De La Rue) capably portrayed by Mr. G. Halkett, and "Cinderella" (Warne), clad in new garb, both verbal and pictorial, by Lieutenant-Colonel Secombe, while young people will certainly be amused by "The Adventures of the Pig Family" (Griffith and Farran), by A. Gibson, and may pick up crumbs of knowledge from "A Week in a Glass Pond" (Wells Gardner), wherein Mrs. J. H. Ewing tells of the water insects sketched by Andre.

Biography occupies a large share of this week's budget. Chiefly of a brief popular type these works supply lives of men of all ages, from the curt narratives of religious reformers such as "John Wiclif" and "Martin Luther," by W. Chapman, or Savonarola, in "True to Himself," by Mrs. F. Cooke (Sonnenschein) and of the artistic struggles of Salvator Rosa in "Battle and Victory," by Mrs. C. E. Bowen (Griffith and Farran), to more detailed accounts of scientific men like the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge's "Heroes of Science," or the records of rising genius in Mr. E. Foster's "Men of Note" (Warne). Dealing solely with the distinguished men of the last and present centuries, Mr. Foster succinctly outlines their boyhood and schooldays, specially pointing out the value of industry and perseverance. His small volume may well arouse young people's taste for further knowledge of the subject. "Heroes of Science" are the first of an important series in which Professor P. Martin Duncan describes "Botanists, Zoologists, and Geologists," while Mr. E. J. C. Morton treats of "Astronomers." Ranging from Aristotle to Lyell, Professor Duncan uses his materials in a pleasant popular manner, though he omits several well-known names. Surely Agassiz's labours deserve some recognition. Mr. Morton takes a more technical view, and can hardly be followed satisfactorily without some slight knowledge of algebra.

Workers in other paths of science—the field of exploration—are chronicled in "Heroic Adventure" (Unwin). Limited to recent date, this record includes the travels of Schweinfurth and Serpa Pinto in Africa, of Markham and Nordenskiöld in the Arctic regions, and of Vambéry and Prejavelsky in Asia—chapters as full of stirring episodes as the most imaginative fiction. Maps, however, are greatly needed, such as are judiciously supplied by "African Discovery and Adventure" (Sonnenschein), which traverses part of the same ground. But here C. E. Bourne traces the story from the early days of Phœnician visits to the Dark Continent to the recent travels of Cameron, Rohlfs, Holub, &c. These works would suit a small village library, as indeed would Miss E. C. Phillips' "Peeps at China" (Cassell), although intended for younger readers. Simply skimming the seaboard of the Flowery Land this small volume, profusely illustrated, contains in small space a large amount of information respecting Chinese manners and customs.

UNDER DEMERARIAN PALM-TREES

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh.
Im Schlaf mit weisser Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.
Er träumt von einer Palme
Die fern im Morgenland
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brechender Felsenwand.

HEINE—Buch der Lieder.

MANY a former denizen of British Guiana goes back, in his day-dreams, to the life passed in the Sunny South, and wakes up to find himself in the bleaker North, and amid less genial surroundings. Yet the Guianese shore is not prepossessing as viewed from the Atlantic.

After his sea-voyage, the stranger is first made aware of the neighbourhood of land by the change in the colour of the water through which his vessel is moving. From a deep blue it passes to

a dull brown. The colouring matter is the mud, which is borne seawards by a thousand streams. Soon scattered palm-trees, and here and there the tall chimney of a sugar factory, will appear on the horizon line. This is all that is visible, except the sky and the ocean, from the lightship moored outside the bar of the River Demerara. Vessels of any considerable draught wait here for high water before they enter the port. Gradually, as the light-vessel is left behind, the loftier buildings in Georgetown and the masts of crowded shipping show themselves, and after a short period of delay the newcomer looks down to the right hand on a level country brilliant with the verdure of the sugar-cane, while on the left a chaos of grey roofs and white towers rises, intermingled with greenery, above all which the dark shades of the hearse-like plumage of the palm are conspicuous against the sky.

The riverside is covered with long rows of stellings or wharves, along which punts, colonial trading craft, and merchant vessels are busy unloading and taking in cargo. Negroes are employed for this work. The overlookers are white or coloured men, the *employés* of the merchants whose warehouses and offices run back from the river, and open on Water Street, which is the commercial thoroughfare of Georgetown.

This city is built on the right bank of the Demerara, between the two sides of the right angle formed by the river and the sea-coast. At the angle itself is Fort Frederick William, the sole maritime defence of the colony. The artillery in this fortress would scarcely sink anything much larger than a canoe. A portion of the dam that protects the coast-lands is laid out as a promenade. The sea-breeze and the sea-view make it a fashionable resort in the afternoon from five to six.

The streets are parallel to the river and the sea wall, and therefore cross each other at right angles. As the dwelling-houses are detached, and generally in gardens, the prospects up and down the streets are fine, and the abundant lower foliage relieves the light shades of colour of the wooden villas. Everywhere above the long avenues, the feather-like leaves of the palm sway ceaselessly in the wind. A prominent feature "in the sky above and on the earth beneath" are the carrion crows. They are far from lovely at close quarters. Their flight is graceful, and they are the city scavengers. Consequently the law protects them as officers of health.

As a rule, the roads are unfrequented in the hotter part of the day—that is to say, from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon; but Water Street is full, "All alive with buyers and with sellers," of many nationalities and races, and in various garb. There a Portuguese tradesman is attempting vainly to get to the soft side of a Scotchman, over whose bronze features plays a saturnine smile, as he turns away from the disappointed speculator. The latter is an importation from Madeira, and an important item in Demerarian life. Here black and coolie women, resplendent with earrings, nose-rings, and every kind of silver trinket, watch with longing eyes the tempting display in the windows of a jeweller. Over the way, Mr. Woo-Lee is driving a thriving trade in Chinese curiosities, and will give a cup of tea to a customer. The boy behind the counter will inform you that he is not Chinese, but a Creole of the colony. Not far off, some of his less respectable countrymen are sauntering out of an opium den. Here and there wanders an Indian, colonially known as a Buck. His brown, sturdy, thick-set form is freely exposed to the rays of the sun and the eye of man. He stares stolidly at the bustle and confusion of the scene around him. He has brought in from the interior calabashes, grass-hammocks, and incense gum, the products of his native forest. His *bateau* is waiting for him in the river, to carry back to some sylvan clearing his bargains, the joint product of his own inexperience and the cupidity of the vendors of curiosities. Inside the stores many natives of this island home of ours perspire at their work, from early morning till the approach of twilight. Their remuneration is not excessive, for they compete with a numerous Creole population, which, in the matter of education, is coming up fast with the average European. Like Sir Walter Raleigh, they find, often too late, that British Guiana is not "Eldorado."

Living is dear in Georgetown. Climate and tradition from the times preceding slave emancipation are the scapegoats sometimes chosen to bear the burden of the sin. Good reasons are to be found for it; but tradition is not the cause. It bears about the same proportion to population as in England. House rent is high. Seventy pounds a year for six small unfurnished rooms is not cheap. Provisions are dear. Mutton, for instance, is one and fourpence a pound. The vegetables of the Temperate zone have to be imported. That often-exploded delusion, tropical fruit, is not to be had for nothing. For a smaller sum better oranges can be obtained in London. There is more tough fact than poetry in a Demerarian orange, considered from without or within. The skin is horny and thick. When, after considerable exertion, it is stripped off, a seed-bag is the investigator's reward. If there was not an apology for juice, and plenty of white pulp, a child might use it as a rattle. But "revenons à nos moutons." Furniture is twice as dear as at home. Clothes wear out more quickly. Damp and heat, moths and cockroaches, are equally persuasive and perniciously active. Collars and cuffs seldom survive long the misdirected energy of negro laundresses. "Washers" is their own euphonious appellation. Umbrellas, carried constantly for protection against sun and shower, never grow old. They die young, like those whom the Gods love. Lastly, continuous heat is conducive to languor, languor to luxury, and then—well then—"Bang goes saxepece."

The rising of the sun in Demerara is speedily followed by a cup of coffee or tea, and toast. Before or after this comes the bath, for which the calabash is more in vogue than the sponge. This tropical exercise merits a poet to sing its charms. At seven the cook goes to the market for the day's supplies. The morning's ice is procured from the ice-house, where it is sold at one halfpenny per pound. The ice-contractor has the monopoly of its sale, and imports from the United States, in the ice-ship, all kinds of fresh vegetables, meat, poultry, and game.

Breakfast at ten is a substantial meal. Naturally it varies with the means and tastes of individuals. Salt fish is an unfailing adjunct, and pepper-pot, an Indian dish, is nearly so. Chops, cutlets, steaks, potatoes, yams, plantains, and fruit may figure in the bill of fare. Coffee and tea are taken; but more usually water, beer, or claret iced.

Light lunches are the rule. Hotels do not provide them for their boarders.

At four o'clock the public offices close, and Water Street begins to empty. Folk make use of the last short hour of light to freshen themselves after the fatigues of the day, and to prepare their appetites for dinner. The sea wall and the Promenade Gardens are favourite resorts. The sun goes gradually down, his heat-force slackening as he goes; and then, with the approach of the quick-falling twilight, people return home on foot or in carriages.

Now it is orthodox to take a swizzle. Sweet and sad memory! "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem." It is as tantalising to recall what cannot be now as it was annoying to the pious Trojan to relate his past misfortunes. The swizzle is the pre-dinner drink of British Guiana. Sherry and bitters are "not in the running." It is concocted of gin, angostura, sugar, water, and crushed ice. These are swizzled with the three-pronged stick which gives its name to the beverage; and it is imbibed foaming with froth of a delicate pink colour. There is melody in the rustle of the manufacture, and delight in the draught. It is temptation as an "angel of light." The Blue Ribbon Army has not to encounter so insidious a foe.

should not like to compute the number that are compounded and disappear between five and half-past six in the afternoon in the galleries of the Caledonian and Tower Hotels and the many houses in Georgetown.

The dinner hour is usually seven. Guianese cooking is good. The negro is by instinct at home in the kitchen. It was misdirected culinary enthusiasm, rather than barbarity, that induced his African ancestors to treat some Europeans roughly. The poet must have felt this who sang—

If I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Hat, and coat, and hymn-book too.

His soups are as well-flavoured as they are various. When he exerts himself—and he can occasionally—his dinners rival those of a French *chef*. His jellies, ices, and pastry are excellent. In cooking meat he has to contend with great difficulties. The tropic heat does not allow it to hang long, and a great deal of science must be employed to coax a fragment of a freshly slain cow or sheep into tenderness.

The evening after dinner is often passed in the gallery or verandah, which is open to the breeze. Pipes are lit, and discussions ensue. The themes of conversation vary from local gossip to Imperial politics.

News telegrams arrive daily, and keep the Demerarian world informed about the price of sugar and the more important public events. They are not exhaustive, nor always accurate. They are given by the Telegraph Company in return for a subsidy from the Colonial Government.

Home newspapers are always about three weeks old. They arrive on the 3rd and 23rd of each month, but often enough to keep alive interest in home affairs. The incoming of the mail is a sure source of some excitement. The Post Office is surrounded by an eager throng. As the mail steamer leaves again often within thirty-six hours, there is little time for answering important letters. The rooms of the Royal Agricultural Society are well provided with journals and magazines. The London Press is fully represented, so that the course of current controversies at home can be readily followed.

The climate during the greater part of the year is not unpleasant when one is used to it. The sea-breeze prevents the heat from being oppressive. From seven in the morning till late in the evening the thermometer varies from 80 to 85 deg. Fahrenheit. Walking, at least for any distance, is attended with profuse perspiration, and in the middle of the day is utterly exhausting, and, to people who are plethoric, dangerous. In the wet season the rainfall is at times prodigious. The rain-drops are larger, and come down thicker and faster, than in England, effectually deluging the streets and flooding badly-drained quarters. The black boys use their opportunity of getting a shower-bath with scant regard for decency. European residents avoid wet, as a good damping is too often the prelude to fever.

The first drops of the down-pour are the signal for a general stampede to windows and balconies, which are at once closed. A fall in the thermometer precedes heavy rain. The multitude of frogs, too, who fill the trenches and frequent the streets at night, are sure to proclaim that a shower is coming in every variety of note. Among the sounds which strike a stranger to Georgetown most is their croaking.

At nightfall the fireflies make their appearance. Over low marshy ground they sparkle in myriads like stars. They invade dwelling-houses, and light up the darkness of the bedroom with their quick-flashing coruscations of light.

Every house in Georgetown keeps one or more watchdogs to protect its contents from the omnivorous thief. They make night hideous with their barking when roused from their slumbers by the passing pedestrian. The howling is taken up from house to house and street to street, and swells into one demoniac chorus, which dazes and astounds the new comer; then it suddenly ceases and dies away, and the wakeful city endeavours to slumber again.

Mosquitoes are, of course, troublesome, but they are a common tropical pest. One soon gets used to their bite, never to their song. There is something intensely aggravating in that pean of expectant triumph, in that open expression of joy in an anticipated feast of blood. They make themselves scarce at any rate in the dry season, and are not by any means such a nuisance as the ants, which wander everywhere and over everything, whose bite is a torture, and whose omnipresence is a mystery.

Georgetown possesses lawn tennis, football, cricket, chess, boxing, bicycle, and rowing clubs. There are volunteers and militia. The militia band plays every Thursday at the sea wall, and every Monday at the Promenade Gardens, and is in request on reception Saturdays at Government House, and for the chief annual balls.

The population of Georgetown at the census of 1881 was 48,000, but only a very small portion of these were born in England, or are white Creoles, in number not exceeding a few hundreds. The rest are black or coloured, Chinese and Portuguese. The coolie urban residents are not numerous. They are largely confined to the estates, and are one of the most picturesque elements in the population of the colony. Their children when properly trained make much better servants than the negroes. The latter are less industrious and reliable. They are very patriotic Englishmen. In sentiment at least they share in the glory of the mother-country. They quite believe they were present at Waterloo. One of their songs runs—

We bully dogs of Georgetown blazed away,
Fanderangerango!
We made the Frenchmen run that day,
Fanderangerango!

England is home to them as to us. "Home, 'sah!" was to my surprise on landing the answer of the negro waiter to my query as to where some article came from. This is a healthy feeling, and common to them, with the other subject races. "I am Eenglesh," a Maltese cook indignantly rejoined, in my hearing, when asked if he were not an Italian. It is with the same response that at Cairo the Bengal Lancers haughtily meet the attempts at fraternisation made by fellow-Musulmen.

The hotels, of which the best known are the Tower and Caledonian, are largely used as boarding-houses. At some private houses, lodging and board can be obtained at a slightly smaller monthly charge. The month is the time measure in all matters of expense. Desirable quarters are not to be found every day by a bachelor. Keeping house is both difficult and expensive. Young men sometimes club together, and start housekeeping. The experiment is not always attended with satisfactory results. Negro servants require a shrewd person of experience in dealing with black people to look after them. It will be wise in the new comer to Georgetown, if he contemplates a long stay, to put himself in safe keeping at the Tower Hotel or one of the less expensive private boarding-houses. In these latter he will soon find himself at home.

Demerara is kindly and hospitable in its social life. The companionship of congenial friends wakes up men tired from the day's activities. If there are drawbacks, as in the monotony of the seasons and the continuous heat, there is compensation in the bright aspect of external nature, in the comforts of the houses adapted to the climate, in the fresh, soft breezes of the Atlantic—in a word, in a thousand charms, in part due to nature, and in part to the ingenuity and industry of man. There is no lack of material for living a bright and happy life in what has been sometimes called the "Land of Mud."

FRANK BANFIELD

190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement
Eves, Middlesex.—NOVEMBER 18, 1882.